RANJITSINHJI INTERVIEWED IN BED!

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

6d

No. 4.—Vol. I. JULY, 1899.

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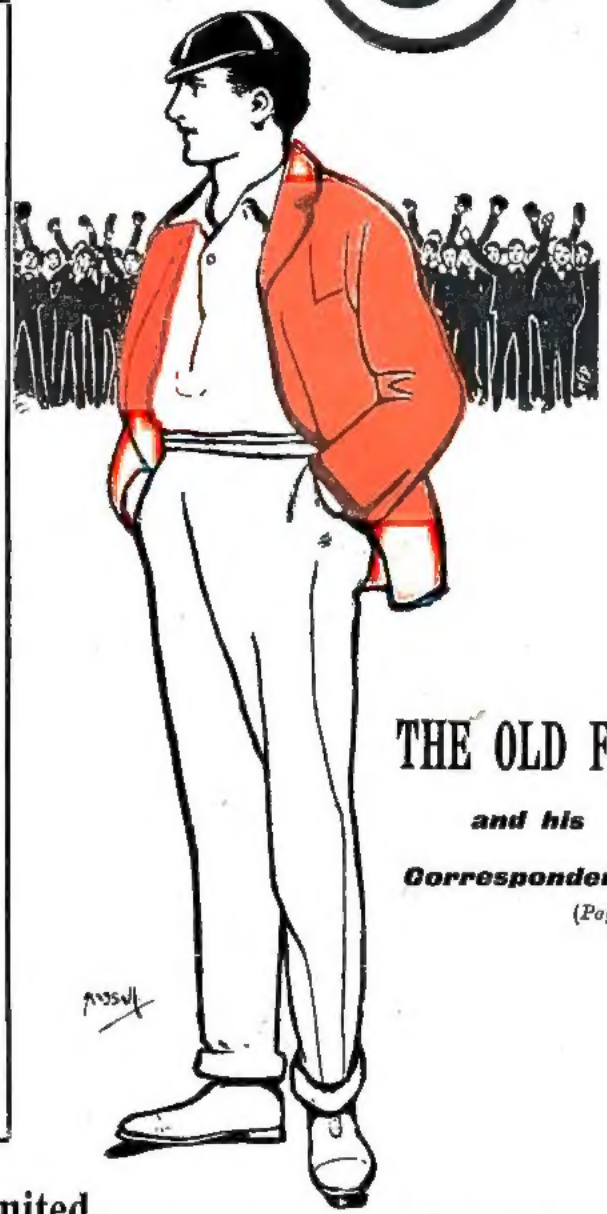

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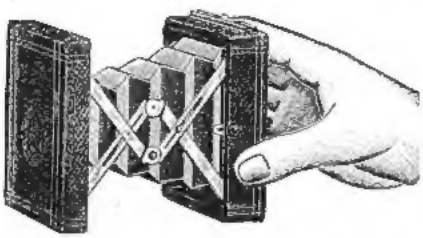

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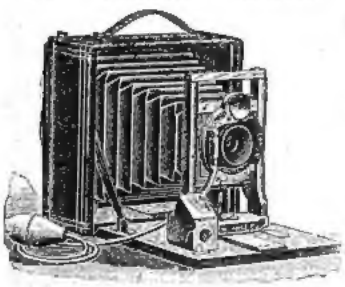

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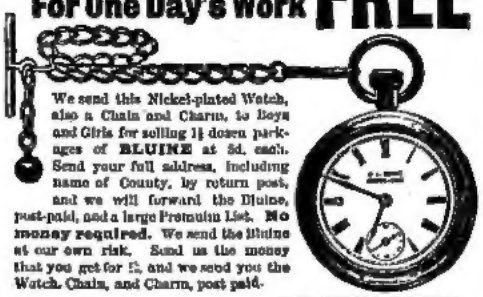

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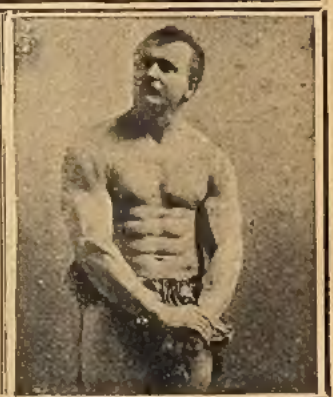

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THE CAPTAIN.

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Specially photographed for THE CAPTAIN. *Hawkins & Co., Brighton.*

Yours truly, Ranjitsinhji.

Yours truly, C. B. Fry.

Google

How I Cornered Ranji

By Keble Howard.

Have you looked at those two men in our frontispiece? You have. Are there any two cricketers of the present day more popular than these twin heroes of Sussex? Certainly not. Yet one of them gives you his best advice on athletic matters month by month, and the other has been so gracious as to receive me as your representative, and answer with princely courtesy the inquisitive questions that I found it my duty to put.

Now I don't propose to go over all the old ground of K. S. Ranjitsinhji's school and college career. Nothing very extraordinary happened to him during these periods of his life, and this fact has been clearly demonstrated by previous interviewers. It is Ranji the man that I wanted to get at, and, unless I am much mistaken, it is as an ordinary mortal that you would like to read about him in this article. That being settled between us, I will tell you exactly how I cornered my cricketer, and what he said to me and I to him.

You must not suppose that the Indian Prince is an easy man to get hold of. Far from it; he is as slippery as an eel, and all the agility that he shows in the field is brought into play in the pavilion when he desires to dodge the note-book demon. And that was just why I meant to bring him to book. I was reading an account of an interview with him in a weekly paper, and the writer went out of his way to declare that Ranji would not give anyone else a hearing this season. Said I to myself, "That's the man I must corner."

This occurred to me on a wintry afternoon at the beginning of May. Without further delay I bought a paper and scanned the cricket columns. The very thing. Sussex *v.* the M.C.C. at Lord's. Ranji down to play. I jumped into a cab and was lugged quietly to St. John's Wood.

When I got on to the ground I found, to my disgust, that Sussex were in the field and Ranji was nowhere in sight. Then a bright idea occurred to me. I would ask "our Mr. C. B." where his chum was. But how could I secure him? He couldn't leave the field—that was certain. I must go to him.

I worked my way round to his side of the field, waited until a wicket fell, and then made a dash for it. The crowd expostulated, but I ran on, burst into the midst of the astonished Sussex team, seized C. B. Fry by the arm and led him apart.

"My dear sir," he said, anxiously, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Can you," I panted, "get us—an interview—with—Ranji?"

The Treble Blue and Famous Journalist mused. Then he said:—

"Look here. Ranji's not about now. His throat was too bad for him to play, but I'll do my best. Be here after lunch to-morrow. Mind—I can't absolutely swear, but I'll do my best."

"Good," said I. "Congratulate you on making 98 this morning. Pity it wasn't——"

"Man in!" yelled the field, and I scooted for my life.

Well, the next day I was there to the second and found—Sussex again in the field! And again no Ranji! What was to be done? I got out my card, walked into the pavilion, seized a boy, and said sternly:—

"Take this card to Mr. Fry at the fall of the next wicket."

"Oh, but, sir——"

I clenched my teeth and glared at him.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, shivering a little. "I'll take it."

When the wicket fell I pushed him out of the door, and he hurried across to "C. B." The modern Admirable Crichton looked at the card, got out a pencil, scribbled something, and gave the card to the boy, who brought it in to me. This is what I read:—

"*K. S. R. says he will be interviewed. He will be at the nets soon.—C. B. F.*"

I chuckled and hurried off to the nets. There I found the Australians, bowling and batting for all they were worth. Keeping my weather eye open I presently spotted a small crowd on its way towards us. In the middle of the crowd was my man.

He wasn't in flannels. He had got on an old pair of striped blue trousers, an overcoat, and a straw hat with the light blue Cambridge ribbon. Directly he appeared there was a rush.

"Hullo, Ranji, old boy, how are you? How's the throat? Going to play on Monday? Had much practice?"

Dozens of people tried to shake him by the hand, and the rest turned up his collar for him and patted him on the back. In the midst of all this he looked out of the corner of his eye and twigged me. Then he got out of the crowd and sheered off in the opposite direction.

But I was on him like a bird.

"Excuse me," I murmured over his shoulder. He stopped and looked at me in a scared sort of way.

"Mr. Fry," I continued, "very kindly asked you to be interviewed for THE CAPTAIN. May I——"

"Ah," he returned, pleasantly. And then he added: "I shall be in the pavilion directly."

I went back to the pavilion and waited. Sure enough, the Prince came across, glanced at me, and hurried into the bar, where he was joined by some dozen old friends.

I could see at once that he was a very modest, retiring man, and hated the idea of being interviewed in public. So I hung about until I could get him alone.

RANJI ROBED AS AN INDIAN PRINCE.

Presently I peeped into the bar again. He was gone!

"Quick!" said I to another boy in livery. "Take this card, search the pavilion high and low, and give it to Prince Ranjitsinhji!" Alas! The boy came back with the card, and said Ranji wasn't to be seen nowhere. I gnashed my teeth. But help was at hand. "Our Mr. C. B.," a large crowd at his heels, came hurrying across the ground and into the pav.

"Got him?" he said.

"Given me the slip," I sighed.

"Wait a bit," said Charles. "I'll look for him."

"Good man," said I, and meant it. Just as the effect of the champion jumper's cheery optimism was beginning to wear off, Ranji himself came downstairs, changed, and carrying his cricket-bag. I threw myself across his path.

"Look here," he said, "I've been waiting upstairs for you."

I looked him in the eye, and he faltered.

"Give me ten minutes," I said.

"But I want to get some practice," said K. S. R. "Can you come down to-morrow?"

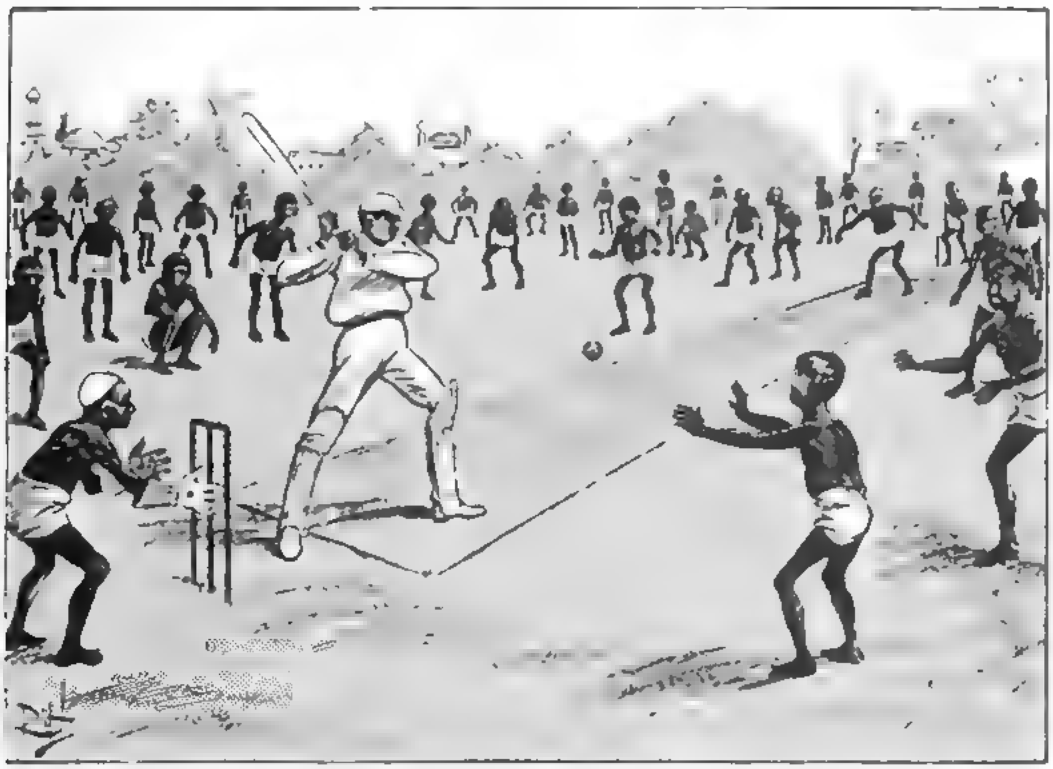
"No."

"Can you see me on Sunday?"

"Seven-day journalism? No."

"Can you come to Cambridge?"

"No."



RANJI ON HIS NATIVE COCOANUT MATTING.

"Can you come to the Crystal Palace on Monday?"

"Yes. What time?"

"Early. An hour before the match. Say eleven o'clock. Good-bye."

He slipped out and shut the door. I opened it.

"May I bring a photographer?" I shouted.

"Certainly," he yelled, and was gone.

On Monday morning, therefore, I went down to the Palace. It was the opening day of the Doctor's new ground, about which you read in our May number. More than that, it was the first appearance of the Australians, and they were to play the South of England. A lovely day, crowds of people, a beautiful ground; but all I wanted was Ranji.

I made my way, followed by the photographer and his assistant, to the pavilion. Everyone was rushing to and fro in great excitement; there was the Doctor superintending; there was Mr. Fry prepared to make his century (as he nearly did); but no Prince.

Wait! Here he comes, surrounded by the usual crowd. I get in his way for the fourth time. (Please observe the Historic Present stop.)

"Our interview?" I gasp.

"Oh, yes," he says pleasantly, disregarding the fact that he is half-an-hour late for the appointment. (You know you were, sir!) "I'll send out," and he passes through the gate.

"Shall I get up the camera?" says Mr. Snap Shot.

"Better wait a bit," say I, knowing my man. The minutes go by. Then K. S. R. comes out for practice at the nets. I get in his way for the fifth time.

"Our interview?"

"We'll see who wins the toss," he suggests in that soft, pleasant way that he has.

I see that Snap is getting impatient, so I lead him away to take some shots at the Grand Old Doctor at the nets. Presently they all come trooping back to the pavvy. S. Shot, Esq., is lying in wait for His Majesty. His Majesty sees him, and so, choosing the lesser evil, he suddenly swerves aside and comes up to me. This is our sixth conversation.

"Look here," he murmurs, "if you come to the 'Grosvenor Hotel' at nine to-morrow I shall probably be there."

"Nine in the morning?"

"Yes."

RANJI'S SCHOOL CRICKET PAVILION.

"Right."

I tell Snappy, who barks, and goes off to shoot everything, living and dead, all over the Palace, whilst I watch the cricket.

Next morning—to turn off the Historic Present—I was up betimes, and hurried to the "Grosvenor Hotel."

"Prince Ranjitsinhji? Yessir." And the porter blew up the tube.

"Tell '152' that—— Your name, sir?"

"THE CAPTAIN."

"Tell '152' that THE CAPTAIN wants to see him."

Silence; then came a shrill whistle, and a muffled voice.

"Will you go up in the lift, sir?" said the porter. "No. 152."

I went up to the top floor.

"End of the passage, sir," said the lift man.

"Right."

I walked down the passage, found No. 152, and knocked.

"Come in."

I tried to turn the handle, but it wouldn't work.

"Can't you open the door?" said a voice from under the bed-clothes. "All right; wait a minute."

I heard a grunt, then a thump. He was getting out of bed. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pit—royal feet crossing the room. Plumph! The door was pulled open, and there stood my great little hero, in a dreamy state of mind and a suit of pale blue pyjamas—Cambridge colour.

"Come in," said Ranji, cheerily. "Chambermaid," he called down the passage, "get me the *Sportsman* and some other morning paper, will you? Sit down somewhere." And he hopped back into bed.

"Sorry to disturb your rest," I began, being much more sorry to have disturbed my own.

"That's all right," he rejoined, snuggling down, "I've only got to field to-day. Bad luck getting out l.b.w. yesterday, wasn't it?"

AS AN UNDERGRAD.

"You were nervous," I asserted, watching the coal-black eye that peered at me over the bed-clothes.

"Not a bit," he retorted. "Of course, the ground was a bit strange, but it was such a ripping good wicket that I settled down in two minutes."

"And got out in ten," said I, spotting the old blue bags hanging on the door. "What do you think of the ground?"

"Very good," was the reply. "Wants levelling a bit, but the wicket's all serene, and it's the only pretty ground in London now they've spoilt Lord's.

There was *one* pretty bit at Lord's, but they've taken it away and shoved up some hideous seats in its place."

"More money," I observed.

"Money?" he said scornfully. "The M.C.C. are wallowing in money—simply wallowing! But just get ahead with the interview, please. I want to have a bath."

"Right," said I. "You told an interviewer the other day that you never made your arrangements far ahead. Now, I want to know your programme for the next twelve months."

"Shan't tell you," said His Royal Highness, snuggling his nose against the pillow. "Who's that knocking at the door?"

I opened the door. It was the girl with the papers. I grabbed them, and held them behind my back.

"Your programme," I repeated, "for the next twelve months."

"Well," he said, sulkily, "first of all there's the Indian tour. It will be much the same as Lord Hawke's tour. Principal towns, playing teams of natives and teams of Europeans. Then we wind up against a combined team of natives and Europeans—see?"

"But look here," I interposed, "how do the natives learn?"

"They play when they go to school, just as you did when you were a boy; but I must admit that the coaching is not very good. Now let's have the papers."

"Wait a bit. That only takes us from September to Christmas."

"And jolly cold it is over there in September, I can tell you. Always have to keep your sweater on when you're fielding. But when the sun comes out—shall I tell you about the hat we wear, called the 'topi'?"

"No, thank you," I said, just to show him that I could be rude if I tried. "We've read all that before. My readers won't stand old stuff, you know. We have to be bang up to date. Are you coming over next season?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I will now tell you, Prince, what the papers say."

He lay down and prepared to hide his blushes with the sheet. I opened the *Daily Telegraph*, and read to him as follows:—

Ranjitsinhji, on taking up his position, was loudly cheered, but he never appeared very comfortable, and, after making 8, was out for obstructing his wicket.

"It's false," cried K. S. R.

"No," said I, "you certainly were cheered, if not loudly."

"I don't mean that; I mean about not being comfortable. Two minutes after——"

"So you said before. Now listen to the *Sportsman*:—

"A few minutes after the resumption of play, England, the South of it at least, suffered the grievous loss of C. B. Fry, but his 81, cleanly and cleverly got, made amends. Fate came to him in the shape of C. Hill in the slips, whose catch disposed of the famous athlete for this time. His score delighted us, and so the presence and prowess of the Indian Prince promised to; but alas! for one's high hopes, this pillar of our cause could put on but a miserable 8, when the fortunes of war went against him, and, retiring, he was applauded, not for what he had just done, but for what in the past stands to his credit."

OFF FOR A SCORCH.

"Yes," said the Prince, "Charles Fry played a magnificent game, and he deserves his good fortune. A man who can turn out and practice in the cold six weeks before the season begins—as he tells me he did—deserves to score."

"Talking of that, we want a photo of you and Mr. Fry together, taken specially for THE CAPTAIN. What do you say?"

"Right you are. We'll get shot down at Brighton and send it on."

"Promise?"

"Faithfully."

Ranji
by Rit

"By the way, what does your name mean in English?"

"'King of the Field.' Of course," he added, hastily, "that means the battlefield."

"And, finally," I said, edging towards the door, "how did you feel at your first appearance for Sussex?"

"I was very fortunate," said K. S. R. "It was against the M.C.C. at Lord's. In the first innings I made 77, and in the second innings 150."

"Any other great feats?"

"Why don't you look 'em up? These chaps will think I am beastly conceited."

"Go on, please. I want something startling to wind up with."

"Well, in 1896 I had a good year. I managed to fluke 2,780 runs in the season. Shan't answer any more questions."

He opened the *Sportsman*. As for me, I took one more look at this little brown man in bed, and then went down in the lift feeling rather subdued.

A WINTER PICTURE OF THE PRINCE.

School Captains

L H BOYS — EPSOM

P C A SLADE — CRANLEIGH

C M BARBER — BRADFORD

H F O NORBURY — MERCHANT TAYLORS

H L HENDERSON — WESTMINSTER

L E JONES — CITY OF LONDON

F G H FRANCIS — DURSLEY

EDINBURGH ACADEMY

(FOURTH SERIES.)

In No. 2 of THE CAPTAIN, by an oversight, the portrait of F. T. Barrington-Ward was printed as that of the "Captain of Westminster School," instead of "Captain of the Queen's Scholars," his correct designation. In the present series we are publishing the portrait of H. L. Henderson, Captain of Westminster.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is no friend like the old friend, who has
shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like
his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy
crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets
in every fold.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

∴ ∴ ∴

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Friendship, the dear, peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein!

BYRON.

∴ ∴ ∴

O friend, through thee alone the sky is arched
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

EMERSON.

How blessed the heart that has a friend
A sympathising ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother!

HOOD

∴ ∴ ∴

Not chance of birth or place has made us
friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and
nations,
But the endeavour for the self-same ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspira-
tions.

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Friendship! first treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changeless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore!

WILTON.

∴ ∴ ∴

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

YOUNG.

∴ ∴ ∴

O well for him that finds a friend,
Or makes a friend where'er he come!

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

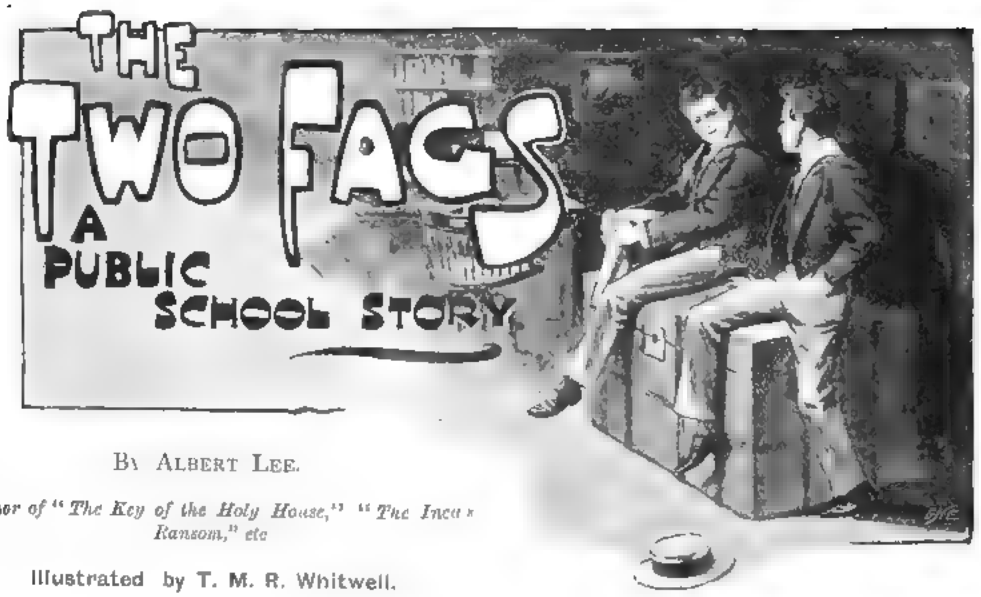
Life offers no joy like a friend;
Fulfilment and prophecy blend
In the throb of a heart with our own—
A heart where we know and are known.

LUCY LARCOM.

∴ ∴ ∴

He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.

SHAKESPEARE.



By Albert Lee.

Author of "The Key of the Holy House," "The Inca's Ransom," etc

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

CHAPTER I.

THE IRON-BOUND BOX.

"Hallo, Snowdrop! Where do you come from?"

I had just been to see the Head, and was now going along the cloisters to Furguson's, where I had been told to leave my boxes until it was finally determined which house I was to settle in. The tutor had left word for me to be sent there immediately on my arrival, and of course I went, and was now returning. I was staring into the grass-covered quad, or Green Yard, round which these cloisters ran, and unexpectedly, while all agape, bundled into someone. Looking up, I saw a big fellow watching me good-naturedly, although I had trodden on his toes, and had also brought him up suddenly, and with a gasp which showed that I had winded him a bit.

There was this question awaiting its answer, and I gave it.

"I've been to see Dr. Wantage."

"That's all right; but I mean, where's your home?"

"In Exeter."

"When did you come in?"

"This afternoon," I said; but I wondered why he called me "Snowdrop," and put the wonder into words at once.

"Oh, well, youngster," the other answered, "your face is like the flower. They don't use paint in your part of the country, I can see, for you look as pale as a ghost, if you must know."

He was standing with his hands in his pockets, a broad-shouldered, athletic fellow, well on for 6ft., and I could not help thinking that he was good-looking, and still more good-natured.

Presently he smiled, and, pulling the right hand out of his pocket, he took me by my left ear and drew me towards the daylight, as if to have a better look at me, for it was somewhat shady in the cloisters that afternoon. Then, leaning against the stonework and crossing his feet, he began to talk again.

"Whose house are you going to be in?"

"Furguson's."

"Oh! that's my house, and I'm captain there. How lucky! I want a new fag, so I'll engage you at once, although your duties, if you object to begin earlier, will start this day fortnight."

"I'll begin at once," I answered, impulsively.

"Will you?" was the smiling response. "All right. But come along." Again he took me by the ear, and off we went. It was his habit to pull one's ear, as I found out later.

Our way led through the school yard, and Boardman told me, as we strolled across it, what the various buildings were. To the left was the handsome school chapel, and it bore a wonderfully familiar look. I had seen King's College Chapel at Cambridge, and this building reminded me of it. On the steps were half-a-dozen Lower School boys, who shouted across the yard to know my name,

and seemed very anxious to be told about my mother's health; but Boardman simply called on them to mind their own business, and went on pointing out the other buildings. To the east was the dark red-brick clock tower, with white stone dressings and its beautiful bay-window. The Upper School was opposite, and in it—so my cicerone was careful to tell me—were busts of famous old Ellingham boys, and who could say what other boys might be added to the list? On the north was the Lower School, with the old dormitory, or Long Chamber, above it—now, however, divided, and no longer used as a sleeping-place. In the centre of the yard, surrounded by iron railings and mounted on a pedestal, was a bronze statue of the king who—as Boardman put it, for he was mightily proud of his school—"had the honour of being the founder of Ellingham."

The captain of the house pointed all these things out with such geniality that before we had gone through the old gateway I had come to the conclusion that I was in luck's way to be fag for him, and did not tremble much at the thought of any drubbings I might get at his hands.

Walking beneath the great elms which fronted the chapel and the Upper School, we turned presently into the road and got to Furguson's, which was to be my future home.

"Come and see my quarters, Snowdrop; then we'll go to Dame Martin and see what room she means to set apart for you. If you come now I can tell you what I shall expect of you. You need not wear yourself out for a week or so, you know, but you may as well find out what's before you. For my part, I believe in youngsters getting into harness quickly."

He turned out of the hall to the left, and tramped upstairs, followed closely by myself, and presently we were in his study. The house captain evidently had some ideas of comfort, for the place was furnished well, and pictures hung about the walls. The whole thing took me by surprise, and I looked about, having a certain sense of awe by reason of the belongings of this great man whom I was to serve. On the floor was a box, massive and weighty to all appearance, and strapped round with broad bands of iron. It was padlocked also, and doubtless contained his valuables, such as one might want at school.

"I WANT A NEW FAG, SO I'LL ENGAGE YOU AT ONCE, ALTHOUGH YOUR DUTIES IF YOU OBJECT TO BEGIN EARLIER, WILL START THIS DAY FORTNIGHT."

I caught myself speculating as to what this chest might contain, but Boardman pulled my ear, and reminded me that I was wandering and not attending to what he was saying. Of course, I begged his pardon, and listened attentively; but there came another interruption. The great bell in the clock tower struck, and Boardman, looking at his watch, cried:—

"By Jove! we shall be late for calling over," and, without waiting to say another word, he dashed out of the room and down the stairs, leaving me to follow if I chose. But, as I knew nothing about "calling over," and did not know whether it applied to me or not, I went, as Dr. Wantage had advised me, to find Dame Martin, the housekeeper at Furguson's, so that she might tell me what room would be set apart for me.

When she showed it to me, and told me the porter should bring up my boxes, I looked round on what was to be my sanctum for the future—at all events so long as I was a Lower School boy. It was small enough, in all conscience, about half the size of the captain's; and I inwardly resolved to spend a bit of money on renewing one or two articles of furniture which my immediate predecessor had suffered to fall into woeful dilapidation.

It was growing dark when I left the room, intending to make my way to the pupil-room. A big fellow was standing at the top of the stairs, with his back to the light, so that I could not see his face, although he could look at mine well enough.

"Hallo, young'un!" said he. "Are you the new boy?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then you'll be my fag."

"I can't. I'm going to fag for the captain of the house," I retorted; for I did not like his tone—it was rough and peremptory, to say the least.

"You little beast," he cried, savagely, as if disappointed at finding me already appropriated; and with that he gave me a cuff on the head which sent me spinning. I staggered forward, not seeing where I was going, and, unable to save myself, I fell down the steep staircase. My head crashed, now against the wall, and then on one of the steps, and down I went sprawling into the passage below. During that fall I saw a hundred stars, heard a rush of sound as of ten thousand feet falling on the stone floor, felt darting pains in my head and body; and after that I lost sight of all my surroundings.

When I came round it was broad daylight. I looked about and found myself in a small room, which at first I did not recognise, but gradually I saw one thing and another which belonged to me, and knew the place presently for my own. My head, which was throbbing painfully, was bandaged, and then I recalled that blow in the passage, and the heavy fall down the stairs. The only thing I seemed to be certain about was that pain which made me cry out when I tried to rise on my elbow, and have a look round. I suppose I must have cried out loudly, for almost immediately the door, which was somewhat ajar, was pushed wide open, but softly, and a light-haired boy, about my own age and size, came in, his only clothing being his night-shirt.

"What's the matter, Snowdrop?" said he, walking to my bedside; but before I could answer the question I felt that the room was going round; the floor on the other side got up to where the ceiling had been, and I wondered why my visitor did not come sprawling over me, for he seemed to be in mid-air. As for myself, I fell back and clutched at the iron bar at the head of the bed, where I held on for dear life, lest I should roll off on to the floor. It was only a momentary giddiness, but when it had passed I saw my companion staring at me with some concern. But the room not yet being steady enough, I closed my eyes again.

"Talk about 'Snowdrop,'" I heard the other say; "he's the colour of death. I'll go and fetch old Boardman."

I opened my eyes just as he was disappearing through the open doorway, and heard his bare feet pattering on the floor of the passage outside. A minute or two later he came back again, and took up his place beside me, asking how I did, so soon as he saw that my eyes were open.

"Who are you?" I asked, faintly.

"Oh, I'm Tom Sinclair, but they call me 'Sparrow' more often than not. But, I say, how are you?"

"How did I get here?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"Oh, they brought you up out of the passage last night. That beast, Blotch, came down soon after you fell sprawling. He said he didn't touch you, but Chappie—that's the fellow whose room is just opposite this one, and if you listen you'll hear him snoring—says he saw the brute give you a clout; then you tumbled down the stairs with such force, and lay so still, that everybody thought that you were dead. Old Furguson—that's the tutor—carried you up and laid you here. The cad!—I mean Blotch, of course, not the tutor. I half wish you had died—no, I don't, though—but they would have hanged him, so you wouldn't have died for nothing. But

there! you'll do now, I expect. Ah! here's old Boardman."

I looked up and saw Boardman coming in with his trousers and stockings on, and he was pulling on a boating jacket.

"Well, Snowdrop, how do you feel?" said he, sitting down on the bedside, and looking at me as if to see for himself how I fared; but before I could answer three or four fellows came bundling in.

BLOTCH GAVE ME A CUFF ON THE HEAD WHICH SENT ME SPINNING. I STAGGERED FORWARD, NOT SEEING WHERE I WAS GOING, AND, UNABLE TO SAVE MYSELF, I FELL DOWN THE STEEP STAIRCASE.

"Now, youngsters, what are you doing here? Get back to bed!"

"Oh, let's know how the new chap is going on," said one, deprecatingly; and he and the others stared at me as though I were some fresh arrival at a menagerie.

"The cad!" said this same youngster, drawing nearer, when he found that Boardman did not answer.

"Who's a cad—this one?" asked Boardman, pointing to me.

"No, I mean Blotch."

"I'd like to punch Blotch's head,' observed another.

"I'll scuttle his boat for him the first chance I get," was a further remark.

"Oh, I say! D'ye think the new'un will die?" asked one. "I'd like Blotch to be executed, confound him!"

"You're a bloodthirsty young wretch," said the captain of the house, smiling good-naturedly. "There will be no hanging if you all look after Snowdrop. And mind you do, for he's to be my fag."

"I wish you'd take me," said one, with a rueful look on his face. "'Twould be jolly nice to get away from Blotch, and fag no more for him. I'd like to see him dangling. He deserves it, you know. He punched my head yesterday, because I burnt his bacon——"

"And you'd hang him at the expense of the new youngster, Tony?" interrupted Boardman, taking Blotch's fag by the ear, and pulling it a trifle harder than usual by way of discipline.

"Oh, I say! you hurt."

"Then don't be nasty, and want to gratify your own murderous wishes at the expense of this new boy. Now, be off to bed, the whole lot of you! and when it's getting-up time do it softly, so as not to disturb Snowdrop. By the way, what's your real name?"

"Harry Baldwin," I answered.

"Then go to sleep, Harry Baldwin, and don't worry. You will be all right in a few days."

CHAPTER II.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Two or three days went by slowly enough, and I chafed at the thought of the time I was losing. There were a thousand things I wanted to know. I wanted to see what the river was like, for I had a latent ambition to pull in one of the house-boats some day; perhaps get into one of the eights, just as my father had done, and I don't know what else. Then, I was a bit of a dab at cricket, and thought no end of my lobs. There was the town. I wanted to see that; and more than once I grew impatient while I lay in bed, and, through the open window, saw the various school-houses—some low-built and almost mean in appearance, while others were tall and handsome. Just beyond them were the broad and green playing-fields, where the fellows were cricketing. They stretched away to the winding, shining river, which gleamed like silver in the sunlight. Every now and again, when I saw a skiff or a four-oar go by, I found myself saying that it was a beastly shame, and I'd take the chance, when it came, of paying Blotch for what he had deprived me of.

Now and again Boardman came up to see me, and more than once brought up his work, to keep me company, since he saw that I was lonely. Sparrow, too, came in, and retailed a dozen plans of revenge on the cowardly fellow who had made my life at Ellingham commence so undesirably. But Boardman, who overheard some of them while he was busy at his prep., told him to mind what he was about, or he would possibly find Blotch one too many for him.

A whole week went by, and then I was up and about as if nothing had happened. I got into my fagging, and found the captain an easy fellow to work with, one who, now and again, spared a bit of time to see how we were getting on with our work, and gave us suggestions that were as good as the best crib going. Now and again we got into scrapes, and, thinking a bit of discipline would do us good, he would not interfere unless things were going too far. Sometimes things went wrong at Eleven o'clock School, or in the Mathematical Class; Sparrow would show up weak in construing, and the master, catching me helping him, floored me. But, on the whole, there wasn't much to grumble at. Where Sparrow used to grumble most was at the interference of Boardman when we were at lessons. He seemed to think it his bounden duty to slip into our rooms now and again to see how we were getting on, and if we were dawdling bade us go on and get our work done off-hand. Those surprise visits often meant our complete undoing, for, while he was down on cribs, he was sure to slip in just as we were using them. Then there was a row. We argued it out with him sometimes. We didn't see that there was any harm in using a crib if we looked out all the words we didn't know, and so on, and did our lines as perfectly as possible. But it was no use. Old Boardman was as stiff as buckram on those points.

But on others he was as good as gold. I

think all the fellows in our house loved him —I do not mean such cads as Blotch, Scrawly, and one or two more like them. He was such a brick that youngsters like Tony Anderson, who had to serve a stony-hearted blackguard like Toplady—that is to say, Blotch—used to look at Sparrow and me and think us lucky dogs, who ought to consider ourselves in the seventh heaven to be fags to Boardman.

Of course, these other fellows did not know everything. It was not all clover, even with us, as I have already shown. Dick Boardman had other queer ways, like most people, and was sometimes exacting—especially when I had to get up of a morning a quarter of an hour before him and run down to the kitchen for shaving-water. When he wasn't looking I used to scrutinise his chin, and he had no more hair on it than my sister.

Sometimes, too, when the contrary fit took us, we used to think ourselves rather badly treated, and then we nearly had a fall out with him. Still, take him altogether, he was a good sort—to put it plainly, the best sort in Ellingham.

One afternoon we had laid his tea and slipped off to our own room, where Tory Fellows was an invited guest. The provisions, as was the rule on such occasions, came out of Boardman's own larder, and I was in the act of handing Tory a choice sardine—a special brand—and Tory was doubtless thinking no end of things about Sparrow and me, as lucky fellows to be able to afford such luxuries in the middle of the term, when in stalked Dick Boardman.

"Snowdrop, where are my sardines?"

"Sardines?" I asked innocently, but clapping a round of bread over the little pile on the plate

"Yes, sardines; *my* sardines!"

Tory, who was Scrawly's fag, and knew something about the real troubles of fagging, looked askance, wondering whether we should get a licking there and then. I looked aggrieved at Sparrow, and Sparrow looked at me as if he thought I was to be pitied ten thousand times over.

Of course, Boardman understood all that.

"What's that bread doing there?"

"Waiting to be eaten," said I, as cool as I knew how.

"Put it on another plate, then."

Of course, the mischief was out after that.

"Whose sardines are those?"

"Mine."

"Yours? Where did you get them from?"

It was no use trying to edge out after that, so the confession came as pat as possible, and a sort of hope sprang up that we should get credit for being straightforward.

"From your cupboard."

"How many did you take?"

"Eight," chimed in Sparrow at the very moment when I was venturing to say "seven." I kicked him under the table, and looked at him as though I could choke him.

"Then kindly carry the eight sardines back to the cupboard now," said Boardman severely; but I thought there was a twinkle in his eye.

"I can't."

"*Can't!*" This came out explosively. "A fag says he can't! What's the world coming to, I should like to know? Come, now, carry those eight sardines back instantly."

Then I blurted out: "I can't, because we've eaten three."

"Oh!" Then a pause. "Then carry the five. Now all three of you come with me; then I shall know that you won't be able to congratulate each other on having raided my larder. What did you take me for? Come along, Tory; follow up with the others."

Sparrow and I, feeling sheepish, and hoping no end that Tory Fellows would not tell of our discomfiture, passed Boardman, and came in for some ear-pulling rather more severe than usual. Boardman brought up the rear of the procession, which marched to the captain's room, where another of the Sixth Form fellows was standing. He was called Chang, because he was so prodigiously tall.

"Now for the penalties," said Boardman, severely, standing with his back to the fireplace, and a coat-tail over each arm. "Sparrow, sit down. Tory, do the same. Snowdrop, you were the purloiner of goods that did not belong to you, so you must stand a bit. Go to the cupboard."

I went, meekly enough.

"There's a paper parcel. Get it down."

It was done at once, and, according to instructions, I placed it on the table. When it was opened it proved to be a meat pie from Leybourne's, the confectioner.

"Dig the knife in, Snowdrop. Now cut three slices two inches thick, not more. Now eat away, and think while you eat that thieving never prospers."

How he laughed when he saw our faces! It was rare fun to him, and delight to us; more so when he sat down and joined us, and called on Chang to do the same.

While the unexpected tea proceeded, we began to talk, and going from one thing to another we got to Egypt, where our English soldiers were just then trying to smash the Mahdi.

"By the way," said Chang, "the papers say this morning that Jack Coolidge, who used to be in this house, has been recommended for the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery in the last big fight."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Boardman. "Let me have a look at that. Sparrow, hand me over the paper. It's on the sofa behind you." When the captain had read out the account aloud, he said, as if to himself, "Fancy Jack Coolidge doing a thing like that! He used to be timid, and I know we laughed at the idea of his going into the army. Well!"

"What's a Victoria Cross like?" asked Tory.

"I'll show you one," exclaimed the captain, jumping to his feet. "Clear the tables, youngsters, first."

That was soon done, and then, pulling a bunch of keys from his pocket, he opened the iron-bound box which stood on the floor. He knelt at its side, and thought for a while; then began to take out some of the contents, which he placed on the table. The first thing was a big bag, but as he laid it down it tumbled over, and all sorts of coins rolled out on the table—gold and silver mixed.

"Never mind, I'll put that right presently. Let it stay. You know, don't you, Sparrow, that the fellows make me their banker of spare cash, over and above the allowance they get from Furguson. They bring plenty away from home with them, but are afraid it will burn a hole in their pockets, so they bring it here—but not for interest though!" Boardman added, smilingly.

"Put that on the table, Snowdrop," he added, for we were inquisitive as to the contents, some of which were wrapped in soft paper, and three or four in chamois leather. Most of these came out, and then a small case. On opening it we saw a Maltese cross of gun-metal, and he held it up for us to see.

"There! that's a Victoria Cross. It was my dear old dad's, won for bravery, a year or two before he died."

There was a shakiness about the words, and we kept quiet.

Just then the door opened, and in walked Blotch.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Boardman. I didn't know you had company. I knocked, but no one answered."

"All right, old fellow," said the captain, pleasantly, rising to his feet, as if to know what Blotch desired.

"I only wanted to borrow your 'Terence,'" said the other. "I lent mine to Epworth, and now he says it's lost."

"I'll get mine," was Boardman's response; and, so saying, he went to his book-shelf to look for the book.

The others were busy with the Victoria Cross, examining the bit of metal keenly; but as I seemed to be crowded out of the group just then I stood by idly. I chanced to look at Blotch's face, and was struck with the strange look upon it. He seemed to gaze at the gold and silver that lay scattered on the table with greedy eyes. He looked as if he would have pounced upon it and appropriated the treasure for himself; but when Boardman turned round he controlled himself, and put on a look of indifference, took the book with a "Thank you," and went away. Even that look of indifference struck me. The contrast was remarkable—it set me wondering.

CHAPTER III.

BLOTCH'S STUDY.

A DAY or two later Tony Anderson got leave of absence for four-and-twenty hours, and would not be back for that night. Consequently Algernon Toplady—to give Blotch his right name—was a fag short. The rule of the house was that no Sixth Form boy should use another's fag without express permission, and Boardman had always refused to let us out on hire, as he termed it.

But that afternoon Sparrow and I were passing Blotch's door, and found him standing there.

"Here, Sparrow, I want you to fag for me."

"Can't do it," was the smart response.

"Then I'll have to make you," said Blotch, angrily.

"Now, look here," said Sparrow, "a man may take a horse to the water, but a dozen can't make him drink; and a dozen Blotches won't make me fag, for it's against rules."

"You little brute!" exclaimed Toplady, savagely, when he heard this saucy retort. "If you call me by that name again, Sparrow, I'll half murder you!"

"My name is not Sparrow, Blotch. I am the Honourable Tom Sinclair; so please do not take liberties. I only allow my friends that privilege." But the next moment he darted off, just avoiding the swing of the big fellow's foot.

"Blotch, you are a cad!" cried Sparrow, when at a safe distance. "Come along, Snowdrop—but kindly hit him back if he touches you."

This was an unheard-of attitude on the part of a Lower School boy towards one of the Sixth; but Toplady, unable to avenge himself just

then, turned round and walked off with a nasty look on his face.

"I shall catch it now, the first chance," said my companion, somewhat ruefully; but it was only a passing fear, for he walked out of the house whistling as gaily as though none in the whole wide world had a grudge against him.

That evening, when we had come in from the river, Sparrow was venturesome. He remembered that he wanted an umbrella he had left with Tony Anderson, and went to Toplady's room on the chance of seeing him there.

"Is Tony Anderson here, Mary?" he asked of the boys' maid, whom we found in the room.

"I don't think he'll be back to-night, sir," said the girl, going away, and leaving us standing just inside the door.

We looked around for a few moments, curious to see what was in this room. Blotch was not only a swell so far as personal adornment went, but indulged in all sorts of luxuries. He was "warm," as Sparrow put it, and so could afford such things.

"Just look at it all," said Sparrow, glancing round the room, and enumerating various things while he did so. "There is the cupboard where he keeps his jams and pickles, I expect, the greedy *gourmand!* I wonder if he ever shares them with anyone, or whether he eats them all himself? Look at that bureau—inlaid, if you please. What else? A sofa, three horsehair-seated chairs, engravings—a prize-fight, by Jove! Well, I always thought that Mr. Toplady was a sporting character."

By this time Sparrow had gone round the room, and now turned his attention to an easy chair, into which he flung himself.

"My!" said he, surveying it critically; "an easy chair like this, fit for the Head, or old Furguson, and not for a cad like Blotch. Yes, a cad like Blotch," he went on, his elbows on the arms of the chair, his hands clasped together comfortably, and a leg thrown over his knee. He seemed to like that phrase, and said it again and again, while I leaned over the back of the chair, half disposed to try the sofa close by.

"Sit on the sofa, Snowdrop," said Sparrow presently; "it looks inviting. But, as I was saying, Blotch is a cad—*good heavens!*"

He came to a full stop, for someone grabbed him by the collar, and another hand held my own. Sparrow was lifted out of his place in the easy chair, and then we were shaken until our teeth chattered. But that did not satisfy Toplady, who was doing this, for presently our two heads went smack together, and again, and even a third time, until we both went sick and half silly. Then we were let go suddenly, and down we fell in a heap on the floor.

I do not think I ever felt so bad as I did when this big fellow had his revenge on us in such a cowardly way. For several minutes we sat where we had fallen, dolefully rubbing our poor heads, while Blotch now and again stirred us up with his feet in a way which made us inwardly vow vengeance when the chance served. Blotch flung himself into the easy chair, out of which he had just turned Sparrow, treading with his big boots on my chum's fingers as he did so, and laughing when the bruised finger-tips went inside their owner's mouth. But that did not break his spirit by any means. We looked up into Blotch's face, and a very unwholesome one it was—patchy and pimpled, red and white all over, and a certain ill-tempered expression added to this, made him generally repulsive.

"Come, Snowdrop," said Sparrow, who had been alternately sucking his fingers and rubbing his head; "let's get." But while he scrambled to his feet, his lugubrious look passed away, and one of mischief took its place. When we stood on our feet and began to move towards the door, keeping out of reach of Toplady's long legs, which kicked out at us, Sparrow spoke with a mock courtesy which made the bully mad.

"Mr. Algernon Toplady, we came to your room to see whether you had appropriated my best silk umbrella. I had reason to suppose that it was here——"

"You impudent little brat," interrupted the other with a roar; and he placed his hands one on either arm of the chair, as if he meant to spring to his feet.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to move," said Sparrow, making for the door, which he held wide open. Meanwhile he was fumbling at the lock, but what he was doing I could not make out. By the time he had ended his little speech he was standing in the open doorway, his hands in his pockets, and with as easy an air as if he were watching a house match, and was pleased with the way in which things were going.

"Clear out, Snowdrop," he whispered, when Blotch sprang out of his easy chair savagely. "Good evening, Mr. Algernon Toplady. I will call to-morrow." Then, laying a hand on the door, he drew it together with a bang. There was a slight squeak in the lock, and Sparrow was dancing about in the passage, waving the door-key frantically.

"We've done him this time, no matter what comes afterwards," he cried, darting off with me at his heels, and heedless of the

SPARROW WAS LIFTED OUT OF HIS PLACE IN THE EASY CHAIR, AND THEN WE WERE SHAKEN UNTIL OUR TEETH CHATTERED.

shouts of the infuriated and imprisoned bully. As it still wanted an hour to lock-up, we quitted the house and strolled into the town, leaving Blotch to find a way out of his prison.

On our return we loitered about in the lower passage, where Boardman was talking to two or three Sixth Form fellows of the house.

"Keep near these fellows, Snowdrop," said Sinclair; and, nothing loth, we moved up and down, half afraid that our prisoner had escaped and might jump out on us from some dark corner. Half-a-dozen other youngsters came bundling down the stairs just then, wild with fun, and ready to tell us that Blotch Toplady was suddenly gone mad, and had been locked in his room because he was deemed dangerous.

That settled our doubts. We could venture upstairs whenever we pleased, but Sparrow would not move till he had told the story, which, rehearsed in his usual way, with plenty of embellishment and deliberation, took up some time.

"Let us go and listen again," shouted one. "Come on. Ah, Sparrow, you're a downy bird! But won't Blotch spank you when he gets out!"

That rather tended to sober both of us; but we looked round on Boardman and the other big fellows, and plucked up courage when we took stock of them physically, and noticed that they seemed mightily amused at the story which they heard Sparrow tell. One of our lot, while we proceeded, was Harry Digby, Blotch's second fag, and it was a sight to see his face. Sparrow declared that he had never seen him look so happy. He could not have appeared more pleased if he had been taken to Leybourne's for unlimited treating, and he was first to set foot on the stairs.

We went up with a hurly-burly. Feeling

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sure that Toplady was safely locked in his room, we had no fear, as we should have done had we any suspicion that the prisoner had been let loose. We rushed down the passage with Digby and Williams minor leading, but Digby pulled up. It was such a sudden halt on his part, so unexpected, that we went over him in a bunch, and lay there, a big heap of kicking youngsters, all trying to get to our feet at the same moment, and effectually keeping each other sprawling.

But we got up at last, and understood why Digby, who had crawled out and was on his feet first, was hurrying down the passage.

Blotch's door was wide open!

CHAPTER IV.

PRISONERS.

At first we thought to make a run for it, lest the escaped prisoner might be somewhere about; but, standing there in breathless silence, we listened. All was as still as night in Toplady's room. We looked this way and that, but he was nowhere in the passage. Then Sparrow went on his toes to the door and peeped in, every one of us ready to be off if he gave the alarm. His first look gave him no sight of Toplady, and, plucking up courage, he went in with bent body, far enough to look behind the door. He stopped and had a long look—long enough to pry into every corner.

"He's gone," he exclaimed, standing upright, as if all need for precaution had passed.

"Sure?" said one.

"Come and see."

One went forward, then Williams minor, a third followed on his toes—then the whole lot of us went in and looked about us. Sparrow, grown bold, flung himself into the chair, crossed his legs over his knee, and sat back with his elbows on the chair-arms and his hands folded.

"I was sitting like this, you chaps," he was saying, "and Snowdrop was leaning over the chair-back, just as you are doing, Paddy, when——"

He stopped short, sprang from the chair, and twisting round to the door gazed in that direction, as did each one of us, with something like horror in his face. I believe there was not one in the whole party who did not tremble in his shoes by reason of what he saw.

Blotch was standing in the open doorway.

He did not say a word, but stood there with his hands in his pockets, blocking up the entrance, and looking diabolical. His patched face had a nasty expression on it—something vindictive. His mouth had a twitch about it which seemed to suggest some contemplated cruelty. You could almost feel that he meant to have his revenge, but did not quite know what form it should take, since he had not had time to think things over.

"I've caught you, you little brutes!" he said, savagely. "Is Snowdrop there? Yes, I see him. Is that little beast of a Sparrow there? Yes, I see him, too. But as for you other fellows, you shall smart for being in my room. It never does to be in bad company," he went on saying, with the same leer on his face; "you have heard the Head say that in chapel, haven't you? The Head's advice is always good, but you wouldn't take it, and you will find out that you have been fools for your indiscretion. You shall have a bit of time for quiet thought."

When he had said all this he pulled the door together; then we heard the key twist in the lock, and knew that *we* were prisoners.

For a few moments we stared at the door which stood between us and liberty in something like blank despair. All knew Blotch of old, and knew that he would devise some sort of torture which might prove unbearable, while he could threaten us in such a way that we should not dare to breathe a word either to our tutor, or the Head, or anyone else.

We stood there for a full minute, and not one of us spoke. We simply stared, and breathed hard. But silence like ours was not to go on for ever, and Paddy Turner broke it.

"I believe he's thinking out a new torture."

"So do I," said Sparrow, flinging himself into the easy chair again, resolved to get as much comfort out of life as possible. It was a case of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," with him, I think. "Tell me, you fellows, if Mr. Algernon Toplady comes in. We are all in a tight place, and I must sit and think. Paddy, go up to the door and see if the key is in the lock."

"Go and do it yourself," said Turner, walking up to the fireplace, against which he leaned his back.

"Let us go for the door," said Tory Fellows. We called him "Tory" because his father was in the Conservative Cabinet. But what was the use of bumping our shoulders against such a door as that? It was made of oak that would stand any amount of storming.

We looked round to see whether there was anything in the room that would help us. There was the poker—that might serve to beat the lock off, and Tory fetched it. The first blow hit off the door-handle, which was no good—rather a hindrance, since nothing was left to lay hold of to give the door a shaking.

A score of blows had no effect. We tried our pocket-knives, so that we might move the screws, but they were stuck fast with the paint, and three blades snapped in quick succession. There were no panels, or we might have burst one of them out and crawled away through the opening, leaving Toplady to make explanations to old Furguson, who was the best tutor going, but down on cruelty, or anything that savoured of the blackguard.

"What about the window?" asked Turner.

"Splendid!" said Sparrow. "Paddy," he added the next moment, "you are an ass. There's a drop of twenty feet into the back yard. Suppose you drop first, and we'll drop on top of you."

By this time he had the window open, and four or five heads were thrust out, and twice as many eyes were gazing into the yard below. There was no water-spout down which we could climb, and the walls were as straight as bricks could make them.

"I know!" said Paddy, presently, when we were about to forego the window as a possible exit. "Let us get a rope and slide down. Won't Blotch be mad when he finds us gone?"

"A rope?—dash it! Where's the rope to come from?" asked Tory. "Go down to the kitchen and fetch one, Paddy, and then we'll let you be the first to slip down it."

This was said with fine sarcasm, which was wonderfully infectious. I think everybody looked sarcastic at that moment, except Turner, who said instead:—

"Oh! Confound it!"

There was silence for a while, but Turner was thinking, and presently exclaimed:—

"Here you are!"

We were round in an instant, wondering what he had found. He was standing at the fireplace, holding the hearth-rug by two corners.

"Oh, I say! That's delicious!" exclaimed Sparrow. "Paddy Turner means to go down into the yard, and hold the hearth-rug out for us to tumble into, just as they do when a house is on fire. Paddy, you ought not to be in the Lower School; your talents are wasted there. They ought to send you up to the Sixth right away." So saying, he turned, as if to go back to the window again.

"Dash it!" said Turner, testily. "You don't give a fellow time to explain. My idea is to strip up this rug and make a rope of it."

We tumbled to this at once, and before long the handsome rug was only a memory. Blessing our gaoler's love of finery, we looked round to see what we could fasten the newly-made rope to before we began our perilous descent.

"Here you are," said Tory.

At that moment the key went into the lock, there was a twist and a squeak, and the door opened.

It was Toplady, who stood in the doorway, with that same evil look on his face. Peeping round the corner of the door was another—Scrawly. His was a face that anticipated a good time for himself and Blotch, whom he had come to reinforce. All that we could do was to stand and stare at the figure in the doorway and the unfriendly face beside it.

Toplady was looking around, and I had a fear that he might see our rug-rope; but Turner, who had wound it into a coil, held it behind him. The open window took the bully's attention.

"Oh, I say! That's an awfully good idea. You've got the window open. If you like, I'll go and tell Dame Martin to fix you up a ladder."

He disappeared with a grin, and we were locked in once more.

"He thinks we daren't try the yard," said Tory Fellows; "but let us lose no time. See! We can tie the rope on to this," and he pointed to the leg of the sofa, which looked strong enough to stand the strain.

"Now, Tory, you go first," suggested Sparrow, when all was ready. "You're heaviest, so we shall all follow if the rope's strong enough."

Tory demurred, but ventured. Then Paddy went and the others, save Sparrow and myself. Tom Sandhurst was the last to go, and I was to follow; but when he was within a couple of feet of the stones the rope snapped off clean at the window-sill. He went down the last two feet with a bang, but that we did not care about. We had our own trouble to face.

Sparrow took the broken end and looked at it woefully.

"Just our luck, Snowdrop. It's you and me that brute wants, and he's got us. Confound it!" And for two whole minutes he stamped about the room blessing Blotch every way.

"Oh, I say! We must hide somewhere," he said, when he had kicked the bureau viciously, making one of the knobs fly. "There's the cupboard. It will hold two, and I don't suppose he will look there. He's sure to think we've all gone out of the window, so perhaps we may have a chance to slip off."

"But what if he finds us?" said I, fairly staggered at this misfortune.

"We must risk it," Sparrow observed, entering the cupboard, with me in close attendance.

We had not too much room, for there were all sorts of things in the place. Top coats and silk hats were there—Sparrow viciously put his foot into one of the latter, and, squashing it flat,

SCRAWLY FOLLOWING IN FULL CAREER . . . DASHED INTO FURGUSON, WHO WENT DOWN LIKE A NINEPIN.

begged me to do the same with another, which I did most willingly, having a sort of inexpressible joy while doing so. I do not remember all the things that were there. Bats, gloves and leg-guards, skates, boots, slippers, caps, and a score of other things lay about on the strip of floor or stood in the corner. The mischief lay in this, that by the time we had got in, what with the coats and jackets which hung from the pegs, there was not much room for us, and consequently, squeeze in how we would, the door would not come together, but stood open quite a couple of inches.

While we were crowding in like this a coat tumbled from one of the pegs, and out of the pocket fell a letter, almost into my hands. I caught it as it rested between me and the door, and without a thought thrust it into my coat pocket and waited.

I do not think we had been in more than two minutes before Blotch entered the room. He stood with Scrawly in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, and the old diabolical grin on his face, as if he had come prepared to enjoy our terror. But when he looked around and saw none of his prisoners, the grin passed, and there came instead a look of blank astonishment. He stepped into the room and looked behind the door warily, as if he thought it possible that we might be hiding there, ready to spring upon him unawares.

"Where can those little beasts be?" he said, standing irresolutely in the middle of the room. When he saw the open window, he darted across to it, followed by Scrawly.

"No one there," we heard him say; but he swore when he turned round and saw the end of the broken rug-rope. He stooped and picked up the remnant, and knew at a glance —although the light was failing—that it was his own rug, sliced up and joined to form a rope.

"Get ready, Snowdrop, to make a run for it as soon as his back is turned to us. See, the door is wide open, and Scrawly is staring out of the window."

"Broken off," said Toplady, examining the severed strands. "I wonder if the last one cracked his spine! I hope he did," he added, viciously, as he went again to the window.

"Now," whispered Sparrow, pushing open

the cupboard, and crossing the floor on his toes. We got as far as the door before we were discovered; then Toplady, turning, caught sight of us. He dashed first of all to the cupboard, which was wide open, to see whether any others were there, and that gave us a start.

"*Run!*" screamed Sparrow, showing the way. Furguson, our tutor, was coming along, but he took no notice of us, for he seemed to be in a brown study; so we passed on to the head of the stairs, where we saw all the fun. The tutor was close to Toplady's door, when the bully came bundling out, swearing shamefully. He ran blindly, swinging round into the passage, Scrawly following in full career, and in so doing dashed full into Furguson, who went down like a ninepin, Blotch sprawling over him, and Scrawly on top of the other two.

What happened after that we did not wait to see. We thought it best to clear out, and as speedily as possible lost ourselves in the crowd in the Lower Form room.

Albert Lee

(*To be continued.*)

An Acidulated Idyll.

By E. U. Ripides, B.A.

A CHUBBY little sage was he
  Who in a meadow sat,
His eyes were saucer-like, his cheeks
  Were pale, but very fat.
I asked him why he moped apart,
  And what he mused upon;
Softly the mystic murmur came,
"λογος, λογε, λογον."

"Oh, say not so," I made reply,
  "That were a bitter thought,
And savours not of toffee-drops,
  Or jujubes sold and bought;
Come, let us talk of pleasant things."
  He took a butterfly,
And muttered, o'er its broken wings,
"λυω, λυεις, λυει."

I marvelled much that such a child
  Should seem so lone and sad;
I questioned him about his tuck,
  And asked him what he'd had.
He merely tried if beetles' legs
  Should pull out or unscrew,
Then whispered, gazing into space,
"γλυκυτατος, γλυκυ."

"I thought as much," I made reply;
  "The beggar always cops
A pain inside who feeds upon
  Acidulated drops.
But come—how many did you eat?"
  He filled his mouth with moss
To cool his parching tongue, and gasped,
"παντος, παση, παντος."

The case was bad. I made him lie
  Upon a bracken bed,
And brought him drinks of Gregory,
  To soothe his aching head.
"How do you feel?" I intervened,
  Betwixt a sigh and groan.
In accents of reproach he said,
"κακον, κακων, κακον."

Yet by-and-bye the crisis came,
  And took him low and deep,
Leaving him painless, that he fell
  Into a dreamless sleep.
And when he woke I grinned at him,
  And asked the symptoms now;
He pressed my hand, and gently breathed,
"ανθρωπου αγαθου."

By Major-General A. W. Drayson.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

soon after obtaining my commission it was my good fortune to be ordered to the Cape of Good Hope, and, after serving during some months on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony, where a Caffre war was then in progress, I was ordered to proceed to D'Urban, Port Natal.

At that date (1847) the town of D'Urban consisted of about two dozen mud huts, termed wattle and daub; the country round was practically a wilderness, inhabited only by a few Caffres, a branch of the Zulu nation. These Caffres did not possess firearms, their weapons consisting only of assegais and knob kerries. Hence large game, such as elephants, buffaloes, and hippopotami, were allowed to roam about undisturbed.

At about a mile and a-half inland, and running parallel to the coast, there was a dense forest, termed the Berea. This forest extended far up the coast to the east, and was a mile or more in breadth.

A few days after my arrival an event occurred which assured me that I was in a wild country. Twice a week two mounted orderlies proceeded with the mail-bag from D'Urban to the chief town, Pietermaritzburg, about fifty-four miles. These men had to ride through the Berea, along a narrow road. As they were ascending this road, and came to a turning, they found their way blocked by a herd of wild elephants, which, instead of retreating, commenced uttering shrill screams, and a large bull elephant charged down the road. The two soldiers turned their horses, and rode at full gallop back to camp, to report what had occurred.

It was at about sunrise that this incident had taken place, and, soon after breakfast, I, accompanied by three officers and the two orderlies, each armed, and attended by a white man, who was an old elephant hunter, rode up the track.

We soon came to that part where the soldiers had seen the elephants, and we saw the footprints of these giant animals on the soft, sandy soil.

The elephant hunter pointed to these footprints, and said: "There are three large bulls and several half-grown bulls; the remainder are cows and calves. I should say there are about fifty in the herd. The bulls are very savage, because they have cows and calves with them."

(I may here mention that among elephant hunters it is usual to speak of a bull elephant as a bull. It is necessary to state this, because in the first book I wrote, when speaking of a

herd of elephants, I stated that there was one large bull. A learned critic, in reviewing that book, remarked that I must be very ignorant of natural history not to know that there was a great difference between a male elephant and a bull.) I now received my first lesson in connection with the footprint of an elephant. Those of the bull elephant were nearly circular, those of the cow elephant were nearly elliptical, or egg-shaped. The height of the elephant might be fairly estimated by multiplying the diameter of the footprint by seven. So that if the footprint was 18ins. in diameter the elephant must be about 11ft. in height at the shoulder.

The elephant hunter, pointing to a large footprint, remarked: "That fellow is over 11ft. high, but perhaps I can measure him."

Riding into the forest towards a large tree, he pointed to a branch which grew nearly at right angles to the stem. The underpart of this branch had the bark scraped off. Putting his horse under the branch, the man held his gun by the butt, and the muzzle only just reached the branch. The elephant, in passing under this branch, had rubbed off the bark with his back. "Over 11ft.," said the hunter, "and he ought to have good tusks."

THIS FEEDING WAS A NOISY BUSINESS.

"I suppose you will go after him and shoot him," I suggested, "as his ivory would be worth £50."

"Go into this dense bush after a herd of elephants consisting of bulls, cows, and calves —no thank you! I don't want to leave my crushed bones here. If that bull were alone I might risk it, but not when there is such a herd as this."

Finding several very well-defined footprints in the damp sand, I made a sketch of these, and noticed that each footprint had a pattern on it, just as we have patterns on our fingers and thumbs, so that I could easily distinguish one elephant's footprint from that of another. On subsequent occasions I found it of great use to be able to distinguish the footprint of a particular elephant, especially when it had been wounded.

I obtained a great amount of information from the elephant hunter about these giants, especially as regards the danger of attacking them in dense forests, but I prefer relating from my own personal experience what I learned about the elephant at home.

Being now certain that within a mile or so of my tent there was a herd of wild elephants, I determined to devote all my spare time to finding out their habits and their private life when at home. During three years I had special opportunities for this study.

It was at the commencement of the spring of each year that the elephants used to migrate into the Berea forest, where they remained about five months. They always crossed the Umgani River on the east of D'Urban, at the same ford; they then ascended a steep hill and entered the forest. When they departed they took the same line of country. So steep was the hill up which they ascended that when I followed their tracks I was obliged to use my hands and climb up. When they descended this hill the tracks showed that several had slid down the hill. They usually selected the night for these journeys.

During the heat of the day the elephants selected the most dense parts of the forest, and would remain quiet and almost motionless. If it came on to blow hard, especially, also, if it rained, the elephants would move about and feed. This

feeding was a noisy business, as the animals would break off large branches, eat the tenderest parts, then place the thicker portions of the branch under their feet and crush this and then chew it. The trees they preferred for food were the acacia and the Caffre boom. They seemed to be much afraid of the giant euphorbia tree, a sort of cactus, for wherever one of these trees was located in the forest the elephants always gave it a wide berth. I never found the footprints of an elephant within several yards of one of these trees.

As soon as the sun had set the elephants began to move about, and would during the night wander on to the open plain. They usually selected the night for taking their drinks from some ponds, and they seemed to prefer the water of these ponds to that of a running stream. They drank about every third night, unless the days had been very hot, when they would drink every other night.

These elephants never missed an opportunity of wallowing in the mud, a proceeding which probably protected them from mosquitoes, by which even an elephant is annoyed.

When these elephants were covered with mud it was very easy to track them rapidly in the bush, as they left their marks on the stems and branches of trees; the height of the animals could also be ascertained by the same means.

An elephant walks at the rate of about four miles an hour, but it can run faster than can a man. When mounted on a smart, active pony I was once chased by a wounded elephant, which came on me suddenly. During the first fifty yards it was a close thing; then I rapidly left the enraged monster behind me. Had I been on foot I should have been caught, as there was no cover near round which to dodge, and an elephant has a wide swing with its trunk.

From a long series of observations I am convinced that elephants have various signals which are mutually understood. A sharp, short, shrill note means that feeding or moving may be adopted; this is usually uttered by the leading bull of the herd. A low, deep growl is a signal of danger, and is usually responded to by other members of the herd. A prolonged shrill scream is an indication of rage, and when one hears this within a few yards, and in the midst of a dense forest, it is trying to the nerves, as it seems to vibrate through one just as does the whistle of a railway engine when one is close to it. There is a sort of short chirrup which an elephant sometimes emits; this is, I believe, a signal to call other elephants to him, or her.

There is one noise which an elephant makes involuntarily, and which resembles the noise made by water being poured out of a bottle. This may be termed the rumbling of his vast stomach. However quietly an elephant may stand, concealed in some dense cover, his proximity is revealed by this strange sound.

More than once, when in the dense forest, and having no suspicion that an elephant was near me, I have been made aware by this noise that one of these giants was within fifty yards. On two or three occasions I had obtained distant views of the elephants as they moved over some open spaces in the forest, and, by the help of my field-glasses, was able to watch their movements. It was interesting to see how cautious they were. Every two or three minutes they would remain immovable, except that they spread their huge ears to listen, and elevated their trunks in order to smell if danger were near.

One afternoon I had ridden to the most elevated part of the Berea, from whence I had a good view of various parts of the forest. I had crossed the recently made footprints of two young bull elephants, so I knew these animals could not be very far off. Presently I saw the two animals moving slowly up a hill, rather more than a quarter of a mile from me. They were walking very quietly, feeding occasionally on some small branches which they broke off the trees. I noticed that if they continued moving in the same direction they would soon pass to leeward of me. There was very little wind blowing, and the elephants were certainly six hundred yards from me.

Suddenly both elephants stopped, turned facing me, spread out their ears and raised their trunks. They then turned round and strode away rapidly. They had smelt me.

I may mention that I used to bathe every morning and every evening in the sea, and could not, therefore, be very "foul"; yet, at a distance of six hundred yards, these creatures had scented me. It is useless to attempt to approach any really wild animals when the wind blows from you to them, as their sense is so acute that they become aware of your approach however ably you may be concealed. Animals that live in the forest trust almost entirely to their hearing and scent, their vision being limited by the surroundings.

My first close interview with a South African elephant was as unexpected as it was exciting. As I was riding on the outskirts of the Berea, near the Umbilo River, I crossed the fresh tracks of a bush buck. I was armed with a double-barrelled gun, which was loaded with buckshot. Dismounting from my pony I followed the tracks of the buck into the dense bush.

A week previously two herds of elephants had departed from the Berea, and had travelled up

the East Coast, so I concluded that all these animals had left this part of the forest. I walked very carefully, so as to make no noise, and looked all round in hopes of seeing the buck. I had followed a well-worn elephant path, the bush being so thick that it was impenetrable except where the elephants had made paths.

I had entered about a quarter of a mile into the forest when I came to a dark and gloomy place, where the underwood was very thick. I was looking low down, near the ground, for my buck, but suddenly there was a movement in the underwood, almost over me, and I saw something which I at first mistook for a snake. A steady look, however, showed me that it was an elephant's trunk, and amidst the gloom I made out the head, ears, trunk, and tusks of an enormous bull elephant, within ten paces of me. The lower part of his body and his legs were almost concealed by the undergrowth amidst which he stood. His trunk was raised, his head thrown back, and there he stood, like a statue.

WITHIN TEN PACES OF ME.

I did not wait to see more, but jumped behind some bushes, and ran down the path up which I had come. I could hear the cracking of the branches as the elephant moved through the bush, evidently in pursuit of me; but I got clear of the forest, mounted my pony, and rode away about a hundred yards, then stopped to see if the animal would come out in the open. I could hear him smashing the branches, and occasionally giving a sort of low growl, indicating his displeasure at having been disturbed, but he would not leave the forest.

On another occasion I came unexpectedly on a solitary elephant in this forest. My attention was attracted by a curious sort of rustling of the underwood, and, on creeping near to where I heard the noise, I saw a cow elephant, without tusks, rocking herself backwards and forwards. She was evidently not aware that I was near her, and I watched her during two or three minutes going through this strange performance. I once saw an elephant in a menagerie rocking itself in the same way, and asked the keeper why the animal did so. The keeper, ready to account for that of which he was ignorant, told me it was a habit the elephant had got into when on board ship, by the rocking of the vessel. I think it probable that an elephant moves in this way in the bush in order to keep flies, mosquitoes, etc., from settling on its hide.

My first actual battle with the South African elephant was an act of recklessness that I should not have committed had I been acquainted with the habits of these formidable giants. It was quite early in the morning, when a brother officer called on me and said that a large herd of elephants were in the forest within two miles of us, and suggested that, immediately after breakfast, we should enter the forest and attack them. The folly of our proceeding was that our guns were mere fowling-pieces, carrying a fourteen-to-the-pound bullet, and an elephant hit by such a bullet was not likely to be stopped in a charge, or mortally wounded. Probably the bullet wound might injure his constitution, and he might die from the effects a week or so afterwards. We followed the fresh tracks of the herd, taking very little care to walk quietly, our main object being to overtake the animals. We heard the branches of trees violently shaken, both to our right and left, but my companion told me that this was caused by monkeys, many of which we saw in the trees. Suddenly, in front of us, and distant about

thirty paces, I saw an enormous elephant facing me. His trunk was raised, and his ears extended. Taking a rapid aim at his chest, I fired both barrels at him, my companion at the same time firing both barrels at another elephant which was on our right. The loud report of our guns was instantly followed by the shrill screams of at least a dozen elephants, several of which were evidently behind us, and which we had passed close by without being aware of it.

I FIRED BOTH BARRELS AT HIM.

Through the smoke from my gun I could see the elephant at which I had fired striding towards me. My companion and I did not wait for a closer acquaintance, but ran as hard as we could down the path up which we had come. I could hear the elephant crashing through the bushes behind me, and expected every instant to feel his trunk, either laying hold of me or knocking me over. I don't think the elephant had gained much on us, when, seeing a well-worn path on our right, we rushed along this, and heard the elephant crashing straight on.

We loaded our guns as rapidly as possible, and then stood quiet to listen, recover our breath, and await developments.

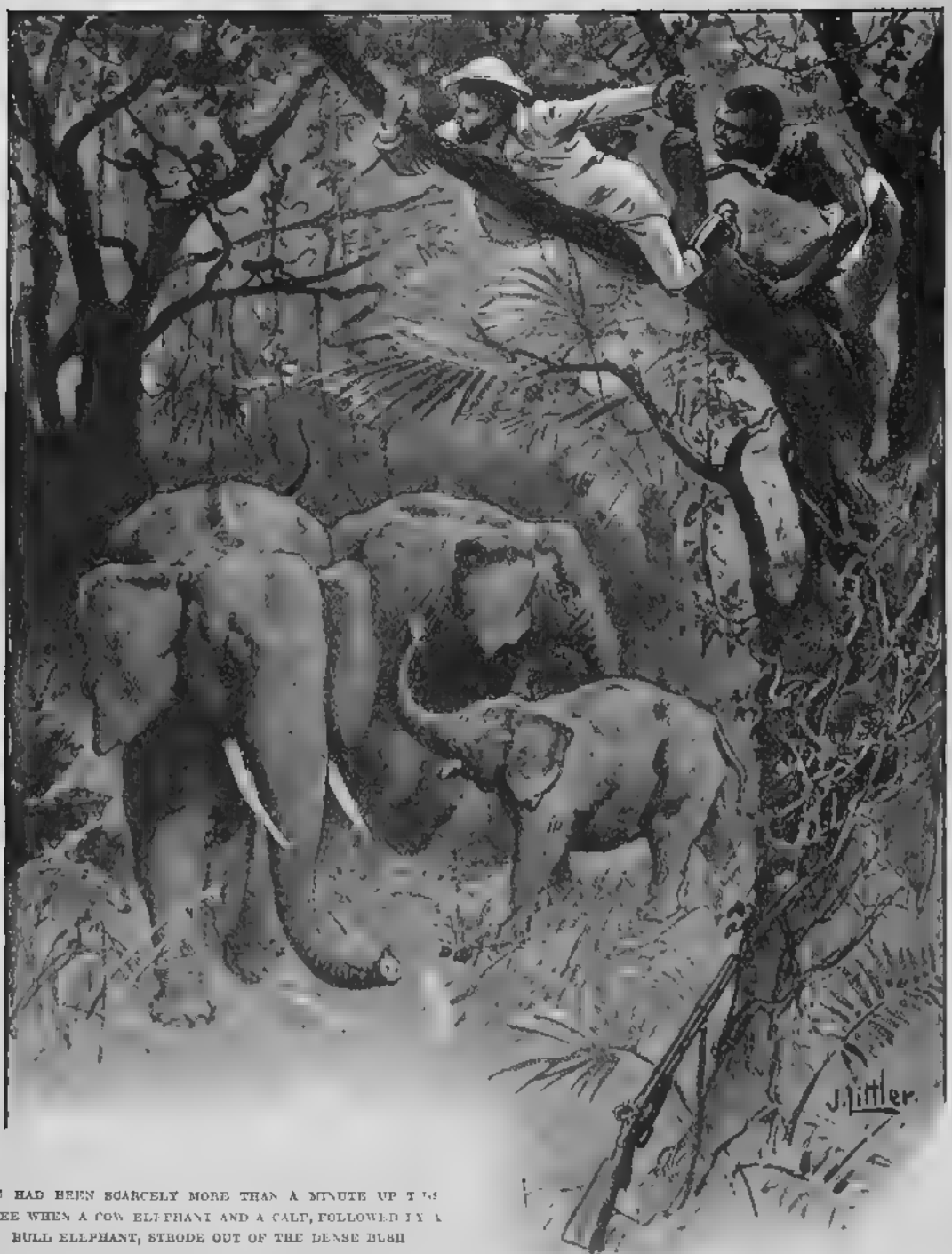
At intervals of a few seconds at least half a dozen elephants gave shrill screams, and we realised that in our careless approach we were surrounded by some of the herd. After a consultation we decided to retreat slowly and quietly down an elephant path, where the bush was less dense than in any other direction, and finally, without further adventure, we reached the open plain, the elephants every now and then uttering their shrill screams of defiance.

When I became better acquainted with the habits of the elephants I used much greater caution when approaching them in this dense bush.

On one occasion I and a fine Caffre followed the footprints of a large herd into the thickest part of the forest, where the undergrowth was as dense as a quick-set hedge, and about 10ft. high. We sat down about every hundred yards to listen, so as not to pass any elephants which might cut off our retreat. By this precaution we discovered that there was an elephant on our left, and quite near, whilst the other members of the herd were in front of us. Making a circuit so as to approach this elephant up wind, we advanced with the greatest caution.

In front of us was some very dense undergrowth, and, as we stopped to listen, I found I could actually smell the elephant, but could not see him. Suddenly that rumbling noise that I have described was audible close to us, and I knew that the monster was within about twenty paces of us.

During several minutes we remained still and silent, whilst I glanced behind me to see in



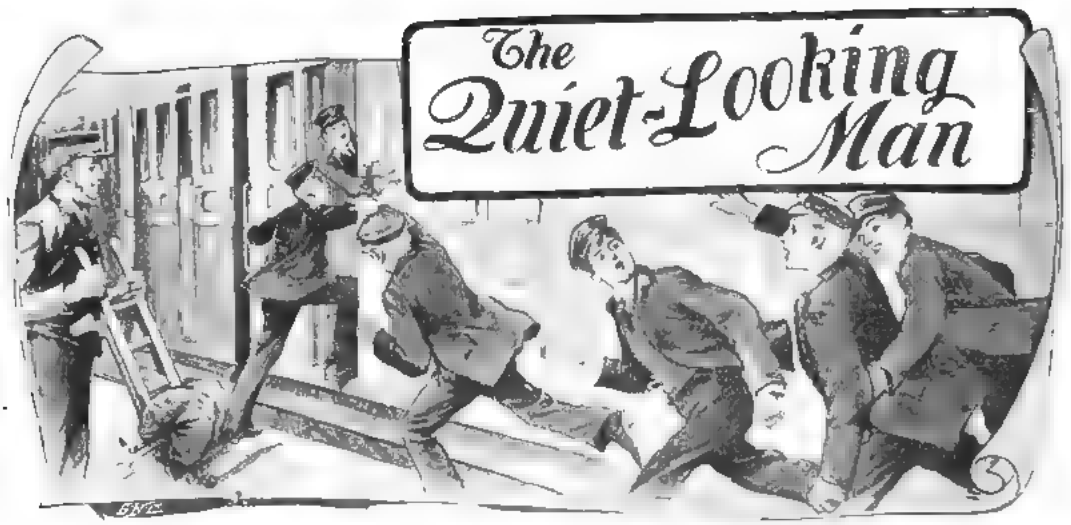
WE HAD BEEN SCARCELY MORE THAN A MINUTE UP T[HE] TREE WHEN A COW ELEPHANT AND A CALF, FOLLOWED BY A BULL ELEPHANT, STRODE OUT OF THE DENSE BUSH

which direction to run when the elephant charged, as I was certain he would. No inexperienced person would believe that he was within a few yards of a savage wild elephant which was on the alert to stride forward and crush him. Suddenly the dense bush almost above me was pressed down, and I expected that the elephant would rush on us. Still, I could not see him, and dared not fire at random. Then again all was quiet. During more than half-an-hour we waited, on the chance of getting a shot. Then the animal gave a sharp, shrill cry, which was answered by several elephants which we could hear approaching. My Caffre companion signalled to me that we must retreat, so, moving away quietly, we made our way through the bush, and gave the animals a wide berth.

On another occasion, with this same Caffre, we came on the fresh tracks of elephants in the densest part of the forest, and we could hear them. Seeing a very large tree, my Caffre and I placed our guns against the stem of the tree, and climbed up, in order to obtain a view over the surrounding underwood. We had been scarcely more than a minute up this tree when a cow elephant and a calf, followed by a bull elephant, strode out of the dense bush, and, putting their trunks close to the ground, swung these over the footprints of the Caffre. The proceeding was most amusing, as the small elephant every now and then would raise its trunk and open its mouth, as much as to intimate "this is a very bad smell." The three animals came close to the tree, when, fearing that they might smash my gun, I gave a cough, when the animals shuffled off. Not the least ridiculous part of this scene was that in another tree, distant about forty yards, were a number of monkeys, which kept jumping about and grimacing as though they were much interested in what was going on, but the elephants seemed to take no notice of these monkeys.

One afternoon I rode from my tent on the flat at D'Urban to "Sea View," the residence of Mrs. Dunn, the mother of John Dunn, who afterwards became a Zulu chief. I fastened my horse to a tree near a Caffre kraal, and had tea and supper with Mrs. Dunn and her four charming daughters. At about ten o'clock I said good-bye to the ladies, and went to saddle my horse. I then found that the animal had been frightened, and had broken its head-stall, and had galloped off. The night was dark, and it was four miles from Mrs. Dunn's to my tent, the greater part of the roadway being close to the forest, in which I knew a herd of elephants then resided. I had no weapon, so borrowed an assegai from the Caffres and started on my journey. Leopards and hyænas were then common in this locality, and at night the elephants were very savage.

When the beaten track passed between dense bush I walked very slowly, and stopped now and then to listen; when the country round could be seen I ran. On getting on to an open piece of ground, termed the "Kongola," I could hear the elephants breaking the branches off trees in the forest, and feeding; the animals were about two hundred yards from me. I walked on quietly, saving myself in case it would be necessary to make a rush. In spite of stopping now and then, I journeyed the four miles considerably under the hour. Several times I heard animals moving in the bush near the road. These might have been leopards, hyænas, bush-pigs, or antelopes; I could not see anything. When I had entered my tent, had lighted a candle, and had been welcomed by my two dogs, and had gone to bed with my two loaded guns within reach of my hand, I certainly felt very comfortable; and as I recalled my feelings during parts of my four-mile walk, I mentally exclaimed that I would not again willingly undertake such a journey. Such experiences, however, do a young fellow a deal of good; they teach him self-dependence, and give him confidence in himself; and I have ever felt that the best part of my education was that obtained whilst hunting the South African elephant.



ILLUSTRATED BY STEWART BROWNE.

Being a Letter from William Richards, Midshipman, to a Chum.

DEAR DICK,

I promised to write before, but I have had a very busy time one way and another. You will certainly be surprised when you read my letter.

You remember that the whole six of us managed to get together, and bagged an empty carriage at Portsmouth; and how you were nearly carried off with us when the train started. At every station where we stopped we managed, by judiciously filling the windows with our coats and hats, to give those who wanted to come into the carriage the impression that it was full; and this, in addition to the row we kicked up, kept everyone away. Such a lively time we had—comic songs and dancing by that ass Jones, who thinks he can do a hornpipe; then Haughton broke the rack while showing us a new trick he had learnt at the "gym." We patched them up somehow—Haughton with court plaster, and the rack with our penknives. Then I had a desperate struggle with the door. I merely turned the handle to see the working of that new patent dodge they have, and the wretched door flew wide open. Have you ever tried to close a carriage door in a railway train which is travelling at about forty miles an hour? You want to be as strong as Hercules to do it. In the end we gave it up and waited until the train slowed down outside Guildford, when we managed to shut it; but the rack came down again.

At Guildford some fussy old idiot in the next carriage complained of the noise we had made. The guard gave us a bit of a wigging. It was so awkward for us; we all stood in a row so as to hide the damage done to the rack. Mac. tipped the guard, and, having got rid of the beggar, we fixed up the rack again.

The train was just on the point of starting when a chap with a long beard popped into our carriage almost before we realised it. He was followed by a quiet-looking man.

"Outside," said Jones. "Plenty of room farther up."

As the train was getting up speed this was an unreasonable request; but we all looked daggers at the intruders, who collared corners opposite each other.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the quiet man; "I had no time to choose my carriage. I'm sorry if I am in the way."

"Have you a second-class ticket?" asked Jones rudely.

Of course this was going too far. We were all annoyed at the impudence of these strangers who had thrust their company upon us; but we did not want to insult them. "Steady, Jones! Sh—h! Don't be a cad!" were our remarks, and McWilliams said: "You must excuse him, sir; he is only a kid, and wants to show off a bit."

The quiet man did not seem a bit put out. Then the other chap apologised. "Gentlemen,"

he said, "if you object to my being here, I will get into another carriage at the next station we stop at, and probably this other gentleman will do the same. I think you will not mind my presence after a while, as you will find me an excellent companion, and I shall keep you amused until we reach Waterloo—er—I suppose we are all going to Waterloo, eh?"

We all nodded, wondering what made him so friendly. He continued talking as he placed his bag upon the rack, which of course gave way, greatly to his astonishment and to our dismay.

"Well, I never!" he said. "I see they warn people against placing heavy articles upon this rack; but for a bag like this to break it down seems rather peculiar."

We all looked foolish, as we helped him fix it up again. "I must tell the guard about this," he remarked; "if I don't, he'll think I did it on purpose. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't trouble about it if I were you," said McWilliams earnestly. "He'll find it out for himself soon enough."

"Ah, you sly young dogs! They don't usually fix up these things with pocket-knives."

We felt very uncomfortable; but both he and the other fellow assured us they would say nothing about it. And, better still, they fixed it up so ingeniously with string that it was hard to detect the damage without looking closely at it.

After settling this, the quiet man produced a paper and started reading it; but the other chap was very chummy.

"I can see you are naval officers," he said. (You remember we were wearing our uniforms.) "Now, I'll tell you who I am. My name is Thurkill—Professor Thurkill—and I am generally described as a high-class drawing-room magician. I am now travelling to London to fulfil an engagement, and as I have disturbed the privacy you seem to value so much I mean to make amends for it."

THEN HE TOOK A PACK OF CARDS OUT OF HIS BAG, AND DID ALL SORTS OF THINGS WITH THEM.

Then he started off, and told us a lot of rattling good tales of his experiences. He taught us any amount of hoaxes and practical jokes, which we did not know (and that's saying a great deal). Then he took a pack of cards out of his bag, and did all sorts of things with them. I thought him a jolly decent fellow when he showed me the way to deal myself a "nap" hand, no matter who shuffled the cards. Talking of cards, by the way, don't you let yourself in for a game with any of the chaps who were with me; they have learnt too much. Then the professor pulled yard after yard of coloured paper strips out of my hat (they seemed to come from nowhere),

and took a live mouse out of Jones's pocket; Jones was quite huffy about it. The time passed quickly, as you may guess. One can get tired of watching a conjuror on a stage; but when one is only a yard away from the conjuror, it is very different. Once we twigged him as he was doing a trick with a handkerchief. He wasn't a bit wild about it; simply told us we were sharp and intelligent young men, and that he should like to have us all as pupils.

At last he suddenly asked us if we had a piece of jewellery, or anything of that sort to lend him. Of course, we had any amount, but each of us waited for the others to fork out.

"Come, gentlemen," said the professor, "I shall not harm it in any way."

The quiet man, who had been interested in the last few tricks, handed him a gold ring. "I hope you will take great care of it," he said.

"Well, as to that," said Thurkill, coolly, "I can't be bothered with it." And he shied the ring out of the window.

The quiet man said nothing, but looked uneasy.

"Oh, it hasn't gone far," said the professor, as he waved his hand out of the window. "In fact this ring on my finger looks remarkably like it." And there was the ring.

We all applauded, and Thurkill looked pleased. "Gentlemen," he continued, "you have often, no doubt, seen a magician smash up a watch, and then restore the fragments to their original form. That shall be my next trick."

We all offered our watches, and the professor took mine. He pulled out the works, snapped off the hands, and put the lot into a sort of small stone basin. Then he took a kind of pestle, and pounded the watch into fragments, which he threw carelessly out of the window.

WE GAVE UP OUR WATCHES WITH LAMB-LIKE [illegible]

"I am sorry I have destroyed your watch," he said. "You had better take this one in place of it." And he took *my* watch from his pocket and handed it back to me.

Again we applauded.

"This is only a simple trick," said Thurkill. "I propose to do it on a much larger scale. You have never seen a man smash a dozen watches at the same time and restore the lot. I have reasons for believing that I am the only man who can do that successfully. Give me all your watches, gentlemen."

We gave up our watches with lamb-like simplicity.

"I hope you will be able to identify them afterwards," he said, as he busily smashed them up, one after another. "I suppose each one of you will be able to sort out his own watch. Have you any other articles?"

We gave him a miscellaneous assortment of tie-pins, studs, rings, etc., all of which he bent or broke, and threw the fragments on top of the pile in his basin.

The train had stopped (at Clapham Junction we afterwards found out), but we were too much interested and excited to notice the name of the station at the time. Then came the climax. Professor Thurkill stood up just as the train was starting: "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I am sure you would not like property returned to you in this condition, so I will bid you good-day."

In a moment the door was flying open; he was gone, and, heedless of the growing rapidity of the train, the quiet man had dashed out behind him. We caught one glimpse of them as they rolled over on the platform. Then we stared at one another for a few seconds, and I believe some of us would have risked our necks and followed

the pair if McWilliams had not stopped us.

"Get back, you young fools!" he said (he always calls us young, although he is only two years older than I am). He closed the door and looked out of the window. "I can see nothing," he said; "we have gone too far to see the platform."

Again we stared helplessly at one another, and that ass, Jones, blandly remarked that he reckoned we had all been taken in.

"Have you only just found that out?" growled McWilliams, who, besides his gold watch, had lost a chain and a pair of gold links.

"Jones doesn't mind losing his twopenny-halfpenny Waterbury ticker," said Nixon, "but it is a serious business for some of us."

"It's quite evident that the fellow is no conjuror, but a low thief," said Jones.

"Silly young cub," said Mac. "Can't a fellow be a thief and a conjuror as well?"

"I see how they worked it," I exclaimed. "That other chap was an accomplice, of course; he lent his ring when he saw that we hesitated. Those two men knew each other, you may depend."

"I wish you chaps would shut up theorising about it," said McWilliams. "The thing is done, and the sooner we take steps to collar the thieves the better."

"KEEP YOUR TEMPER, MY YOUNG FRIEND," HE COOLLY REMARKED.

So we arranged to get out at Vauxhall, and to go back to Clapham Junction by the next train. There was not much chance of collaring the fellows, but we thought we might possibly find out enough about their movements to set the police on their track.

We followed this plan when we reached Vauxhall. Jones grumbled, and said his mother and sisters would be waiting for him at Waterloo, and would think he had been run over or something if he did not turn up at the time appointed. Why will they have such kids in the service? They're no good. Our fellows would simply cut Jones if he had not such fine sisters. They're not as good as yours, though, especially young Katie. You may tell her I said so if you like.

We settled the matter by dragging our junior out of the carriage, and after obtaining tickets we waited impatiently for a train to Clapham Junction. Five minutes after we had been waiting another train arrived from Clapham Junction. Imagine how surprised we were to see our friend the quiet man looking out of a carriage window. The moment he saw us he left the carriage and beckoned. All of us rushed down the stairs and up on to the other platform — that is, all except McWilliams, who was so excited that he took a short cut across the lines, nearly knocking down a porter who tried to stop him. When we reached the platform we saw him holding the quiet man by the arm.

The latter pushed him off. "Keep your temper, my young friend," he coolly remarked; "you don't suppose I should come and look for you if I were an accomplice of that man? He is Sawney Jones; I have caught him red-handed. He is safe in Battersea Police Station by this time. But we are gathering a crowd," he continued; "so let us adjourn to the waiting-room."

We followed him into the waiting-room, and, with McWilliams' help, he ejected some curious busybodies who wished to see the fun. McWilliams kept his foot against the door.

"Names and addresses, please," said our friend; "you'll all be wanted as witnesses."

We willingly gave them, and then we asked for our property. "That's safe enough," said

the detective; "but you may not have it yet. I want each of you to describe his belongings."

We gave him minute descriptions. Then that young cad Jones offered him a shilling, and asked him to say nothing about the broken rack. The man ignored him. "I will leave you now," he said, as he raised his hat. "You shall have your things later on."

When he had left us we took the next train to Waterloo. Jones was awfully chipped over his funk about the rack. McWilliams also got at him over Sawney Jones, making out that they were relatives. "That's why he didn't want to come back to Clapham Junction with us," said Mac.

That's all I have to tell you at present. I'll let you know how it all turns out later on. I hope we shan't hear anything about that wretched rack.

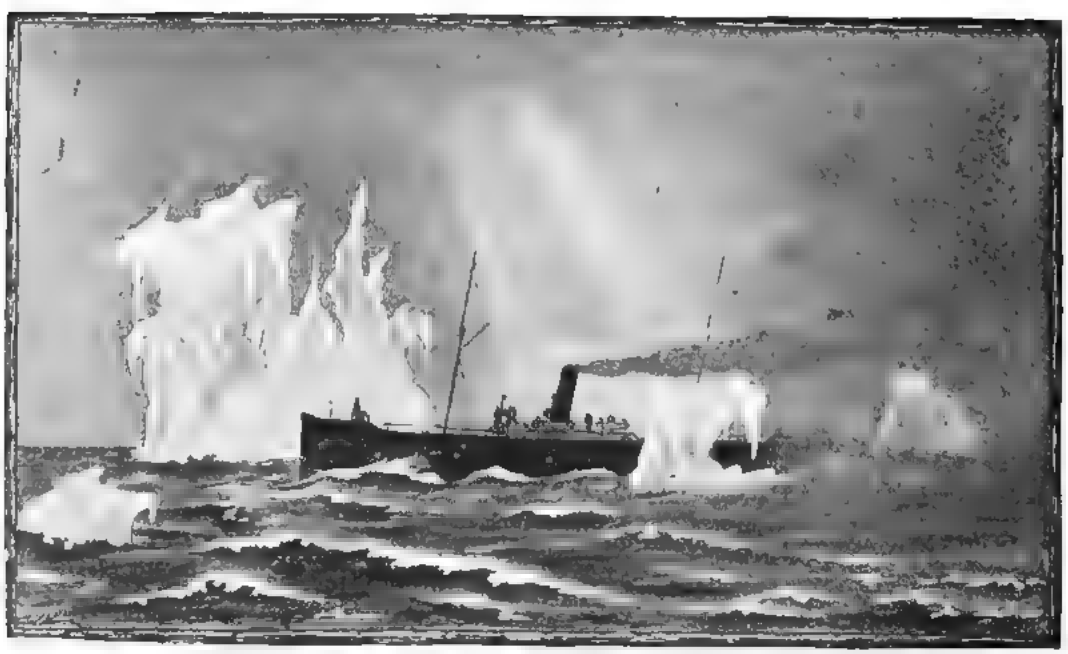
Yours truly,

WILL.

P.S.—I am sorry your sister Kate is in Paris. Why couldn't your governor have taken one of the other girls with him? I am afraid I shall not be able to spend a week at your place after all; the trial will not leave me much time to myself. That kid Jones is going to Paris with his people; I hope they don't run against Katie. He is a fearful little bore, and never seems to know when he is not wanted. By the way, we haven't heard from the quiet-looking man yet—about the trial, you know. I suppose he is collecting more evidence against Sawney Jones.

P.P.S.—Uncle George—who's a barrister—says that, in *his* opinion, the quiet-looking man was *really* an accomplice of Sawney Jones, and pretended to be a detective just to keep us from making a row about it with the authorities at Waterloo!

P.P.P.S.—We are reluctantly beginning to think that Uncle George is right. Rotten luck, isn't it?



ICE AND FOG—MIDSUMMER IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. (SKETCHED ON THE SPOT.)

How To Bat and How Not To Bat

III.—Other Hints, with Diagrams.

The foundation of batting is a command of both the forward and the back stroke. Proficiency in these two means success. In addition you must know how to drive, and had better be able to cut and to play to leg.

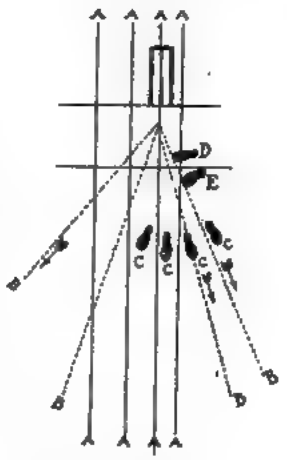
Before any more is said, know once and for all that, as in racquets and golf, so in cricket, the ease with which you can make a stroke correctly depends to a very great degree upon *using your feet properly*. In most cases if you put your feet right the correct stroke will come of itself; if you put your feet wrong the chances are all in favour of a bad stroke.

The Forward Stroke. A batsman plays forward when he advances his left foot and reaches out with his bat to meet the ball.

The main ideas to keep in view are to play with an absolutely straight bat, to get well over the ball, and to time it and yet avoid any suspicion of stiffness or restraint.

To make the stroke correctly requires assiduous drill, and great attention to detail. For the action involved, though beautifully easy when once acquired, does not come by nature.

Forward Play



AAAA Line of flight of ball
BBBB Directions of stroke
CCCC Left toe. D. Right foot
➤ The direction left shoulder point.
E. Original position of left foot

The key to the whole stroke is how you use your feet. Please look at the accompanying diagram.

The right foot must remain in its initial position, except that you may rise slightly on to the toe in finishing the stroke.

The Left Foot is all-important. Having judged the line of flight of the ball, you must so advance your left foot that the ball will pass within from 3ins. to 6ins. of your shin. Thus, for a ball that would pass, say, 6ins. outside the off stump, you must throw your foot right across the wicket—in fact, an inch or so outside the off stump. For a ball on the middle stump you must advance your left foot straight down the pitch in a line with the off stump the other end. For a ball a few inches outside the leg stump your left foot must move out towards mid-on. In each case the toe of your left boot should point in the direction in which you mean the ball to go. Study the diagrams.

Unless you put your right foot in the right place in playing balls on the wicket and to the off you cannot play straight, nor can you easily

get over the ball. If your leg is away from the line along which the ball passes, your left shoulder is pulled away, too, and with it your left arm, left hand, and the handle of the bat. How, then, can the blade be straight? Try and see.

YOUR WEIGHT should be upon the right foot till the stroke is begun; then, as the body follows the left leg forward, the weight should be transferred on to the left leg, smoothly yet smartly. It is important that the transference should, at the time the bat meets the ball, be in progress and not completed; otherwise you do not get your weight into the stroke.

One of the commonest faults in forward play is getting the weight on to the left foot too soon, so that the stroke must be finished by dragging the right foot after the bat.

The line of the shoulders should be parallel to the line of flight which the ball ought to follow after being hit. That is to say, the left shoulder must always be kept well forward; for example, in playing forward towards mid-off the batsman should point his left shoulder at mid-off, not at the bowler or mid-on. This is a most important aid to keeping the bat straight and getting over the ball. Neglect of it is only too frequent, especially at the finish of the stroke. Sometimes one sees the left shoulder brought round to the on so that the bowler can see all the batsman's chest when trying to play towards extra cover. A bad fault; the bowler should never see your shirt-front save when you are playing to the on-side.

Some players use their feet right and keep their shoulders right, yet entirely spoil their stroke by drawing the hips away from the ball. The left hip-bone should go forward along with the leg and shoulder.

THE ARMS should swing loose and free like bits of live rope. Every joint and muscle should add power to the stroke, but there should be no trace of stiffness or restraint. The fault of prodding at the ball with stiff arms and tied shoulders is common enough, especially in careful, painstaking batsmen. But it is bad play. The action should be free and swinging, rather than pushing and restrained. The bat must be kept straight (*i.e.*, upright from the bowler's point of view) all through the stroke. It should swing like a pendulum seen sideways.

If you draw a straight line from the middle stump in the direction you mean the ball to travel when hit, and cutting the line of the ball's flight from the bowler's hand, you get the line along which this pendulum swing should go. The closer the swing of your bat keeps to this line from start to finish, the better.

IN BEGINNING THE STROKE, lift the bat well back before moving your left foot forward, and in finishing be careful not to pull the bat round and away from the said pendulum line. Released at the end of your stroke, the bat will, if your stroke be correct, fly after the ball. Often enough, however, you see players, in driving towards the off, finish their stroke so that their bat would fly towards square leg.

The bat should meet the ball as it passes the left leg; certainly not more than an inch or two in front of it.

The right leg should never be bent, else the right shoulder drops, and there is a tendency to get under the ball.

There should be no stooping in the forward movement; always stand up to your full height. Mind, too, that you use both hands and both arms equally; do not prod with the right arm only.

If you follow these directions (especially with regard to your feet and your shoulders)—if you watch the ball and play free, you will not go far wrong.

When you have learnt the mechanical part of the stroke, be careful not to fall into the fault of playing too soon. Let the ball come well to you before you begin to move forward.

ESPECIALLY AVOID making a preliminary dab forward with your left foot, else you use half your stroke before the ball comes, and therewith lose half your power. If you play too soon you must extricate yourself from your mistake by playing half cock, *i.e.*, stopping half-way through your stroke, and waiting for the ball to come on to the bat. Do not finish with a jobbing, jerky little pull; and do not pull your right foot out to help the bat through with the stroke.

To become proficient in forward play, you must drill yourself in the necessary movements and action till it becomes impossible for you to play forward in any but the correct way. Then you must study when, and when not, to play forward.

THE SCOPE OF THE FORWARD STROKE IS GREAT. With it the ball, if suitable, can be hit as wide as forward short leg on the on side, and as cover-point on the off. But the usual range is from mid-on to extra cover. Notice that the forward stroke is made the same way in every case, the only difference being in the matter of direction.

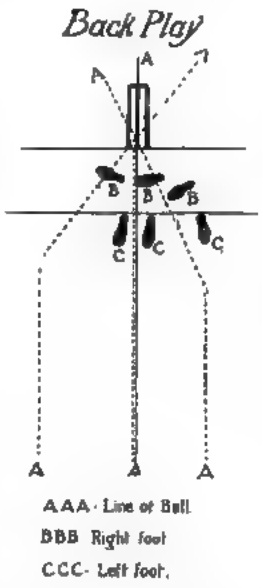
At the same time there is no greater mistake than to think forward play a stand-by that suits every occasion and every difficulty. The fact is, the virtue of forward play is almost gone if you cannot play back; the two strokes are complements the one of the other; separate, they lose more than half their value. The balls

you ought to play back are just as frequent as those you ought to play forward. This is a vital consideration. Excessive forward play is only two common among young cricketers. The thing is to be able to play both back and forward, and to know which you ought to do in the case of every ball bowled you.

Whether a ball is suited to the forward stroke depends upon its direction, its length, its break, and its pace; and, of course, the state of the wicket makes a great difference.

As to Direction, the line of the ball's flight must be either straight for the wicket, or within a foot each side of it. But the longer your reach the wider you can play forward.

As to Length, the ball must pitch near enough for you to get well over it. At any rate you must not play forward unless you feel you can get over the ball. The idea is to reach out as near to the pitch of the ball as you can; without, of course, playing in front of your leg. But in playing fast bowling you will find that there are many balls you must play forward because they are too fast to play back, the pitch of which, however, you cannot possibly reach.



As to Break, it is a pernicious practice to play forward at a breaking ball unless you can smother it. The breaking ball you must either play back or drive.

As to Pace, the faster the bowling the more you must play forward. At really slow bowling you should never play forward, but either play back or drive.

In sum, in playing fast bowling on wickets that are fast, play forward as much as possible; except, of course, to very short balls. To medium pace bowling on fast wickets play forward to balls you can reach and get over, and back to the rest. Never play forward to slow bowling. On wickets where the ball breaks avoid to your utmost playing forward at all. On a sticky wicket to a ball of good length pitching 3ins. outside the off stump and breaking so as to hit the middle, the very worst stroke in the world is to "feel" forward. Such a ball you must play back or hit with all your might.

Back Play. There is nothing artificial or difficult in the back stroke. But here again you must get your feet right. This time it is the right foot about which you must take great care; the left may almost take care of itself.

Having judged the flight of the ball, its exact line and length, at the same time watching the ball off the pitch, step back about 18ins. with your right foot, planting it just inside the line of the ball's flight from the pitch, so that you can play the ball quite close to your right leg. The stroke is simplicity itself; you need not bother about your arms, shoulders, or action; you merely have to step back and play the ball with a straight bat as easily as you can.

Before Playing Back be careful to have your bat well back in an exactly contrary direction from which the ball is coming, so that you play down a line exactly opposite to that on which the ball comes to you. Thus you will avoid the mistake of chopping down across the ball. You must be very careful to keep your bat perfectly straight and get well over the ball.

Be very careful never to step back away from the wicket, but always towards it. When the ball is on the off stump or outside it your right leg will be in front of the middle stump or perhaps even in front of the off stump. This you will see in the diagram.

Be Sure and Watch the Ball from the pitch right on to your bat. Should you at the last moment find yourself commanding the ball with ease, put as much power into the stroke as you can. These forcing back strokes are splendid cricket. But make sure that the stroke is in the first place perfectly safe.

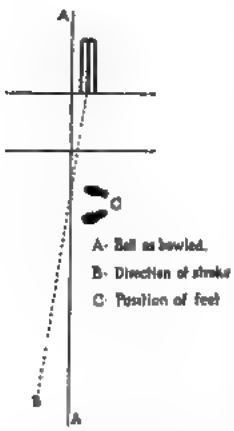
The difficulty about back play is so to judge the flight of the ball as to know for certain that you can play the ball back. My experience is that batsmen do not play back enough. Try in practice to play back at every ball bowled you. You will be surprised how very seldom you will be beaten. Perfection in back play is very rare. But, curiously enough, it is at least five times as easy to learn to play back as it is to master the intricacies of forward play.

The slower the wicket and the slower the bowling the more ought you to play back. On a sticky wicket, when the bowler can make the ball talk, you must rely on your back play to save your wicket. I strongly advise you to take the very first opportunity of finding out how easy and how useful it is to play back. If you follow the above simple directions you will be doing what Shrewsbury, Maclaren and Ranjitsinhji do; neither more or less.

The Drive is in many respects like the forward stroke. The directions above given

about the shoulders, poise of the body, and swing of the bat, hold good. The point of difference is this, that instead of stretching forward with the legs wide apart, you hit at the ball with your feet close together. The nearer you get to the pitch of the ball, the safer your stroke. Hence, unless the ball is pitched right up to you, you should dance out in order to get near the ball as it pitches. Get out of your head once and for all that driving, *i.e.*, correct hitting, is dangerous. It is often much safer than playing forward. Be very careful to let your bat swing through perfectly straight, without any pull or jerk. The commonest faults in driving are, not getting to the pitch of the ball, not swinging straight, snatching the stroke, and pulling.

The Drive.



In Cutting you must be very careful how you move your foot—your right foot that is. It should be placed about a foot from the off stump, with the toe pointing towards short slip. If you point your toe towards point you cannot get your shoulders in the proper position for cutting. The bowler should be able to see your back as you make the stroke, *i.e.*, your chest should be square with the direction in which you are hitting. You must stand well up, and come down on top of the ball. Stooping and dropping the shoulders are fatal. Be very careful to keep your right shoulder level with the left, and to make the stroke as much as possible with the wrists.

The Ball to Cut is one a foot or so outside the off stump, pitching rather short of good length. If, after shaping for the cut, you find the ball unsuitable, leave it alone.

In Playing on the Leg Side you may either use the plain on-drive or the sweeping leg hit or the glide. Balls well pitched up on the legs, or just outside them, it is best to on-drive. Shorter balls on the legs may be either glided—*i.e.*, played with the face of the bat meeting them at an angle, so that the ball glances off—or they may be played by standing back and placing. Balls well outside the legs should be swept round with the old leg-hit; for this, advance your leg down the wicket, as in playing forward at a straight ball, and sweep round with a horizontal bat at the pitch of the ball.

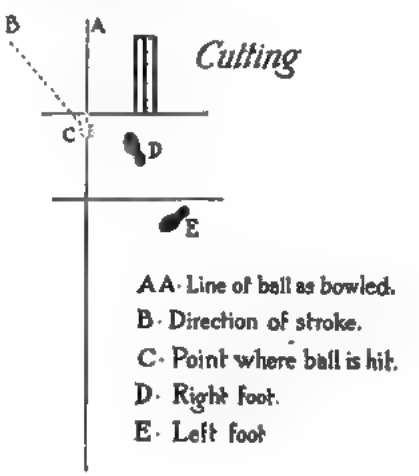
The commonest mistake in leg play is that of getting pinned upon your left leg in an awkward position so that you cannot turn round after the ball.

It only remains to mention the much misunderstood and wrongfully abused Hook Stroke. It should only be used to short balls on slow wickets, and then only when the ball is well in reach. Step back as if shaping to play back to a ball on the off stump, and, watching the ball carefully from the pitch, hit it round to the on side with a more or less horizontal bat. Be sure and get the bat well back in good time; then, if you pick the right ball, there is no easier stroke and no safer in cricket. But if you pick the wrong ball, there is no more difficult or more dangerous stroke. Let the wicket be slow, the ball short and within easy reach, and you are all right. Do not commit the absurdity of muddling the scientific hook with the rustic pull which is aimed at the pitch of the ball; that is quite another story altogether.

Appended are some tables you may be amused to puzzle out. They are approved of by many great cricket authorities who have examined them.

These tables premise that a batsman in each case:—

(1) Judges the ball accurately;
(2) Times the ball truly;
(3) Is able to make correctly the required stroke.



The tables do not tell a man *how to bat*, but tell him *what strokes are the best for typical balls on typical wickets.* There are minute differences that cannot be taken into

TABLE SHOWING THE STROKES FOR BALLS OFF THE WICKET.

(Outside Leg Stump, or more than 7ins. outside Off Stump). Condition of pitch immaterial.

PACE OF BALL.	PITCH OF BALL.	DIRECTION OF BALL. WELL OUTSIDE OFF STUMP (say 7ins. to limit of reach).	ON LEGS, OR BETWEEN LEGS AND LEG STUMP.	OUTSIDE LEGS.
FAST.	Over-pitched	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	Hit, or glide.	Hit.
	Good length (near or uppish)	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	On drive, or glide (forward).	Leg hit, or glide.
	Good length (shorter)	Cut, or leave.	On drive, or glide (forward).	Leg hit, or glide.
	Short	Cut, or force with horizontal bat.	Glide (back), or place.	Hit, or place.
MEDIUM.	Over-pitched	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	Hit, or glide.	Hit.
	Good length (near or uppish)	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	On drive, or glide.	Leg hit.
	Good length (shorter)	Cut, or leave.	On drive, or glide.	Leg hit.
	Short	Cut, or force with horizontal bat.	Glide (back), or place.	Hit, or place.
SLOW.	Over-pitched	Leave.	Hit.	Hit.
	Good length (near or uppish)	Leave.	On drive.	Leg hit.
	Good length (shorter)	Force with horizontal bat.	On drive (run out), or place.	Leg hit, or place.
	Short	Force with horizontal bat.	Place (forcing back stroke).	Hit, or place.

NOTE.—(1) HIT: Hit as best you can. (2) LEG HIT. Sweep-stroke, front foot advanced down pitch. (3) THE GLIDE is really only good and safe on *fast* wickets. On slow wickets a hit, or forcing back stroke, or a strong placing stroke must be substituted.

TABLE SHOWING THE PROPER STROKES FOR VARIOUS STRAIGHT BALLS ON VARIOUS WICKETS.

(*Straight*—From Leg Stump to 6ins. outside Off Stump.)

PACE OF BALL.	PITCH OF BALL.	PACE OF WICKET. FAST. DESCRIPTION OF WICKET. Perfect. Ball keeps straight.	Crumbled, or broken. Ball breaks, etc., fast.	Wet surface, very fast. Ball keeps straight.	SLOW. Dead. Ball breaks slow.	Sloppy. Ball cuts through.	STICKY. Surface either glue-like or baked. Ball breaks both slow and fast
FAST.	Over-pitched	Drive	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.
	Good length, near or uppish	Forward.	Drive.	Forward.	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.
	Good length, shorter	Forward, or half-cock.	Half-cock	Forward.	Back.	Forward.	Back.
	Short	Back.	Back.	Back.	Back, or hook.	Back.	Back, or hook.
MEDIUM.	Over-pitched	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.	Drive.
	Good length, near	Forward.	Drive (run out).	Forward.	Drive (run out).	Drive (run out).	Drive (run out).
	Good length, shorter	Forward, or back.	Back.	Forward, or back.	Back (force).	Back (force).	Back, or hook.
	Short	Back.	Back.	Back.	Back, or hook force.	Back (force).	Back (force), or hook.
SLOW.	Over-pitched	Drive.	Drive.	Drive	Drive.	Drive.	Drive
	Good length, near	Drive (run out)	Drive (run out).	Drive (run out).	Drive (run out).	Drive (run out).	Drive (run out).
	Good length, shorter	Back.	Back.	Back.	Hook.	Back.	Back, or hook.
	Short	Back (force).	Back.	Back.	Hook.	Back (force).	Hook.

consideration. The tables do not aim at elaborate detail, but at main and general points of play.

C. B. Fry

(*N.B.—Next month Mr. Fry's article will deal with "Bowling, Fielding, and General Advice."*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Douglas Knight.—Yes, all the remarks apply to swimming. The ordinary school diet is excellent for training; in any case do not alter your every-day life provided it is healthy. Take what exercise you like on shore and swim as much as you find suits you. Do not over-do it.

John Segrue.—For the half-mile run four days a week. Practise full speed three hundred yard spins two or three times on the first and third day, and on the other two run about six hundred yards. Run the full distance about three times during training. Sprints should always be practised at full speed. Personally I prefer cricket. Thank you for your kind inquiries.

T. E. Spooner.—It depends. You should certainly see a doctor and follow his advice.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, you may safely take both races. A long stride tells at any distance; I expect you are a long distance runner. But the more you practise short distances at high speed the better. Yes, stop cycling and swimming. Both muscles are used about equally. No; skipping, for instance, is good. Do not wear socks if your shoes fit you.

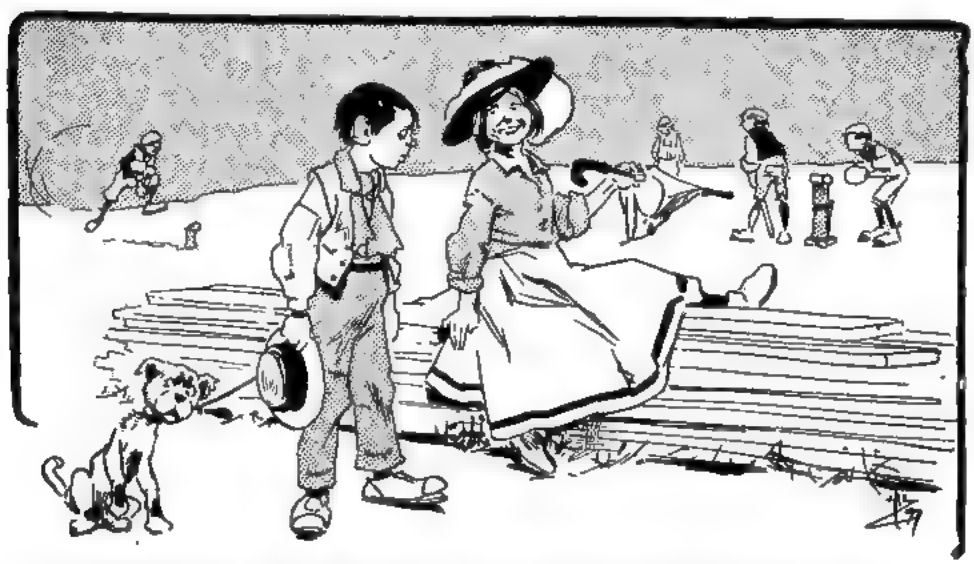
George Ballantyne.—Any rich mould sifted. Do not lay on too thick. Carter's or Sutton's for grass seed. You might write to Alfred Shaw, Nottingham, for further advice.

A. E. Clarke.—Six weeks. The way you start for a mile is immaterial. The bending position in any case is no use unless done properly. Most sprinters use it now. I found the upright position better.

Evelyn Easton.—It is a question of degree. The batsman is not out L.b.w. unless the ball both pitches on the wicket and would hit the wicket. Net practice is good in moderation, but nothing is so good as practice games. Yes, if wicket-keeper is good enough. You must be guided by the number of byes. A compromise would be to have a fine long leg on the boundary for your fast bowler.

E. C. Lott.—I expect you have outgrown your strength. Try leaving off the cold bath. You should train very, very lightly. Have a good breakfast and a light lunch. A sole and two cutlets for breakfast. A slice of cold beef for lunch.

C. B. F.



HE (PASSIONATELY): "I FANCIED YOU WERE ALL THAT WAS GOOD AND TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOW I KNOW YOU ARE NOTHING LESS THAN A HEARTLESS FLIRT. GOOD-BYE FOR EVER!"

WHAT I WANTED TO BE.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

We wrote our usual letter of inquiry to Miss Ellen Terry, the famous actress, who has been associated with Sir Henry Irving for so many years in Lyceum productions. On the same day we wrote a letter to Mr. Jem Mace, son of the celebrated champion boxer of that name, relating to some articles on the noble art of self-defence. Some mischievous demon must have been hovering over our writing-desk, for, by a strange and comical accident, the letter intended for Miss Terry was placed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Mace, and that intended for Mr. Mace was placed in the envelope addressed to Miss Terry. Hence, much laughter and bewilderment on the following morning. Miss Terry discovered among her letters a strange epistle, in which (to her amazement) her "Hints on Boxing" were duly acknowledged, while worthy Mr. Mace was equally astounded on receiving a query as to what he wanted to be "when he was a girl." Of course, the letters eventually found their way to their right destinations, the simple result being some amusement and no harm done.

Photograph by *Window & Grove, Baker Street.*

It will be seen by the letter which we here reproduce that Miss Terry, as a young child, wished to keep a shop or to be a sailor on reaching woman's estate. How she could have achieved the latter ambition we know not; at any rate, history records that at a very early age she adopted the calling followed by her parents—the theatrical—and made her first appearance on the stage, to quote her own words, "somewhere between the ages of 7 and 8."

I wanted to Keep a Shop
a Baby-linen shop i — or a
Chemist's — or to be a Sailor.
Yours truly
Ellen Terry

Photograph by *Messrs Stearn, Cambridge.*

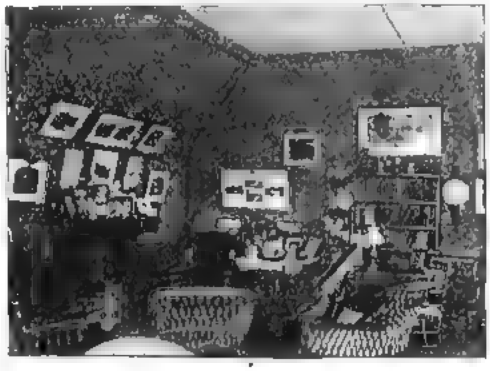
AN EXCITING CHASE IN THE LONG REACH. WHO WILL BUMP FIRST?

THE FRESHER AT CAMBRIDGE.

TOMMY DODDS has said good-bye to his old school, has had a splendid hol—— I mean "vac.," has bade his admiring family *au revoir*, and with his trunks and boxes full of clothes and crockery, his mind laden with maternal advice and his pocket with paternal gold, he drives up to the gate of St. Hilary's. His impression of the place during his ride from the station is not favourable, for it is pouring with rain, as it usually does at Cambridge when you go up as a Fresher. However, he is buoyed up by the thought of being a 'Varsity "man," that he is on his own, and by the anticipation of the pleasures of a 'Varsity life that lie before him.

As he steps out of the cab he is met by the under-porter, who for the first and last time asks his name, and leads the way up a rickety and erratic staircase to the rooms that will be his for three years or more.

At first Tommy Dodds is not struck with the look of them. They smell damp and stuffy after the "long vac.," in spite of a fire that George, the "gyp," has set blazing. There is not much furniture, and what there is looks seedy. However, he will soon alter that. On the table is a sheaf of letters from tailors, grocers, photographers, tobacconists, etc., offering unlimited credit and exceptional advantages.



TOMMY'S "ROOMS."

While he is taking stock of his new home, George comes thump, thump, thump, along the passage. Tommy feels rather nervous, for George eyes him with disdain, and grunts a "Good evening, sir."

"You're my 'gyp,' aren't you?" asks Tommy.

"Yessir; I does Gee and Haitch, and my wife is your bedder. I suppose you will want some bedroom crockery, sir?"

"Well, yes—naturally."

"'Cos the other gentleman left me 'is, and you can 'ave them, sir, and the fire-irons."

Dodds pays the exorbitant price demanded, finds out what time Hall is, and then sallies forth to look at the college and make a few purchases. Tommy is much impressed with the quaint old "coll.," with its towers and battlements, its picturesque garden and courts, and feels proud of belonging to it. Wandering about in the same way are one or two other Freshers, who exchange curious glances with him. But he must hurry up and get a cap and gown before Hall; likewise some "'baccy" to smoke in the pipe he thoughtfully borrowed from his brother. A new pipe always looks so *fresh*. He returns in time to hear the bells ringing for chapel. Curiosity and leisure prompt him to keep his *first* chapel. As he enters he is stopped by the porter.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you 'aven't a surplice, and this is a white chapel, sir. I think I 'ave one as'll do you."

So Tommy, arrayed in white, rather shyly takes his seat in the Freshers' pews, and amuses himself by studying the fine old windows and the handsome carving. Soon the Master and the dons come in and give Tommy new food for reflection.

Chapel over, it is time for Hall. Save for the other Freshers, it is rather empty. One or two dons are at the high table, half-a-dozen senior men are laughing and talking at the third-year table, while he and the men of his year sit mute and shy at the Freshers' table. But this shyness soon wears off, and before the end of Hall the Freshers are talking to each other, finding out names and exchanging school news. More than one finds mutual friends, and they even get as far as asking each other round to their rooms after Hall. It is then that Tommy discovers the advantage of making coffee and of smoking a pipe as if he were used to it. The others help themselves to cigarettes, and some of them don't look very happy.

Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

So the first day of 'Varsity life ends; Tommy has broken the ice, and has won a certain amount of respect among his fellow Freshers by his nice little ways, his geniality, and his *savoir faire*.

The first week is uneventful, not to say dull. Tommy has been duly summoned before the tutor, who is affability itself. He calls Tommy "Mr. Dodds," hopes he will be happy during his stay at Cambridge, and trusts he will be a credit to the college. Thence he is sent on to the don who will look after his work. This interview is hardly pleasant, but not alarming. In a day or two he is taken with the others to the Senate House to be matriculated, which is a long word, and might be written £ s. d. He has got some new furniture, smartened up his rooms, unpacked his china, and feels almost comfortable amid his new surroundings.

By this time the second and senior year men are coming up. Every train brings a fresh batch, and the courts of Hilary's are full of porters wheeling luggage to the different rooms, of gyps and bedders bustling about getting things ready, and of old friends shaking hands and being delighted to see one another again and to begin another year of good comradeship and frolic. Tommy and Co. feel rather out of all this, especially as these great men hardly seem to notice their existence. But Tommy is not aware that the boat captain has already spotted him, and the rugger captain thinks he would look well in a scrum. Now Hall presents a different appearance. All the dons are up, and chat gaily, and perhaps cleverly, at the high table. The fine old place echoes with the clatter of plate and glass; from every table comes the sound of laughter and merriment. Good stories fly around, and nicknames are exchanged. The Freshers, feeling that they are being criticised, put on their easiest and most jovial manners.

When Tommy returns to his rooms after a visit to an "out-coll." man, he finds a pile of visiting cards from the second-year men. He knows enough about 'Varsity etiquette to return these calls in person, and to continue doing so till he finds their various owners in. It is now that he meets some third-year men, and wonders at their ties and fancy waistcoats, their meerschaums and strong "'baccies." He finds them a very genial lot, but ready enough to sit on an unlucky Fresher who dares to presume.

One evening Tommy is sitting at his fire with some friends, when a thundering knock comes at his oak. He gets up and finds that he has unwittingly "sported."

"What the deuce are you sported for?" says the irate visitor

Before Tommy can explain, the boat captain, for it is *he*, asks him if he can row, if he wants to, tells him he has to, adds, "You will find your name in the tubbing list on the screens," and departs.

Tommy has barely recovered from the boat captain when the rugger ditto makes his appearance, but he is more suave; for the soccer captain is on the prowl. He finds out that Tommy wants to play, and that he was in his school fifteen.

"All right, Dodds. Come down to the ground on Monday at two. We are going to have a practice game."

Another evening the secretary of the debating club enters. He has heard that Dodds was a luminary at school, and will he open the Freshers' debate on Saturday night? Thanks him very much; gives him a subject, "That in the opinion of this house girls should be boys, or as like them as it's possible to be," and, before Tommy can refuse, is downstairs. For the rest of the week Tommy ponders over this momentous question, and by the time that Saturday evening arrives he has his arguments pat.

Messrs. Bisson, Cambridge.

A COLLEGE HALL.

The "Reader" is full of senior men curious to see the Freshers as orators, or anxious to display their easiness before the awkwardness of their juniors.

The president has been bated, questions have been asked and answered, repartees have been revived, and then the president rises, reads the motion, and says:—

"I call on Mr. Dodds to open."

Tommy gets on his feet feeling very hot and nervous, pulls himself together, and begins in his best style:—

"Mr. President and gentlemen——"

"Order! Order!" from the senior men.

"Please address the chair, sir," cries the president, sternly. Tommy looks bewildered, all his ideas have gone; he blushes and stammers, until a friendly voice whispers:—

"Say 'Sir!'"

Tommy once more pulls himself together, and says, "Sir," in a loud and determined voice; then, gathering strength as he proceeds, delivers himself of his views in a clear and calm manner, and finds that when he once more resumes his seat, he is greeted with cheers. He now feels at home, and listens carefully to the oratorical efforts of the others. At the end of the debate he is again called on, and is again cheered when he has polished off his opponents' arguments.

"Jolly good speech, Dodds," says the secretary, who is a big Union man. "You ought to join the Union."

Meanwhile, Tommy has been to the practice game, and acquitted himself with some credit. He is picked for the first match, plays up all he knows, and is asked by the rugger secretary to tea. This he enjoys immensely, and so he

Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

PUZZLE: FIND THE OTHER BOAT!

ought; for it is one of the jolliest functions at the 'Varsity. You come in glowing from the struggle, ready to sacrifice your Hall to cup after cup of foaming tea, innumerable pieces of cake, and a good pipe. You sit round a blazing fire, and talk of the episodes in the game. Tommy looks forward to a good many more jolly afternoons of this kind.

In obedience to the boat captain, he goes down in Freshers' "longs" to the river, and hangs about in the cold until he and another victim are taken out in a "tub" pair. He finds that, although he can pull a boat along at a picnic, "rowing" at the 'Varsity is another story. Will he ever learn the twenty-seven essentials of one stroke? However, he sticks to it; comes down every day when he is not at rugger, and eventually finds himself in a "Crock eight." Now he experiences the delights of Barnwell; he makes acquaintance with the not unpicturesque reaches of the Cam below the "Pike and Eel," and sees real live Blues coaching on horseback, or rowing in Light Fours. The sight of these and of the trial eights teaches Tommy more rowing than he got from his coach's stormy language; and at the end of his first term he is looked on as a good man for the Lents.

Of course, Tommy goes to lectures, and cuts them; keeps chapels, and gets "gated" for not keeping them. He gets progged for smoking in cap and gown; goes to the New Theatre and many smokers. At Hilary's he takes a prominent part in the Freshers' smoker; he has a big voice, and sings out like a Briton. His rollicking ditties soon become popular, and he is asked to sing at the College Smoker, which he does with great gusto and success. On Sunday he makes up a four at "brunch"; and when they have all put away from them the desire of eating and drinking and smoking, with a chosen pal he goes to King's, and, if he is fond of music, listens with delight to the splendid choir, and the thundering peals of the organ.

And so the term rolls on, and, in spite of the many events that have been crowded into it, it seems but yesterday when he came up, a shy and nervous Fresher. He is still a Fresher, but his shyness has disappeared. He has made many friends, and few enemies, and when at last he goes "down" to the bosom of his adoring family, he feels that he has had a thundering good time his first term.

Having made a mark in the Crock eights, he has to be "up" early to be tubbed for the Lents. By the time the other men are up, Tommy has been out several times in the Lent boat. This term rowing is more severe. Now they always go to Baitsbite and back, where before they usually rowed to the "Pike and Eel." The coach is mounted, and their doings are watched by the other crews. Soon Tommy experiences a new joy—going into training. At seven o'clock the little cox routs him and the others out of their beauty

sleep; then, after a plunge in his icy-cold tub, he slips into flannels and joins the rest of the crew for their morning walk. They don't talk much, for it is pretty chilly in Cambridge, but they trip on smartly, and get back to breakfast with a beautiful edge to their appetites. Tommy enjoys these training breakfasts. Everyone is in the best of health and spirits, and the noise and fun that will come from eight and a-half men in this state can be easily imagined. But there are drawbacks; you must only have one small cup of tea; you have to eat more than you are used to, and, worst of all, there is no pipe for you at the end of it. Tommy misses this fearfully at first, but he has to get used to it. Towards the end of training Tommy does a "Clayhythe touch" in the Lent boat; in other words, they go for a long pull to Clayhythe, a village about three miles below Baitsbite. There they have tea, and come back to Baitsbite in one piece. It is a fine thing, if you are comfortable in the boat, and it pulls the men together. At Hall Tommy says good-bye to the Freshers' table and sits with the Lent boat crew. If training breakfasts are lively, training Halls are livelier: the day's work is done, the appetite is immense, and the hard work makes you feel as fit as a fiddle. After Hall the crew will sometimes indulge in a little port, after which to bed at half-past ten to sleep like a top till the cox rakes you out again.

But the Races are near at hand; the boat now indulges in short bursts, Red Grinds and Long Reaches, until at length the first day of the Races arrives, and Tommy and his friends are waiting on the bank, cold and shivering, in spite of their sweaters and blazers. Bang! goes the first gun; they strip and get into their boat, feeling very creepy-crawly. Bang! goes the second gun, and they are shoved off into mid-stream, the cox holding the chain that keeps their boat the proper distance from the others. The coach stands on the bank with a watch in his hand, counting the seconds.

"Half a minute gone!" he yells. "Quarter more—ten, five, four, three, two, one——"

Bang!—the oars dash into the water, and they are off!

Tommy can only see the shoulders of the man in front of him swinging steadily forwards and backwards. He can hardly hear the shouts of the Hilary men on the bank. Soon he feels his boat rocking in rough water. Before he can make up his mind what it is, the cox yells out "Easy all!" He looks round and sees the nose of his boat running along the stern of the boat in front, and hears the cheers of the men on the bank. "Well rowed, you men! well rowed, Hilary's!" and he discovers they have made a bump. Then they put into the bank, don their blazers, and stick up their flag in the stern of the boat. The boats behind them sweep by, and they again embark as heroes, and paddle down to the railway bridge. Then, in victorious procession, they march to the boat-house; when they troop into Hall they are met with a deafening cheer, the dons smile benignly from the "high table," and they set to, feeling very pleased with themselves.

This victorious career is pursued for the next

Messrs. Stearn. *Cambridge*

"WELL ROWED, YOU MEN!"—AFTER A BUMP.

Messrs Scott, Cambridge.

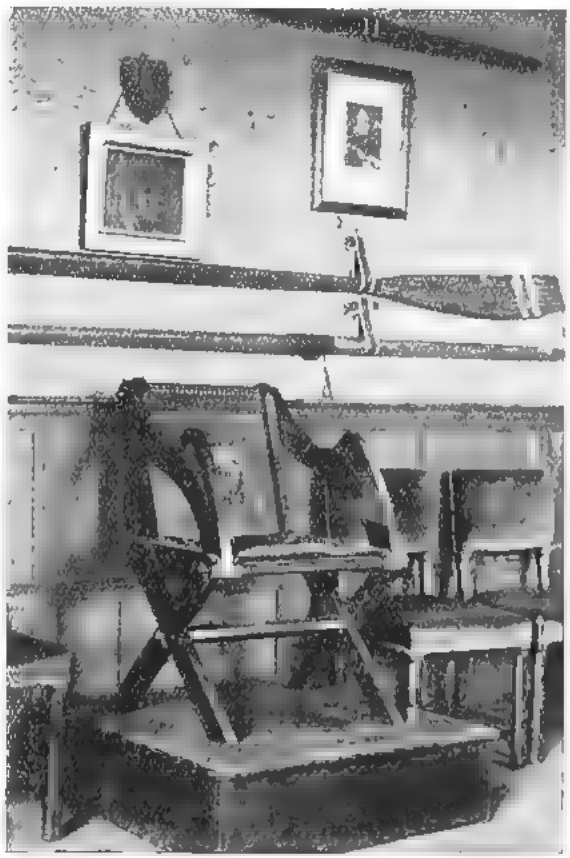
AFTER THE BALL. Six a.m. in the Market Place.

three nights, and who can tell the delight of Tommy when he makes his fourth bump and carries back his oar in triumph to the boat-house? This oar will be painted up, the names of the crew inscribed thereon, and it will be hung up in his room, and remain one of the most precious treasures of his 'Varsity life.

What cheering there is when Tommy and the others get back to college, and how they relish a good smoke and a big tea! But better is to follow.

The captain has paid a visit to the Dean, and comes back with the foregone conclusion that there is to be a "bump supper." At eight o'clock the crew come into Hall and sit with their coach and captain at the high table, smiling at the admiring college beneath them.

After supper come speeches and toasts *ad lib.* Then into the court to have a bonfire, if they can, and heaps of fun anyhow. All this Tommy likes immensely, and is first and foremost in all that goes on. But, it must be confessed, he feels rather knocked up next day; but he soon gets over this, and feels and looks better for the part he took in the Lent races.



R. H. Lord, Cambridge

"THE CHAIR, SIR!"

After the Lents come Soccer Sixes and Rugger Nines, in which Tommy, of course, participates; they are great fun, and an unathletic man often finds in them a taste for footer.

So the Lent Term comes to an end, and again Tommy goes down home, or more probably to stay with a friend.

Next term he is summoned up early by the May boat captain, and Tommy now has to learn how to row on a "slider"; it is more difficult, but more comfortable than a fixed seat. Practice for the Mays is much the same as for the Lents, except that you are rowing in sunshine and very often in great heat, for Cambridge is the hottest as well as the coldest place in England. The banks are prettier now with foliage and an occasional maiden; then the voice of the cox is heard: "Eyes in the boat, four!"—and "four" blushes.

Before the May boat goes into training Tommy tastes some of the joys of May Term in Cambridge. What can be more delicious than lolling in a "canader" on the "Backs" with a friend, a novel, and a pipe? And then there are the 'Varsity tennis matches to see, and cricket at Fenner's. On Sunday, "brunch" is eaten to the accompaniment of a flood of sunshine and good spirits, and in the afternoon there is tea in the college garden under some chestnut in full bloom, or the service in glorious King's. Certainly, life in the May Term is worth living.

But once more the Races are drawing near, once more Tommy has his morning walk, and, in his turn, gives up his room for training breakfast; more "Clayhythe touches," and Long Reaches, and the May races begin.

Tommy has his people up, and, what with looking after them, and rowing, he is rather busy; but his friend helps him in this arduous labour, and seems to enjoy it, for is there not his sister Gladys? But that is another story.

In the Mays, Hilary's makes three bumps, much to the joy of Tommy and his people, who are in the Paddock at Ditton, which is a glow of pretty dresses and prettier faces, while the tow-path is crowded with shouting, cheering men, in blazers of all colours of the rainbow. Again the men of Hilary's march in glory to

the boat-house, and again there is a "bump supper." But the chief event of May week, at least to the ladies of Tommy's party, is the ball in the Combination Room. What a swing there is about it! and how pretty the girls look, how manly the men! Beginning late, it is not over till broad daylight, and then appears the photographer to place on record how they looked when the ball was over.

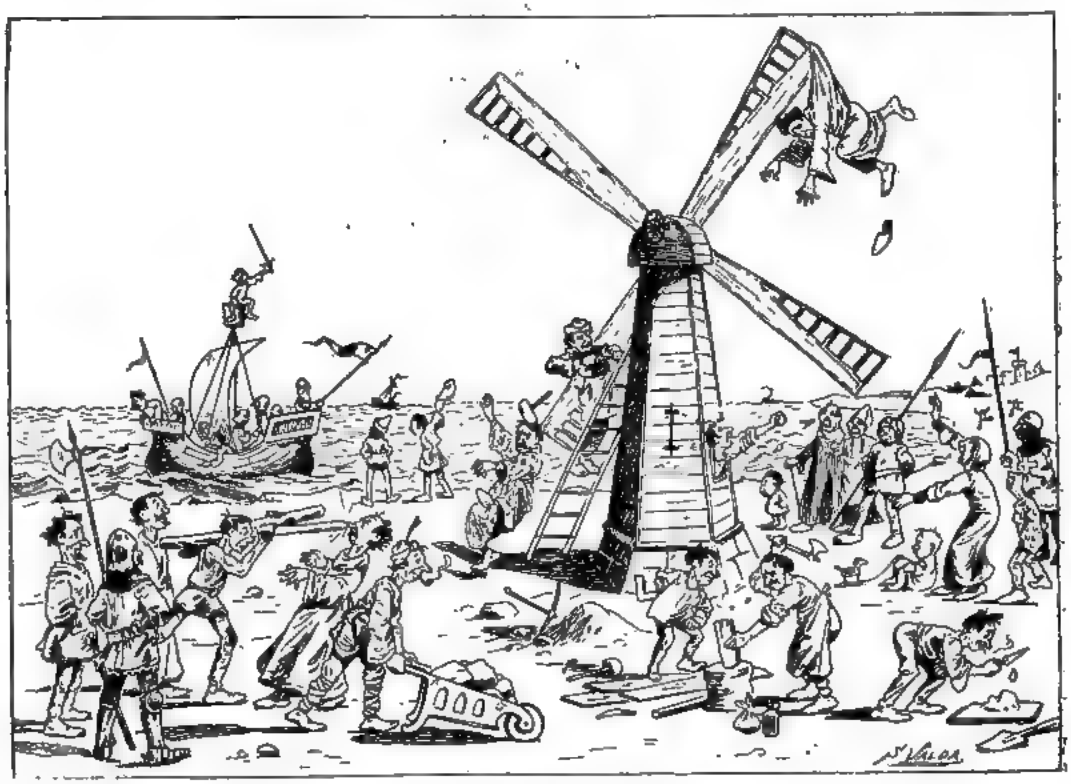
Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

CAVE CANEM!

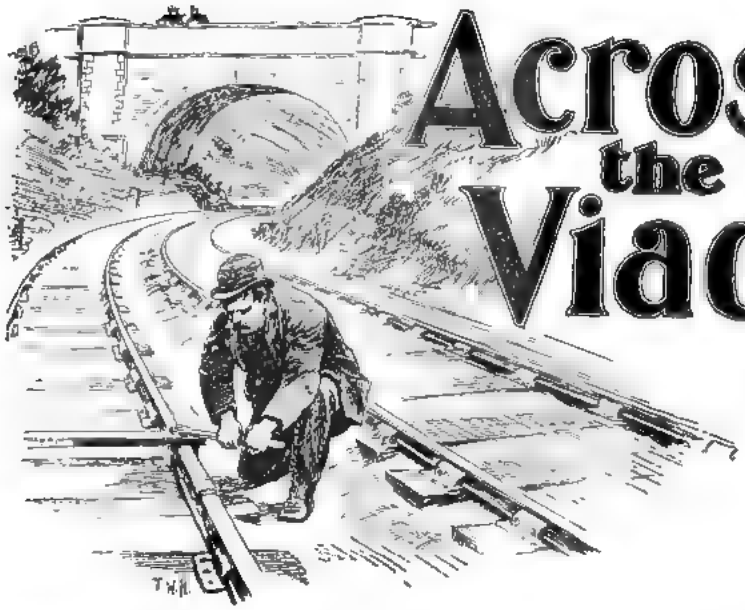
The rest of May week is spent in a picnic up the Granta to Byron's Pool; paddling some fair friend along the "Backs"; May week Sunday at King's—one of the fairest sights of that gay time; with innumerable breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and dinners, which severely tax the capacity of the ladies.

Then Tommy says good bye to his friends till next October, and goes down. His Fresher's days are over, never to return—days which he will remember and love as long as he lives.

H. A. Sams.



WINDMILLS FIRST ERECTED, 1899.



Across the Viaduct.

By W. Lloyd Summers, B.A.

Illustrated by T. W. Holmes.

"THIS is a beastly old hill; I'm about winded. Let's have an 'easy' at the bridge, and wait for the express, if it hasn't gone by yet."

"Right O! I was feeling the grind a bit myself—it's the lemonade at Parley's, I expect—and we've heaps of time."

We had cycled to the river, and were now on our homeward run, toiling up the steep hill that ultimately brings you into Pensleigh. After our ride and a two hours' row on the river, we were both feeling that we had fairly earned a few minutes' rest.

Harry steered across the roadway and ran his machine alongside the bridge in order to watch for the coming express.

"I must oil up," I remarked, as I dismounted. "My bike runs awfully stiffly."

"It generally does, Fred, on the return journey, just as you always notice that the wind chops round."

I was about to fling my oil-can at his head for this sarcasm, but he saved himself by excitedly exclaiming:—

"Great Scott! What on earth is that fellow up to?"

I looked over the coping of the bridge.

Down on the line, about fifty yards away, a man was bending over the metals as though examining the sleepers. The furtive glances which he repeatedly cast about him had raised Harry's suspicions, otherwise we might have supposed that he was one of the permanent-way men doing some necessary repairs.

As there had lately been so many cases of train-wrecking mentioned in the papers, Harry's fertile brain at once jumped to the conclusion that the man below was preparing a similar outrage.

"We'll soon see what he's up to," I said, and gave a loud halloo.

Looking up, and seeing us watching him from the bridge, the man sprang precipitately up the embankment and disappeared into the thick wood at the top.

Harry's guess was right. No man would have fled from two school-boys if his conscience had been easy.

"Let's get down and see what he's been up to," I proposed.

Leaving our machines on the bridge, we scrambled down to the line, and soon reached the spot where the man had been at work.

The mischief was plain enough. A thick iron bar had been bolted to the metals in order to throw the next train off the line.

"I shouldn't think that this would do much damage," I said, kicking contemptuously at the obstacle.

But, to our surprise, the whole length of metal swung off and lay across the way. On looking a little more closely we found that the scoundrel had loosened the rivets, and knocked out wedges, so that the first train that

passed by would tear up the metals, with a probable result awful to contemplate.

What was to be done?

"It's the up line," said Harry, pulling out his watch. "The express is due at the junction at 4.5, and I should think it would reach here about the hour."

He stood for a moment silent, whilst I waited for his decision, knowing that he would make the necessary calculation in a quarter of the time that I should take.

"That'll be our best chance!" he declared, hurrying away in the direction of the bridge. "Come along, Fred! we must get our machines and ride along the line to the viaduct. On the further side is a signal-box—old 'Carrots,' you know—and, if we can only get there before the express passes, we can stop her in time."

In our hurry we nearly smashed our bicycles getting them down the steep embankment. But once we were down our path was fairly easy. A narrow track, trampled down by railway men on their way to and from work, allowed us to "scorch" along at our very best pace, and the thought of the imminent peril to which the express was exposed took away all recollection of our fatigue.

In a few minutes we came in sight of the viaduct. But here a grave difficulty must beset us. Our bicycles would be of no use in this part of the journey, for the way was so narrow that the sleepers stretched across from side to side, and presented a series of obstacles such as none but a trick-rider could have been expected to surmount.

"We shall have to get off and use our legs," I shouted to Harry, who was following close on my back wheel.

But at the same moment the rolling sound of the express in the distance warned us that we should not have sufficient time to cross the long viaduct before the train had passed the signal-box.

"She's done for," groaned Harry. "She'll be across before we've gone half way."

"There's only one chance, and that isn't possible," he exclaimed, and this Irishism would have made me laugh if things had not been so desperate.

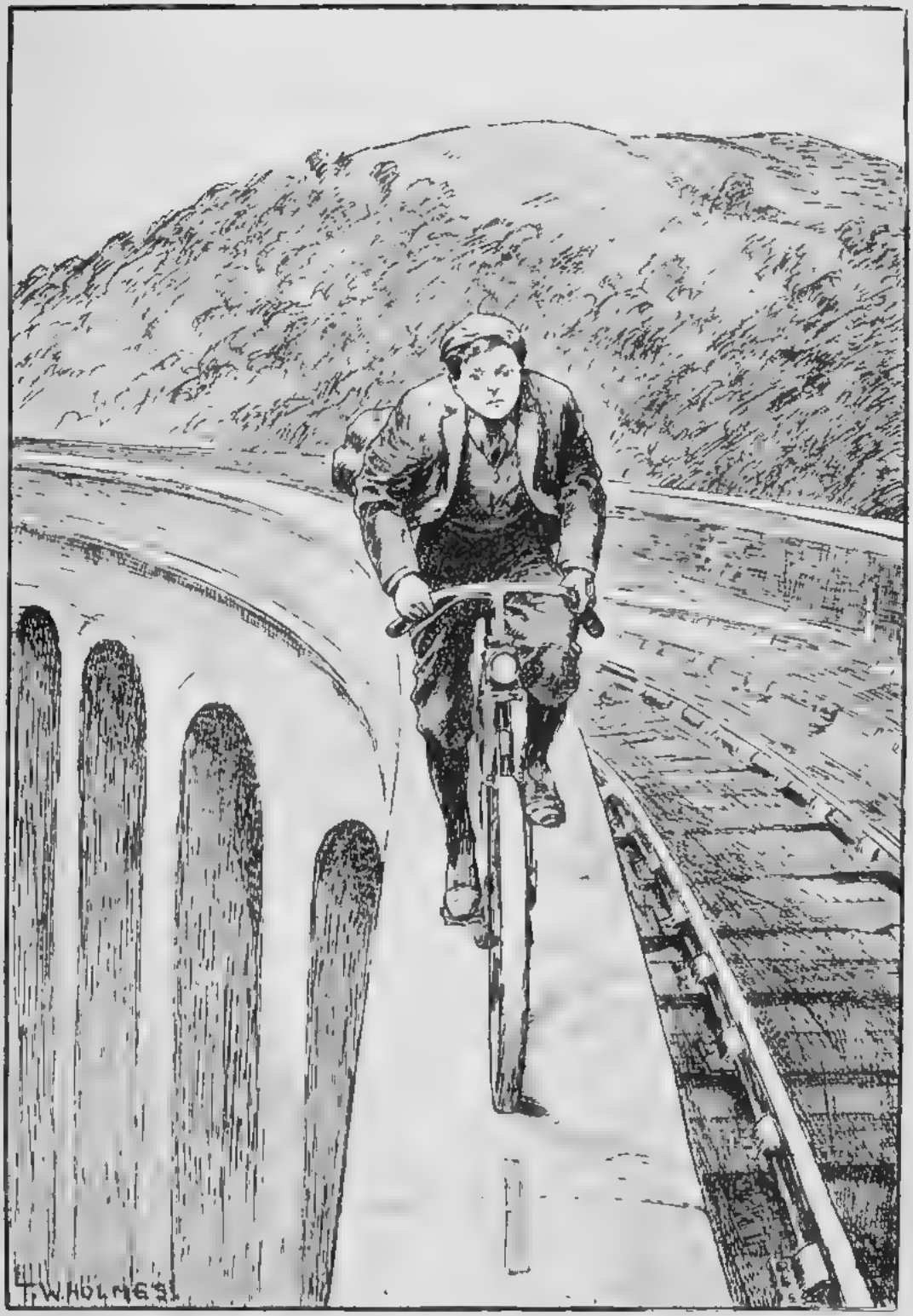
"To ride along the parapet of the viaduct—but I'm mad even to think of it."

Such an idea would never have entered my head. Original ideas never do enter my brain—as old Dobbs, our mathematical master, is always telling me. But, now that Harry had suggested it, there seemed to be a possible chance of saving the train.

"It's quite 3ft. wide," he urged, "and we've often ridden one hundred yards and more without going outside a three-foot margin."

That was true, for it was a favourite feat

TO OUR SURPRISE THE WHOLE LENGTH OF METAL SWUNG OFF AND LAY ACROSS THE WAY.



THE FRONT WHEEL GRAZED THE EDGE OF THE PARAPET AGAIN AND AGAIN; BUT, AFTER ALMOST GIVING MYSELF UP FOR LOST, I FOUND MYSELF RIDING ONCE MORE IN THE VERY CENTRE OF MY NARROW PATH

Google

of mine to ride my bicycle in the playground over a narrow path marked out by a couple of lines of tape. It was, however, equally true that such a feat performed on *terra firma* was one thing, whilst riding a similar track eighty or ninety feet above a wide river was quite another.

"You won't do it?" Harry entreated.

I do not think my courage would have been equal to the task had it not been for the long shrill whistle which announced the approach of the express to Bardell Station; but the thought of all those passengers unconsciously hastening to their doom nerved me to make the attempt.

Leaving the track along which we had been riding, I drove my bicycle up a slight incline that fortunately led straight to the brick parapet of the viaduct.

This I struck at an angle that seemed sure to land me on the other side; but, although my wheel went perilously near the edge, I found myself in a straight line with the viaduct. Then I pedalled my hardest, knowing that I should "wobble" less the more quickly I rode. As the ground beneath me fell away and deepened, it seemed as though I were climbing a steep incline. The sensation was weird in the extreme, and my nerves were in such a state that I am not sure that I should not have hurriedly dismounted had it not been equally or even more safe to ride on. The front wheel grazed the edge of the parapet again and again; but, after almost giving myself up for lost, I found myself riding once more in the very centre of my narrow path.

When I reached the margin of the river I nearly lost my balance, for the stream being rapid my head began to swim as the whole viaduct appeared to be rushing furiously along sidewards. With a great effort I turned my eyes from the swirling waters beneath and fixed them on the further end of the viaduct, where stood the signal-box. At the top of the steps I could see "Carrots" wildly gesticulating at me.

I tried to shout to him, but my mouth was so dry and parched that I could not utter a word. Doubtless he was thinking that this was one of the "larks" with which we had often teased him.

The intervening space appeared to be rapidly decreasing, when a sudden gust of wind met me, and I wobbled until I thought I must go over. But once more I steadied myself, and, with two-thirds of my journey completed, began to hope for success.

"UP WITH THE SIGNAL! STOP THE EXPRESS!" I SHOUTED.

There was the near signal to be passed. It was a doubtful question whether the supports would permit me to ride under it. Fortunately, it was a high post, and, if I could steer my wheel well inside, I should probably be able to keep clear of the supports. Before I could quite make up my mind the signal-post appeared to flash by. I felt a sharp pain at the top of my head as the iron support tore off my cap and grazed my scalp. Then, with a great shock, the signal-box seemed to leap forward to meet me; my wheel struck violently against the side of the cabin, and I was falling.

The sensation of falling appeared to me to last a long time, and I wondered stupidly when the shock of meeting the earth would come. My life came before me in rapidly-passing scenes.

Yet, if the signalman and Harry Marsden are to be believed, my drop was simply from the parapet to the line, for with the greatest of good fortune I had fallen on the right side of the parapet whilst my machine fell on the other.

Before "Carrots" could descend the steps to my help I had sprung up into the cabin.

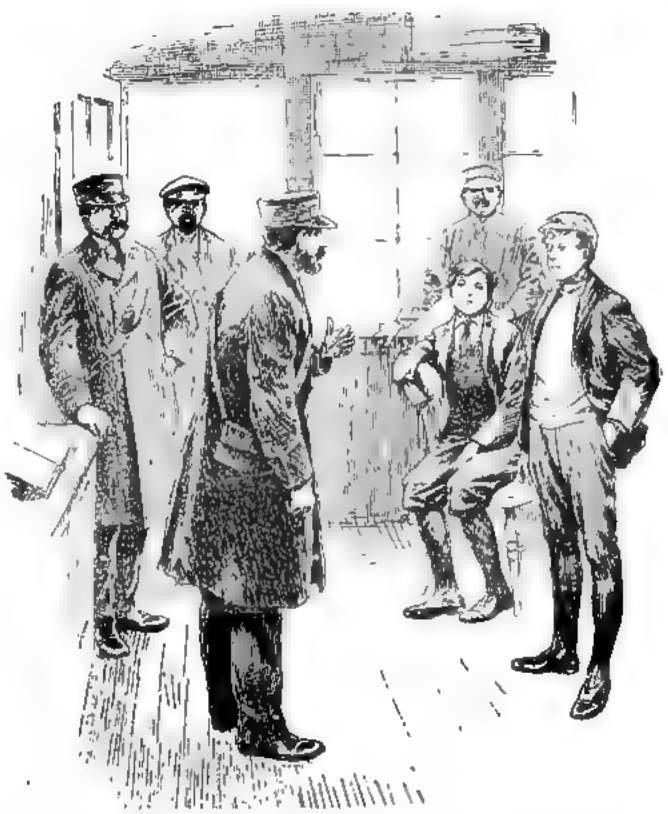
"Up with the signal! Stop the express!" I shouted, and without a question the man drew over the lever.

An indignant whistle from the express sounded like the sweetest music in my ears, and I ran to the window and watched the train roll swiftly by, with steam shut off and shrieking brakes. It came to a standstill half way across the viaduct, within a few yards of the place where Harry was waiting.

I heard an exclamation behind me, and, turning, saw the signalman in the act of putting down the signal. Mad with fury, I threw myself on him. Was all my perilous task to have been in vain?

"You idiot!" I exclaimed, as I strove in vain to pull over the lever. "Do you want to have the death of all these people on your conscience?"

"You young fool!" was the signalman's equally violent reply. "You'll find you've played this game once too often. You'll neither pull that signal up again, nor will you get back to school until you've been before the magistrates."



"WE WAS STOPPED ONLY LAST WEEK WITH A SIMILAR STORY."

While we were struggling, the cabin was filled with people, and I was forcibly pulled away from the infuriated man's grasp.

Fortunately, when the signal fell, Harry was able to warn the driver and his mate of the danger that lay ahead. Grumbling, and only half convinced, the fireman and both guards ran back to the cabin.

"Look here, young gents," said one of the guards, when we had told our tale. "We was stopped only last week with a similar story. A fellow told Dick, here, that the tunnel had fallen in and we had to slow down—only to find it a plant!"

I did not know how we could prove our good faith to these doubters, but Harry's common sense suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"Did the chap who told you about the tunnel wait to see how you took the sell, or did he ride his bicycle across the parapet of this viaduct—as Fred Winter has in order to be in time to warn you?"

"That's true, Dick. He didn't wait, so far as I know. Perhaps these gents is right enough."

"Well, of course, you chaps can go on and commit suicide if you like—only it's rather rough on the passengers. Why don't you take us in the van with you? We can point out the very spot, and, if we've been hoaxing you, you can have your revenge before you say good-bye. It's a little hard, when a fellow has risked his life for yours, to assume he's a liar."

It was indeed rough on us. But in a very few minutes a transformation scene took place, and while the line was being repaired I had to tell over and over again the details of my ride across the viaduct.

The scoundrel who had planned such a terrible disaster was caught soon after, and awarded a long spell of imprisonment.

The railway company sent me a brand new bicycle to replace the one I had so badly damaged in my charge upon the signal cabin.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

I.—Something in the City.

As this article will appear in July, when a large number of boys will be turning their backs upon school and all its associations, and preparing to shift for themselves in life, I propose to deal with several branches of employment into which it is possible to go without any special preliminary training or examination. I will take first of all the case of the boy who, when he leaves school, has no capital and practically no influence. He cannot have the benefits of a University education to turn him from a boy into a man, but he must go straightway from the school where he has been subjected to much wholesome discipline to find for himself a place in a world where he soon finds he is not much wanted.

Before he can get on at all, and can take his place in life as a man among men, he has certain hard lessons to learn which will prove a very severe test of his character. First of all he has to realise that he is just one among millions, that no man is indispensable, and that the most he can hope to do is to carve out for himself, with infinite labour, a little niche in the world where he can live and work to the full extent of his powers. At school, perhaps, especially if he has been at one of the smaller schools, he has been apt to regard himself as a person of some importance. He has been looked up to by his juniors, and his opinions have been treated with marked consideration. But now it is to be all different. He is a person of absolutely no importance, just one among hundreds of thousands of others cleverer, perhaps, and more brilliant than he, who wish to find an opportunity of earning their living and of advancing themselves in life.

That is the first hard lesson, and happy is he who realises it as early as possible.

Then, too, he has to learn the necessity of thinking for himself. In his school and home life his thinking has, in a large measure, been done for him. Certain rules and regulations were ever at his elbow, and there was always some convenient monitor at hand to jog his memory in case of forgetfulness, and, perhaps, to rub in the lesson by salutary measures. But now he is going out into the world, where the standards of school and home do not count for much, and where each man must determine for himself his own course of conduct. No one is properly a man until he has learnt to stand on his feet and walk alone.

The social lessons which you have learnt at school and which will stand you in good stead in after life are the necessity of give and take in your relations with other men, the importance of self-control, of doing things heartily, of readiness to submit your will to that of another for the sake of a cause. All this may sound very much like a sermon, and may be totally unnecessary for the special reader who is perusing these lines. But my experience is that even if boys know these things theoretically, they do not make much practical use of them, and most of those who come direct from school to work, need a very great deal of "licking into shape."

Well, to return to this boy who is leaving school under the immediate necessity of earning some kind of livelihood. He has no wealthy parent or relation to say: "Here, my boy, I can find you a berth in my office," or to express a willingness to advance him necessary capital. The few friends he has are either unable or unwilling to assist him. In any case they have relations of their own who have prior claims upon them. So the boy must just shift for himself. Now, as there is a very strict rule of "nothing for nothing" in this world, let us just consider the market value of the boy. What is his stock-in-trade? He has, I will suppose, a fair general education; that is to say, he can read and write and add. He has some knowledge of geography and history, a smattering of one or two dead and modern languages. Perhaps he has even been wise enough to obtain some acquaintance with book-keeping and shorthand. He probably knows no one single thing well. There is nothing he can do conspicuously better than the rest of his fellows. His market value is therefore practically nil.

When a boy has once recognised this painfully humiliating fact, the next thing for him to do is to see whether, by the addition of a certain amount of ingenuity and enterprise, he cannot convert his depreciated stock-in-trade into coin of the realm. Probably he sees a large number of others no better equipped than himself managing to rub along and obtain a certain income.

Glancing down the advertisement columns of

a daily paper, he sees, under the heading "Situations Vacant," that many clerks, junior clerks, agents, travellers, etc., are required. Some of those advertising for junior clerks even specify that they especially desire youths straight from school. Here, he thinks, is his opportunity. Well, it may be, and it may not be. But at any rate he can do no harm by making an application. Now comes the question of writing the letter. What shall he say, and what shall he omit? His very chance of gaining an appointment may depend upon his method of expressing himself and the neatness of his handwriting.

The letter should be short, business-like, and to the point, stating age, qualifications, salary expected. It is no use giving a list of prizes won in the classics, but it might be of use to mention prizes in arithmetic, book-keeping, or handwriting.

Here is a very fair sample letter:—

DEAR SIR,

Re your advertisement in —— of today, the 15th inst., I should like to make an application. I am sixteen years of age, and have been educated at —— School. I am quick at figures and have some knowledge of book-keeping, and won two prizes in these subjects while at school.

The head master of —— School, the Rev. J. A. Cassock, rector of —— Parish, and Mr. Friendliman will be pleased to answer any questions you may care to put with regard to my ability and character.

With reference to salary, I should be pleased to come at an initial sum of 15s. to £1 per week, and if you decide to offer me the appointment I am prepared to devote myself entirely to your service, and I do not think you will find me lacking in energy or ability.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours obediently,
JOHN JONES.

The employer, reading a letter like the above, thinks that young Jones is a very sensible and modest young fellow, and if the letter be in a neat, clear handwriting, he is very likely to offer our friend the situation. When answering advertisements *it is generally a good plan to enclose a stamped addressed envelope*, as a speedy reply is often gained by it.

Let us suppose that young Jones receives a reply asking him to call upon the advertiser at ten o'clock the following morning. Now is his chance to put the finishing touch to the good impression already created by his letter. He should go punctually to the moment, dressed neatly and carefully. He should not put on new clothes, nor should his appearance suggest that he has just stepped out of a band-box.

I knew a young fellow once who lost a berth that was almost in his grasp by appearing before his employer with a large buttonhole in his coat and a half-burnt cigar in his gloved hand.

The proper costume is a black morning coat, or, in winter, an overcoat and silk hat. Patent boots are not to be recommended for the city, and I should advise any aspirant for a situation to take off the first bloom from a pair of new tan gloves before appearing in them in the presence of his presumptive employer.

Some, boys, perhaps, will think all these directions very trivial and unnecessary, but as a matter of fact, it is impossible to insist too strongly on the tremendous importance of little things. It is the apparently trivial things that indicate character, and the employer who wants a good hard-working clerk will be as little likely to engage a man who looks like a dandy as he will to engage a shabby out-at-elbows looking fellow.

But we will suppose that Jones's appearance satisfies the critical eye of his employer, who speaks unto him thus:—

"You say you have had no experience. Well, come for a month on trial, and see what you can do. At the end of a month you shall have 15s. a week."

Jones accepts the proposal with alacrity, and on the following day starts on the first rung of the ladder that is to lead him to success. The hours are rather long—nine to six, with half-an-hour for lunch—and the work is somewhat tedious and monotonous. At first it consists for the most part in checking invoices, adding up long rows of columns, copying letters, and such-like clerical work. But he does not allow the monotony of it to daunt him. He shows readiness, good temper, and energy in all that he does. At the end of a month he gains the post permanently, and has regular work given to him. He is responsible for certain books and accounts in connection with one branch of the business. Time goes on, and his responsibilities increase. He is always punctual and reliable. His salary increases every six months. In a few years he is earning a good income, and by the time his school-fellows who have been at the 'Varsities and preparing for professions are just starting, Jones has already achieved a position for himself.

Of course it is weary work, and no doubt he often feels inclined to throw it all over, but industry and energy always tell in the long run.

This is no fancy picture that I draw. It is possible for everyone, by steadiness, punctuality, and energy to build up for himself a decent position and a fair income.

At the present time there is a friend of my acquaintance who is manager of a large publishing business, with a salary of £1,200 per annum. He is only thirty now. He had no influence nor money. He entered the firm at the age of seventeen, at a salary of 10s. a week, and he has worked himself up to his present position solely by his own merits.

There is, no doubt, another side to the picture which is less pleasant, but the experience of several well-known City men, whom I have consulted for the purposes of this article, is that, given a start in a good firm at the age of seventeen, there is no reason why a youth of average ability should not be able to make at least £300 per annum before he is thirty. That so many fail to do so is due either to irregularity of conduct, unpunctuality, exceptional stupidity, or extremely bad health.

Most of the positions in the best firms are done by introduction, and not by advertisement, and it is always best for the boy who wants immediate and regular employment to obtain some good introduction if possible. Care must always be taken in answering advertisements. So many of them are from shady firms and adventurers, who seek either to obtain some small premium from the prospective clerk, or who try to get his services for as long as possible free of charge, only to cast him adrift as soon as he begins to demand a salary.

I shall now pass on to some clerkships which require either the passing of a competitive examination or some special qualification in the candidate, and which offer good prospects for the penniless youth requiring immediate work.

First of all, there are a large number of clerkships in connection with the London County Council which offer good opportunities and regularly increasing salaries. Candidates, who must be over eighteen and under twenty-three, are required to pass an entrance examination. This consists of seven obligatory subjects and two or three optional subjects, as follows: –

OBLIGATORY SUBJECTS.	MARKS.
(1) Handwriting, (2) Orthography, (3) English Composition, (4) Shorthand or Bookkeeping	150
(5) Arithmetic (including Cube Root, Mensuration, Vulgar Fractions, and Decimals	200
(6) Geography, (7) Compound Addition	100

Half of the maximum marks must be gained before a candidate will be admitted to take at least two, but not more than four, of the optional subjects, which are algebra, drawing, theoretical mechanics, chemistry, Latin, French, or German.

Candidates are not always selected in order of merit; exceptional ability in any subject necessary for the vacant appointment may secure it for a candidate apart from his position in the list of successful competitors. All candidates must undergo a medical examination, and be certified free from all physical defects.

There are various divisions in the clerkships offered by the London County Council, and transference from the lower to the higher divisions depends upon the merit of the clerk, and the obtainment of a satisfactory certificate of conduct from the head of the department.

The following table shows rates of remuneration:

CLASS.	COMMENCING SALARY.	YEARLY RISE.	MAXIMUM.
1 (upper)	£245	£15 first year, then £20	£300
1 (lower)	£200	£15	£245
2	£150	£12 10s.	£200
3	£100	£10	£150
4	£80	£5	£100

The various railway companies of the United Kingdom also require a large number of clerks. To secure employment it is best, if possible, to obtain a nomination from a director of the company chosen, and then make an application to the district superintendent. An examination has usually to be passed, consisting of writing from dictation, reading, geography, composition, English grammar, and arithmetic. Shorthand is always a great advantage. Boys are taken between the ages of fourteen and fifteen at a commencing salary of £20 per annum, rising by £5 and £10 annually to £60 in the sixth year. Several of those holding very high positions on our railway companies have started in this way.

The shipping trade also offers a large field of employment, and affords many good openings for a successful commercial career.

The clerk who means to get on and improve his position will study in his leisure hours the special subjects in connection with the particular business he is engaged in. A thorough knowledge of a modern language will always prove useful. The reason why German clerks are in some places ousting Englishmen is on account of their command of several languages. The head of a large business firm recently com-

plained in the daily press that of his sixty English clerks not a single one could write a letter in French or German, so that he had been compelled to employ a German clerk who could attend to the French, German, and Italian correspondence.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A S.—Stamps are not in my department. Have handed them on to the sub-editor, who knows everything about everything.

G. C. K. (BRISTOL).—Clerkships at the Admiralty are filled in the same way as the other branches of the Civil Service—by competitive examination.

Male Sorter. Examinations are held about every four months, and applications to compete should be addressed to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

F. W. D. (BRISTOL).—Your desire to be a "proof-reader" is somewhat vague. Do you wish to take up sub-editorial work on a newspaper, or are you content to become a printer's reader? Write me more definitely.

"Georgie," and others. I cannot give you the name of a coach in the paper, as it would be against our rules, but if you send me your name and address and a stamped envelope, I will reply to you privately by post.

F. J. P.—No, it is not necessary for you to be a certain number of inches round the chest, nor is your height taken into consideration. The medical examiners require that you should be free from all physical defects and that you should be normally healthy.

Major R. (CORK).—I have sent you, by post, the name of a reliable coach. As your son's name is down on the Home Secretary's list he will be duly informed when to present himself for examination. Let me know if I can assist you in any further manner.

W. A. K. (LONDON, N.W.).—It is not true that you cannot get on in the Civil Service without influence. By industry and ability it is possible, as I said in my article, to rise to very good positions, starting at the very bottom. There are many instances of such a thing.

Edith (TORQUAY).—Yes. I am just as pleased to answer letters from girls as from boys. Many thanks for your good wishes. The Editor of THE CAPTAIN looked very proud of himself when I gave him your message. You are only one of many hundreds of girls who have written.

Librarian.—The salary of the chief librarian at the Guildhall is £750 a year. The head librarian of a big borough's series of libraries—*i.e.*, a central and its branches—is usually paid at salaries ranging from £250 to £500. Most chief librarianships carry a free residence with coal and gas.

Lawrence T., James E., and others. No, I have not forgotten readers who intend to adopt the "learned professions." I am preparing articles upon the Church, the Medical Profession, the Army and Navy. In the meantime I shall be glad to answer any questions relating to employments or professions of all kinds.

G. M. T. (HULL).—From what you tell me you should have little difficulty in getting through the examination for Second Division Clerkships in the Civil Service. I should advise you to go to a good coach before presenting yourself for examination, as the papers set are of a rather tricky character. Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

Bluff.—No, I do not believe that men can succeed by mere cheek and capacity for bluffing alone. To be able to make the best of one's own abilities is a very desirable quality, and the showy man has always a start in life's handicap. But in the long run patience and hard work always tell. Cheek may succeed for a time, but it is solidity which endures.

Danvers.—The preliminary essentials for journalism may be stated thus: (1) A good, sound constitution and good eyesight; (2) A good, general education; (3) A retentive memory; (4) A liking for books and reading; (5) Any amount of energy. Look out for an article entitled: "A Day in the Life of a Pressman," which the Editor tells me will appear in an early number of THE CAPTAIN. I shall probably do an article on journalism for the Employment Series a little later on.

H. S. B.—I should most certainly advise you to keep your son at school for the present, until he is old enough to go up for the examination for the Second Class Clerkships. He should have no difficulty, from what you tell me, in passing the examination well when his time comes, and a good education will always be of the greatest service to him. He seems to be a boy of exceptional promise, and, of course, a University career would be the thing for him if it could be managed. Why not let him work up for a scholarship? There are plenty of good ones, ranging in value from £80 to £150, for boys between seventeen and nineteen, both at Oxford and Cambridge.

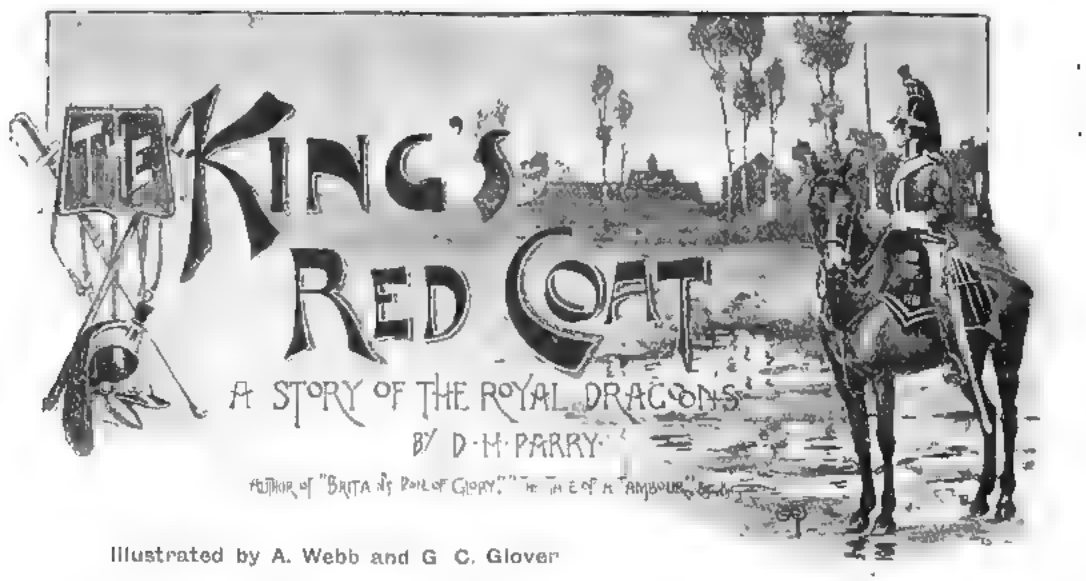
E. M.—It is rather difficult for me to give you any information, as you do not state your age nor whether you are ready to devote any time to preparation for examinations. The fact that you have been rejected by a medical man is not necessarily a final bar to promotion in the General Post Office. Perhaps if, as you say, there is really nothing serious the matter with you, you might pass the medical examination next year, and obtain the position you desire. I do not understand what you mean by "a writer" in the Navy, but if you care to let me have another letter, later on, putting things more definitely, I shall be pleased to give you any further information that lies in my power.

E. A. H.—I can quite understand your difficulty about your eldest son. It will not be easy for him to obtain a post with good prospects, which will be remunerative at once. If he has a decided taste for engineering, would it be possible for him to attend some classes in his spare time? You will see all about "How to Become an Engineer," in this number of THE CAPTAIN, and there should be some information in the article which will be of service to you. I should not advise your son to enter for the Civil Service. As you say he is slow at figures and not particularly good at examination, it would probably only be so much time wasted. Please let me hear from you again if I can help you in any way.

F. G. C.—I am very glad that my article has made you realise that there are plenty of chances left for you in life. You should have no difficulty in passing the examination necessary for a Junior Clerkship in the Foreign Office, provided you go to a good coach and are ready to give at least six months' study to the necessary subjects. With regard to the clerkships in Parliament, the limits of age for these posts are nineteen and twenty-five. The obligatory subjects of the examination (for which a fee of £6 is required) are handwriting, lithography, English composition, history and Latin. The optional subjects (of which only two may be taken) are Greek, elementary mathematics, French and German. Vacancies do not occur very often, however, and it is necessary to obtain a nomination for the posts from the Clerk of the House.

A. E. M. F.

(Space prevents the insertion of further replies this month. All correspondents enclosing a stamped addressed envelope will receive a reply by post.)



Illustrated by A. Webb and G. C. Glover

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VIII.)

IT is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer, the hero, is home from Westminster School for the holidays. He is wild to go a-soldiering, and the presence of a recruiting party in the village adds fuel to his desire; but his father, Squire Mortimer, pretends that he will have none of it, and Will makes up his mind to enlist. News of the victory of Salamanca arrives by the coach. The village turns out, and Will, imploring his father for the last time, learns that he has been gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle, Captain Dick Datchett, of the 10th Hussars, to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them as they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by some French cavalry, commanded by the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; a hand-to-hand fight ensues, and eventually Will and the captain cut their way through to the English lines. Will rides up to his regiment, but hardly has he been introduced to his brother officers, when a shell enters the chest of his horse and explodes.

CHAPTER IX.

"DRAGOONS TO THE FRONT!"

Two clouds of dust hung above the surface of the parched plain.

One of them was a dense, almost impenetrable veil, rising high in the air, and visible for miles, like a great white serpent.

It marked the march of many men, and the blazing May sun flashed bright gleams of brass and steel from it, while what little wind there was brought the rumble and clatter of gun-wheels to the ear.

The other cloud was quite an insignificant affair in comparison; a mere puff on the surface of the plain, caused by a single figure galloping his hardest to come up with the rest—a scarlet figure on a black mare, the mare in a lather of foam.

Long months in hospital had made the face thinner, and there were lines about the cheeks that put at least two years on to his age, but it was Will Mortimer, sure enough; with the same eager eyes, now lighting up with joy at the sight of the troops, and the same long nervous legs that lifted Ladybird over the ground.

When Dick Datchett and the dragoon officers saw the shell enter the chest of the grey troop-horse on that rainy November evening, above the Huebra ford, it seemed absolutely beyond a human doubt that Will was dead.

There had been a horrid crash, a blinding shower of hideous fragments, and then a pause of several seconds, when men's hearts tightened and limbs refused to move.

Then they drew near the rent in the earth, and sprang from their saddles at the sight that met their gaze.

Of the horse there was not an atom left, but the rider lay stretched on his back, motionless as a statue, yet apparently unhurt!*

They raised him, and he still breathed; they fetched a surgeon from the nearest regiment, and the surgeon said: "There's life in him," and that being so, straightway proceeded to well-nigh bleed him to death, which was the habit of doctors in those days.

And all the while the shells had been dropping about them, and the guns thundered down below

* Several well authenticated incidents of this nature are on record of the Napoleonic wars; Pajol escaped from such an one at Leipsic with some ribs and his left arm broken.—D. H. P.

at the river side, and Datchett's face was as white as his leather breeches as he knelt beside the unconscious lad.

They carried him in a cloak, a dragoon at each corner, keeping step like the Highlanders who brought Sir John Moore into Corunna, and it was forty-eight hours before Will opened his eyes in the Royals' bivouac near Ciudad Rodrigo.

But that was by no means all; he lay powerless to speak or move, and when the regiment took up its winter quarters at Alcantara, their new cornet had still not uttered a word.

They used to go and see him, and prod him with their fingers, and shout into his ears, but it was no good; the shock seemed to have paralysed him, and the colonel shook his head.

"Fine young fellow, but I don't see what we can do with him," he said.

"By Jove," lisped the Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull, who fancied himself a wit, but was only a lieutenant, "he's a kind of—er—sleeping beauty—er—couldn't we use him as a sort of mess trophy—he wouldn't take up much room if we stood him in a corner on guest-nights—but, by gad, doctor, would he *keep*?"

"Yes, sir, he will keep until you want him," said Dick Datchett sharply. "If you are in a hurry I shall be very happy to oblige you!" and the fiery captain bowed significantly.

The Hon. Marmaduke made haste to apologise, but the soubriquet of "sleeping beauty" clung to Will for the rest of his service.

Then came long leagues in a dreadful bullock-wagon without springs; months at the well-known hospital at Belem, where the doctors could make nothing of him, and were on the point of invaliding him home, when, with the dawning of the year, there happened a strange thawing of mind and body.

He found his tongue suddenly, and his first utterance was "Where's the regiment?"

Captain Dick—who was nothing if he were not the most thoughtful of uncles, and who, moreover, had never lost hope when he found the lad still alive—had sent Ladybird down to Belem and paid for her tending, and, one fine May morning about three months after the recovery of his powers, Will set out to join for the second time.

* * * * *

Major Purvis of the Royals mopped his neck and longed for a breath of fresh air.

He was covered from head to heel with dust, he inhaled dust, he could barely see his charger's head for the blinding, never-ending cloud that encompassed the squadron, and, unable to endure it any longer, he pulled his horse out of the line of march and blew like a grampus.

"If Monsieur Villatte came upon us just now," thought the major, "there would be some vacancies in this brigade," and then, swinging round in his saddle as the swish of galloping hoofs sounded close beside him in the loose sand, he

A SCARLET FIGURE ON A BLACK MARE.

made a half movement to grasp his sword-hilt, and the next moment found himself grasping a strong young hand instead, as Will greeted him by name and reined Ladybird down to a walk.

"This time, sir, I have joined for good and all!" panted the cornet, laughing through the grime that covered him.

"'Pon my honour, Mr. Mortimer, you seem destined to surprise us all along the line," said the major, who really looked for a while as though he had seen a wraith, Will's advent had been so sudden and unexpected.

He had no time to say more, though, for the trumpet sounded to trot, and, bidding Will keep close beside him for the present, he gained the head of his squadron, and for the next five minutes all was jingle of scabbards and creak of leather, and the acrid odour of sweating horses.

They left the dust behind them as the brigade soon got upon a stretch of grass land, and it was a beautiful sight to watch the regiments emerge from the cloud into the brilliant sunlight, in full view of Salamanca on its three hills above the River Tormes.

Will was silent, but his eyes were wide open.

At last he could stand it no longer, and ventured to speak to the major, whose attention was riveted on a silver stretch of river glistening among the poplars straight ahead.

"What are we going to do, sir?" he queried.

"Give the enemy a licking in return for Burgos," replied the major. "This is a general advance, boy, and there's no knowing where we shall stop in the long run. Wellington bade adieu to Portugal, and he's not the man to indulge in theatrical effect without reason."

As the cavalry of Fane's brigade wound through a piece of broken ground, Will saw that they were accompanied by a troop of Horse Artillery, and in a few minutes the trot broke into a cantering gallop, and one of the general's aides came dashing by from the head of the column.

He slackened speed as he drew near the major, whom he knew, and shouted: "Villatte is retiring on Cabrerizos. It's going to be a fox-chase, Purvis—he won't stand!"

The major smiled grimly, and looked at the men of his own troop, who also smiled grimly among themselves, and then the column halted while the leading files entered the ford beyond the poplars, feeling their way carefully as the water was deep.

Will was forcibly reminded of the passage of another ford six months before, and he missed the presence of Captain Dick, who, the major told him, had left the brigade when Slade handed over the command to Major-General Fane.

Presently the scarlet horsemen moved forward once more. The guns found a shallow where the water only came to the axles, and once on the opposite bank orders were given to draw swords and push on at speed.

"Royals to the front!" cried Lieut.-Colonel Clifton. "Come on, my lads, there's work after your own hearts yonder," and away beyond the slope of a green hill Will could see a mass of hurrying figures, with here and there the white tilt of a wagon among them.

He stood in his stirrups and craned forward, but the brigade was advancing at a fast trot; the dust rose again as they followed the winding of a sandy road, and his view was principally limited to the broad red backs and whisking plumes of the troopers in front of him.

The light dragoon aide went by like an arrow as he returned from the rear—a flash of blue, and buff, and gold-laced shako in the sunshine, and after him the Horse Artillery tore like the wind, leaving a shower of sparks from their fire buckets, and making noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

"Humph!" grunted the major.

"Sir!" said Will, eager for information as to future possibilities.

"*Bang!*" went number one gun of the troop—and that was the beginning of it. Ladybird strained on the bit and bounded forward.

There was a little undulating tremor that shook the squadrons as some of the untrained horses plunged at the firing, and then, with the booming bass of the battery to play them on, the heavies swooped into a throng of French infantry huddled together in a gorge.

They had been faced about to stem our rush, but the guns had already shaken them, and there were heaps in the grass, and men writhing among the feet of their comrades, and more heaps under the hoofs of the advancing troopers. Will caught sight of one lad, immediately beneath him, hands stretched up in supplication, eyes starting with the agony of despair.

He thought somehow that the major's horse trod upon him, but he did not look to see—only from the trampled grass came a gurgling shriek that made him shiver.

"Right shoulders forward! charge!" shouted somebody in front, and after that Will's long sword was busy—all those long swords were busy, and a confused panorama of men in white linen overcoats was before his eyes, and he was cutting his way through them.

They made a brave stand, those stout little linesmen of Villatte's, cumbered with cowskin packs and rolled blankets, and all the stifling weight of cross belts and pouches, but the red dragoons on their black horses were irresistible, and the Frenchman's rearguard was thrown into disorder

There were guns, too, in the gorge, the drivers whipping and spurring to save them, and Cornet William Mortimer, burning with a mighty desire to distinguish himself, saw his chance in the twinkling of an eye.

Half a length behind him rode a sergeant of the regiment, and Will had been conscious of a quiet smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

Our hero had blushed a little under that smile, knowing that his own enthusiasm was the cause of it, but he now turned to him and cried, "Sergeant, follow me on to yonder gun!" pointing with his sword to a brass cannon, whose drivers were in difficulties with an awkward team.

The sergeant, nothing loth, put spurs to his charger, and the next moment Major Purvis saw them circle round the leaders and Will slash the traces of the foremost pair.

The grey-coated driver dropped his whip and groped for his short sword, but the sergeant cut him out of the saddle and the team jumbled into a plunging knot of horses, the gun turning over with a crack and blocking the road.

A company of voltigeurs fired a rattling volley, regardless of whether they hit their own men or not; the galloping guns behind ran into the disabled one, and everything was a seething mass of chaos.

"Come on!" yelled the major to his squadron, waving his sword in the air.

"*Sacristi!*" howled a little fat captain, as Will ran him through the chest.

"Gently, sir; he nearly had you that time!" said the sergeant, as Will lunged wide and received a terrific thrust in his holsters from a corporal with gold ear-rings.

Will looked over his shoulder, but the corporal was no longer to be seen; the sergeant had dealt him a tremendous backhander that bowled him over like a rabbit.

But Will's eye caught sight of Major Purvis in difficulties—his horse had been shot, and the major was flung several feet off on to his side, and a French private was in the act of making a lunge at him.

For the first time since he had ridden her Will rammed his spurs into Ladybird's sides, and, with a squeal of astonishment and pain, she sprang into the air, clearing the prostrate officer, while, standing in his stirrups, the cornet delivered a swishing blow full at the Frenchman's head.

In vain he dropped his bayonet and raised the gun-butt to meet it; it was too late, the long, straight sword whistled in the air and cleft the man's face literally in twain.

"Take my horse, sir," said the sergeant, dismounting and giving the major his hand, Will meanwhile pulling up and standing guard over them.

"Mortimer, I shall never forget this," panted the major. A man is not very dignified when he has rolled in the dust and been winded. "You saved my life, youngster—God bless you!"

Will felt in the mood to go on saving half-a-dozen more, but as they were just then in the midst of the broken enemy and the bulk of the Royals had swept by them up the valley, heroics were out of place.

The major scrambled on to the sergeant's trooper, a dent in his helmet, and his stock awry; the sergeant procured a mount by a very simple process.

A fat quartermaster of the enemy's line, who evidently preferred freedom under the French eagles to durance vile in an English prison hulk, had taken possession of one of the gun horses, and was finding his stirrups when the sergeant took three strides towards him, seized his left foot in no gentle grasp, precipitated him over the off side on to the ground, and, swinging into the saddle, followed his officers as hard as the stout Normandy brute could pound.

But the brigade had halted when they reached it. Villatte had a strong force of infantry and

"IT'S GOING TO BE A FOX-CHASE, PURVIS—HE WON'T STAND."

guns, and, as our foot was some miles behind, it was deemed too risky to attack with cavalry alone; so the trumpet sounded halt, and the dragoons of Fane's brigade and the light horse of Victor Alten had to content themselves with a couple of hundred prisoners and seven cannon, taken under a sun so fierce that many on both sides died from the heat.

When the Royals were mustered and the roll called, Major Purvis presented the new cornet to his colonel, and Will's face grew as red as his jacket at the major's words.

"Egad, sir!" said the colonel, loud enough for the whole squadron to hear, "I am proud to have you in the regiment; you have begun your service

exceedingly well, Mr. Mortimer, and we will drink wine in your honour to-night. I had given you up for lost when you went down to Belem; few men come out of such an affair alive, but you are—if anything—more alive than ever."

And then the major took him through the various troops, and told the story of his rescue until Will's head ached with the repetition, and his arm ached from the hand-shaking as each officer welcomed him warmly, until at last he found himself among his own men once more, wondering why they had made such a fuss of the matter, which, after all, was only what he would have expected everyone to have done under the circumstances.

The sergeant was still smiling when Will set eyes on him again; and Will smiled too, feeling that between men who have risked their lives together there is a mutual understanding which breaks down all barriers of rank and station.

"What is your name, sergeant?" he asked.

"John Rider, sir," replied the man, saluting; and then they filed off with the rest of the brigade to keep a wary eye on Villatte and his battalions.

CHAPTER X.

HOW CORNET MORTIMER CAME IN CONTACT WITH EL CAPITANO ZUAZO DI GAMBOA BASTA DEL ZADORA FOR THE FIRST TIME.

When Lieut.-Colonel Clifton, commanding the Royal Dragoons, gave it forth to the world that he and his officers would toast their new comrade that night, he reckoned without his host.

The army pushed forward, and there was no time for merry-making with an active enemy in front, swollen rivers round about them, and their communications by no means thoroughly secure.

It was not until several days had passed, and Wellington, leaving Sir Rowland Hill in command, had crossed the Esla, in a basket slung on a rope, to see how it fared with Graham's division, that the Royals had leisure to improvise what the French now call a *punch d'honneur*.

They were quartered in and around a large village, with the usual white-walled, red-roofed houses, and the open sewer that is peculiar to the centre of the Spanish street.

Will's troop lay at another village, half a mile off—a mere cluster of hovels, and having obtained leave from his captain, who would like to have accompanied him, he rode in to headquarters, and handed Ladybird over to one of the dragoons who were loafing about in their forage caps, with nothing particular to do.

* * * * *

As Will entered the village at one end of the narrow street a very different individual came sauntering airily from the other.

They passed each other about midway, and the advantage in personal appearance was certainly all on Will's side.

El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora was long by name and long by nature.

Everything about him was long, from his sword to his black gaiters; the skirts of his dark blue coat, turned back with buff, reached down to the back of his knees, and the thin wisp of black moustache drooped far below his chin—an unpleasant gentleman altogether, who would have been bad enough at five-feet nothing, and at six-feet-two was insufferably offensive.

His length was that of the snake, and there was something serpent-like in his every movement.

He wore the uniform of an officer of Spanish horse, with a red cockade in his huge cocked hat, and the lion worked on his collar, but the smart dress failed to make a soldier of him in spite of the tremendous swagger he affected.

He was smoking a long cigar, whose end glowed in the coming dusk, and his little black eyes were screwed up as though the smoke had got into them.

As a matter of fact, the only thing that ever got into the eye of Captain Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora was the main chance, and just then his whole soul was full of it.

It was a balmy evening after a day of blazing heat.

The western sky had turned to amber, and everything threw an exaggerated shadow; that of El Capitano reached right away behind him for yards, and was almost as black as the aforementioned black sewer that lay parallel with it.

He stopped at the corner of a *venta*, or wine-shop, and looked back at Will without appearing to notice anything in particular.

"*Mueran los Inglesos*—'tis the fifth of these bandits that has ridden in within the hour," muttered Captain Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora.

He strolled as far as the stone bridge that spanned a tiny rivulet, where he found a group of "bandits," as he chose to call us, chatting with the girls there, and lolling in their stable jackets against the parapet.

His sallow face darkened as he passed them, and he heard the dragoons laughing, probably at himself, which caused him to chew his moustache with rage, and think bitter things in Spanish, which has a fine range of sulphurous possibilities in its vocabulary.

Under all his assumption of carelessness he had a purpose in visiting the village, for his own regiment was quartered several leagues away, and if all went well during the next few hours that regiment would see him no more.

A great scheme occupied the mind of El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, which scheme was nothing less than the extraction of certain papers from the quarters of General Fane and the depositing of them in the hands of Maréchal Suchet.

He knew that the risk he ran would be great, but the prize was so tempting that his craven soul felt positively brave for the time being, and all the afternoon he had been bolstering up his courage with sips of aguadiente and deep draughts of purple valdepenas at the *venta*.

The trumpets of the Royals sounded for evening stables, and the loafers left the bridge.

The brown gloaming settled down on the fields

THE LONG, STRAIGHT SWORD WHISTLED IN THE AIR.

outside the village, and the frogs were piping in a marsh hard by.

A stout priest on a mule, and a potter, whose wares almost hid the ass that carried them, passed into the village street, and he was the only figure remaining on the deserted road.

"It is now time to make my observations," said the traitor softly, as he lit a fresh cigar from the stump of the other, and, sauntering leisurely along with his hands behind his back, Captain Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora slunk, rather than walked, towards the houses.

* * * * *

Lights shone behind the grated windows, but the brightest of them all came from a larger house than the rest in the little square where a fountain had once stood, until the retreating French overturned it out of sheer wantonness.

Twenty candles sputtered and guttered on a long table, and more than twenty red-coated officers were making night perfectly hideous in their attempts to join in a rousing chorus.

I am sorry to be obliged to record it, but one of their number was under the table, and six others were very drunk.

It was the fashion of those times to get very drunk when occasion offered, and no disgrace seems to have attached to it.

A blue cloud of tobacco smoke filled the air, floating in circling wreaths just above their heads, and there were more empty flasks on the floor than you could count in five minutes.

Poor Will was out of his element, and longed for the orgie to come to an end.

He had done little more than sip a mouthful of claret with each officer in turn, and already the heat and the noise made his head whirl.

The Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull had given him up as a bad job. He would not drink, he did not smoke; he knew none of the mighty folk of the Hon. Marmaduke's acquaintance; he was full of questions about the regiment, which was a subject altogether beneath the Hon. Marmaduke's notice. So they turned their backs on one another, and the Hon. Marmaduke tried to sing.

"Brighton Camp," or, as we now call it, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is a capital song, and familiar in every clime where our soldiers congregate, but the tipsy lieutenant gave it a new and original setting, which was fortunately lost in the babel of voices round the table.

At last Will managed to slip out unobserved, his good-natured colonel volunteering to make his excuses.

"Come in and see me to-morrow at ten o'clock, Mortimer," he whispered. "And now get back to your troop. 'Last post' will sound in half-an-hour, and you are unused to this sort of thing, I can see."

He reached the outer door of the house, but looked in vain for Ladybird.

The trooper to whom he had resigned her, never dreaming that she would be wanted so early, was nowhere to be seen, and Will tramped off down the street in search of her.

It was quite dark; a few stars twinkled far up above the distant mountains. Here and there a light shone through those strange iron gratings that made every house look like a prison, and a taper flickered before a painted image of the Virgin set in a niche at a lane end.

There was no one abroad, and Will began to wonder how he would find his horse, until a sentry, with his back against the wall, presented with his carbine, and Will saw that he was on guard at the general's quarters.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, when Will questioned him. "Jim Feathers, of my troop, has charge of her. Turn down the lane, sir, and you'll see an old tannery. That's where we're billeted, and the most smellingest billet I ever was in since I 'listed for the Royals, sir."

Will thought in his own mind, "You're too talkative, my friend," but he said nothing, and entered the by-way—a narrow alley without a single lantern.

The general's quarters were in a tall house, one side of which skirted the lane, and from an open door in the wall a patch of bright light fell on to the garbage that strewed the path.

There was nothing unusual in the circumstance; people leave their doors open, even in war time. But, as Will came abreast of the light, he glanced over his shoulder, and, glancing, stopped.

The lanky Spanish officer whom he had passed earlier in the evening was bending over a table strewn with papers, and his back view, outlined against the candles, was so strikingly grotesque that the cornet paused to look at him.

He did not see the anxious glances the man turned on an inner door, nor how ghastly pale was his cadaverous visage. He had no thought or suspicion that all was not right when the Spaniard placed two of the papers inside the breast of his coat and came out into the lane.

It was no uncommon thing for Spanish and Portuguese officers to have business with the British staff, and Will's was a mind particularly prone to look on the honest side of life.

He did not know that the room was empty, that the hum of voices came through the inner door—in short, before he had time to think, even had he wanted to, the tall man was in the lane beside him, his hand on the door which he had almost closed when his eyes fell on the scarlet uniform, and El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora felt himself transformed into a statue.

It would be absolutely impossible to describe the mental agony that occupied the brain of the capitano for the space of ten seconds.

It seemed to him the game must be up, and it was only after that fragment of time—which was in reality an age to him—and no strong grasp fell upon his shoulder, no sword-point menaced his aching throat, that he ventured to draw his breath.

"Your pardon, señor," said Will politely, "I am afraid I startled you; it is as dark as pitch in this alley."

El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora finished the closing of that door as gently as if it had led to the sick room of a loved relative, and then took a couple of cat-like strides into the centre of the lane.

"Señor officer," said he, in a low voice, and making a profound bow, "coming so suddenly from the bright light within I was blinded for the moment. You wait an interview with the general, possibly?—for the present he is engaged."

"No, the señor capitano is wrong," said Will, who had applied himself to the study of Spanish during his convalescence at Belem; "I pass this way to find my horse."

"A thousand pardons," muttered the tall man, with evident relief, and, removing his right hand from the hidden dagger in his coat, he said, "*Vaya usted con Dios*—God be with you," and vanished in the darkness into the silent street.

Will groped his way along the lane, stumbling over heaps of unsavoury refuse, until the unmistakable sounds of someone saddling a horse greeted his ears from an open gateway.

"Halt! Who comes there?" cried a gruff voice, and Will found himself at the tannery, challenged by the sentry on guard.

In five minutes he was in the saddle, and Private Jim Feathers richer by a silver coin, which caused that worthy individual to contrast his own lieutenant, the Hon. Marmaduke, very unfavourably with the new cornet of B troop.

The musical call of "last post" was sounding from the village as Will crossed the bridge; the wind sang softly among the cypress trees that surrounded a lonely monastery, but he met no traveller on the road, and, reaching his quarters without adventure, slept soundly until reveillé roused B troop from its slumbers.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW WILL WENT ON A DANGEROUS MISSION.

At five minutes before ten next morning, in obedience to his colonel's request, Will Mortimer was riding gaily up the street to that gentleman's lodging, and, turning the bend that hid the general's quarters from anyone who approached from the westward, he became suddenly aware that something was going on—something evidently unusual.

Three mounted orderlies spurred off in quick succession; a crowd gesticulated in front of the doorway; a staff officer with a flushed face was giving instructions to a fourth orderly; and down the street, holding his scabbard in one hand, his own commanding officer came running in haste.

THE LANKY SPANISH OFFICER WAS LEANING OVER A TABLE.

It could be nothing but an advance against the enemy, thought the cornet, his heart beating with delight, but the colonel dispelled the idea as he recognised him.

"You must wait for me, Mortimer," he said, hurriedly, trying to hook his jacket the while. "Despatches of the most vital import have been stolen in the night, and everything is upside down."

He waved his hand, and, passing through the crowd of alguazils and peasants, entered the general's door, leaving Will sitting there, vaguely wondering.

He was exactly opposite the end of the by-lane, and that fact gave a definite form to his thoughts as he remembered the startled Spaniard of the previous night.

Two of the staff came quickly out at the moment, and as they went by him he heard one say to the other: "Not the faintest clue to work upon, and that's just the deuce of it."

Will squeezed Ladybird with his knees and overtook them before they had taken ten strides.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, bending out of his saddle; "did I gather from your conversation that the thief is unknown?"

They looked up at the youngster with the supreme contempt of staff officers for their purely regimental brethren, and one of them nodded shortly.

"Then I think I may throw a little light on the matter if you will tell me when the despatches were missed," he continued. "I saw a man leave that house last night by the door in the lane—a Spanish officer——"

"Eh—what?" cried the pair in one breath. "You must come to the general instantly, and tell him all you know."

They stood on no ceremony with him, and somehow Will found himself off his horse and down a passage where excited men were talking, and into a large room where more excited men were talking, among them being General Fane and his colonel.

In a few words he told them his story, and then they bombarded him with questions.

What was the man like?—would he know him again? and so on; to all of which Will replied with a clearness that impressed his hearers.

"There is not a doubt that he is the scoundrel," said the general. "I myself saw the fellow lounging in the street yesterday, and was struck by

his absurd appearance. He ought not to be difficult to lay hands on, but what is done must be done at once."

Then the alcade of the place was brought in—a typical Spanish functionary, terribly impressed with his own importance, and declining to be hurried.

Fortunately, however, he had some information to give, for he had seen the identical capitano in conversation with the courier who had left but half-an-hour since with the mail bags.

"*Por Dios*, yes! and the man had passed his house a little later, mounted on a great piebald before the dust had settled behind Pedrillo's heels; really, he would swear it by the Holy Face, he remembered perfectly, only his excellency the general gave him no time to collect himself. Both had gone by the road to Valladolid—the stranger, and Pedrillo, the courier."

"Half-an-hour's start, gentlemen," said the general, frowning. "It is a thousand to one that they can be overtaken now!"

"If you please, sir, my horse could do it if I went at once," ventured Will, regardless of the presence of so much rank and gold lace.

General Fane looked sharply at our hero, and then at the colonel.

"Clifton, it is perhaps worth the attempt, eh?" he queried. "Though the route will take him right into the enemy's lines."

"Better lose the services of Mr. Mortimer, which I value highly, sir," said the colonel, "rather than those papers should be seen by the French. There is just the chance my cornet might come up with the scamps before they are out of reach. He has one of the best mounts in the regiment."

"Go, sir, this instant!" exclaimed the general, pushing Will to the door with an eager yet kindly pressure; "do your hardest for ten miles, but not more; and, Clifton, send a troop of your men after him as soon as they can saddle."

With his own hands the general gathered up Will's reins, and the crowd fell back in silence to let him pass.

"It is life and death, cornet," were his last words. "Bring me those papers and you shall have cause to remember me."

* * * * *

The long road stretched over the plain, dotted here and there with the British picquets and patrols.

El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora was more than usually polite as he saluted them in passing, for he was still on dangerous ground; but about five miles from the village he breathed freely, and when he saw Pedrillo waiting for him by a wayside shrine he smiled joyously to himself.

He had spent a night of terrible anxiety, realising, when the coveted papers were in his possession, the impossibility of carrying them safely out of our lines without a pass, and tortured by the momentary fear of the discovery of the theft.

At dawn, pale and trembling with the suspense of it all, he had bethought him of a plan. Pedrillo, the rascally courier, with whom he had had many nefarious dealings—Pedrillo would be riding, unquestioned, with the mail, and into his hands he would entrust the precious papers for which Suchet had promised him a colonelcy in the Gendarmerie d'Espagne, and heaven only knows how many Spanish dollars besides.

He found his man, and the bargain was soon struck. Pedrillo would await him at the shrine on the hill yonder, and El Capitano could amble forth with an easy mind to overtake him.

I don't know about the easy mind altogether, but the capitano did amble forth on his raw-boned piebald, which was more fitted for a circus than an officer's charger, and when he had received the despatches again and placed them safely in his breast, the pair rode on together, only waiting to quicken their pace into a gallop when the crest of a hill should have hidden them from a troublesome outpost of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, which lingered in a cornfield not far away.

THE COURIER'S HORSE WAS NEARER NOW, AND EVIDENTLY FLAGGING

The wind was blowing freshly in their faces from the high land in front, and in spite of Pedrillo's warnings the capitano insisted on riding at a ponderous trot, fearful of arousing the suspicion of the troopers in the corn.

A grove of trees hid the road they had just traversed, and it was not until they gained the top of the hill that El Capitano looked back and saw that he was pursued.

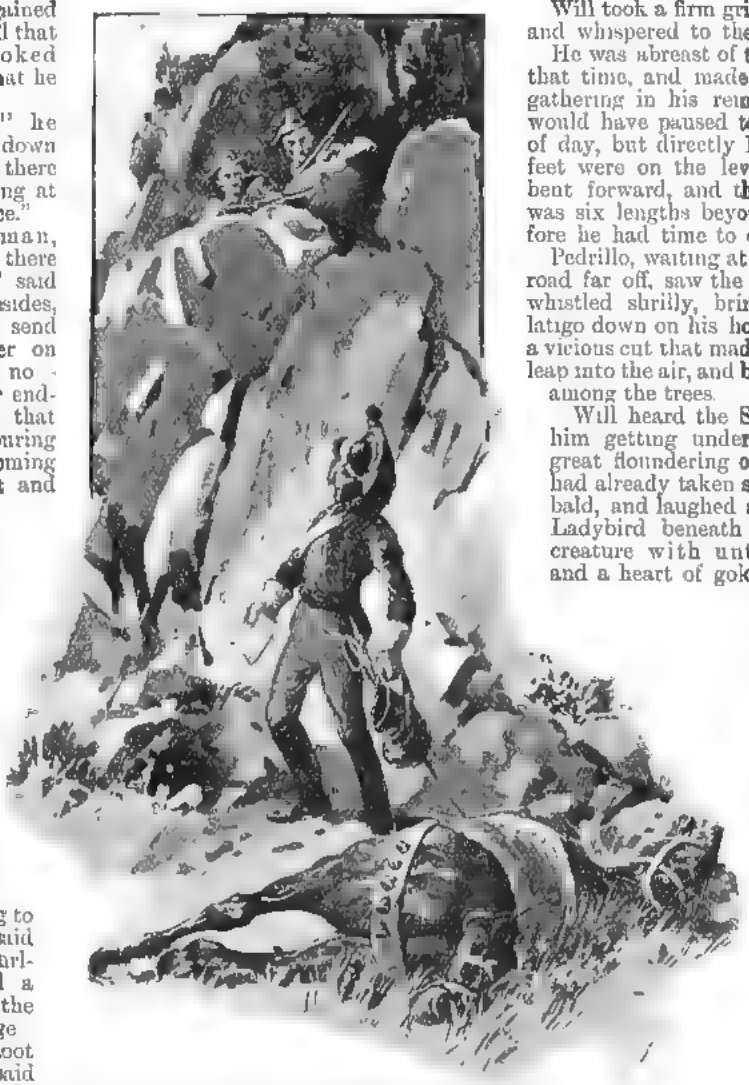
"*Hombre!*" he cried. "Look down below, Pedrillo; there is someone coming at a breakneck pace."

"It is one man, capitano, and there are two of us," said the courier. "Besides, they would not send a single soldier on such an errand; no—it is one of their endless messengers that are for ever scouring the country, coming and going night and day."

"We shall see,' said Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, turning pale. "But it is better you should take these things once more. Open the wallet, and if there is danger, ride on, and I will join you at the bridge of Zalincas."

"You are going to remain, then!" said Pedrillo, his lip curling, for he had a poor opinion of the capitano's courage

"Yes, I shall shoot him like a dog," said the capitano, looking very fierce, and drawing a pistol from his holster.



LOOKING UP HE SAW TWO VILLAINOUS HEADS PEERING DOWN AT HIM.

Will, gazing up at them, saw the fluttering papers change hands, and instantly formed his plans.

"Oh!" thought he, "the other is my game."

The courier disappeared, and the other figure, which he recognised as that of the man he wanted, remained in sight, with the clear blue sky behind him.

Without appearing to pay particular heed to him, beyond a wave of his white gauntlet, he slackened Ladybird's gallop, and breathed her up the slope.

The traitor hesitated; suspense had destroyed his nerve. He could have killed him on the spot, but he wavered; and to the end of his days Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora never ceased to regret it.

Will took a firm grip of his saddle, and whispered to the mare.

He was abreast of the Spaniard by that time, and made great show of gathering in his reins as though he would have paused to pass the time of day, but directly Ladybird's hind feet were on the level, he suddenly bent forward, and the gallant mare was six lengths beyond the man before he had time to open his lips.

Pedrillo, waiting at the bend in the road far off, saw the manœuvre, and whistled shrilly, bringing his keen latigo down on his horse's flank with a vicious cut that made the poor beast leap into the air, and bound from sight among the trees.

Will heard the Spaniard behind him getting under weigh with a great floundering of hoofs, but he had already taken stock of the piebald, and laughed aloud as he felt Ladybird beneath him, a perfect creature with untiring muscle and a heart of gold.

A mile—two miles! The courier's horse was nearer now, and evidently flagging, in spite of whip and spur.

The courier, clad in brown jacket, patched with leather at the elbows, his sombrero tied under his chin by a spotted handkerchief, his pigtail flying out behind him, rolled in his high-peaked saddle and mammoth boots, as the road wound round sharp angles of rock overhung by oaks and cork trees.

The leather wallets slung from the saddle bumped the creature's croup unmercifully, and threatened to overthrow him on the loose track, and the bells on the breeching strap jangled louder and louder as Ladybird lessened the distance between them.

The Spanish captain was hopelessly left behind, the sound of his hoofs had died away, and pursuer and pursued were alone in a mountain gorge.

Will's only fear was lest a mule team should come towards them, and the courier escape under cover of the block which his friends would be certain to make in his favour.

"Come, old lady, we'll put an end to this," he said, and the mare let herself go as though she understood him.

Pedrillo knew the road, every inch of it, and as he passed a wooden cross, placed there to mark the scene of some ancient murder, he drew a clumsy flint-lock pistol from his sash and aimed over his shoulder.

Will saw the action, and drew another weapon from his holster, at the same time bending low to present less mark for the rascal.

"I knew you wouldn't," he said to himself, as Pedrillo's ball whizzed far above his head and starred on a boulder up the mountain side. "But what's in the wind? Is your game up, Mr Brown-jacket?"

The courier struck his horse savagely with the empty barrel, and then tossed it away from him in evident anger.

Will pulled up.

"There's an end to all things," he muttered. "I'm not going to risk a fall on these stones," for the track became perilously loose, and, taking a quick sight, he fired.

The courier's horse, struck at the base of the spine, reared wildly in the air, and, to Will's astonishment, leaping over a rough barrier of stones built there to guard a dangerous corner, vanished out of view!

* * * *

Ladybird stood motionless on the road, her flanks heaving, and, twenty feet below, her master knelt by a dead horse, carefully examining the contents of the courier's wallets.

Of Pedrillo he had caught one glimpse, far down in the gloomy valley—a limp mass of arms and legs, as the torrent whirled him along its foaming course towards the Douro.

"WE HAVE MET BEFORE!"

His horse had fallen on a grassy ledge, but the courier had rolled to the bottom of the mountain side, lifeless, probably, before the river claimed him, as it had claimed many a traveller by that dangerous way.

Will felt very silent and stern as he rose to his feet with the missing papers in his hand, but the blood rushed back to his heart next moment, for, turning to look at the stiff climb behind him, he saw two villainous heads peering down at him, and the sunlight glinting on a pair of gun-barrels.

"It's a good thing I am in uniform," he thought. "Those are two pretty fellows with a vengeance, but a British officer is not exactly the prey they are in search of."

It happened, though, that the new comers were no discriminators of persons, and a British officer with gold lace on his back and gold pieces in his fob was just the thing they *could* have wished for, having had no luck since the French fell back upon Salamanca.

They were very obliging fellows, in spite of their conical hats and sashes full of knives; and they wished the señor all the blessings of the universe in guttural patois, and lowered a cord for him to grasp.

He little knew the use that length of hemp had been put to in its time, or he would have been less eager to avail himself of it; but suspecting nothing he scrambled up—to be instantly seized, disarmed, and bound by as rascally a band of guerillas as ever figured in the pages of romance or reality.

It was useless to resist, it all came upon him so unexpectedly, and when, boiling with righteous indignation, he proclaimed his rank and standing, and threatened them with condign punishment in his best Spanish, they made merry and laughed loud and long.

His heart sank; all he had heard of the horrible cruelties perpetrated by those bandits came to his mind, and when one of them mounted Ladybird and the gang hurried him along the path he gave himself up for lost.

There were ten of them altogether—yellow-visaged, repulsive men, black-browed, and armed to the teeth—dressed in brown for the most part, with tawdry scraps of finery here and there.

Will struggled manfully to keep his spirits up, but it was hard work.

Hope, and promotion, and all the dear ones in the old home, seemed so very far away, and there was nothing real but the voices of the brigands and the inquiring whinny that Ladybird gave as she looked round for her master.

With his chin sunk down into his stock, and plunged in the deepest despair, he was walking mechanically where they led him, without seeing the road under his feet, when the rogues suddenly stopped, and one held a knife before his eyes, raising a dirty hand in token of warning.

They muttered among themselves, and one crept forward like a cat.

Evidently someone was approaching, and they were uncertain whether it were friend or foe.

A great burst of hope thrilled through the unfortunate cornet—it must be the dragoons sent after him by the general. The jingle of military trappings could now be distinctly heard, as of a cavalry squadron at full trot. Alas! the hope was dispelled in a moment.

A familiar figure came in sight, riding beside his men; and, seeing the group under a stunted tree by the roadside, with Will in the centre of them, pulled up, and let his troop go by.

"Ha, Garcia!" said he to the guerilla leader; "what have you got here, *ma foi*, an English officer? And—holla!" he cried, starting, and a curious expression crossing his face, "surely I am not mistaken!—No, the Chef d'escadron Zaminski is seldom in error, monsieur—*we have met before.*"

To be continued.

DUMB-BELL EXERCISES.

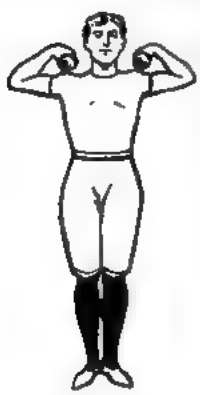
STRENGTH of muscle can be developed with patience at almost any time of life, but the shape of the figure can only be improved to any extent while the body is still growing. This being the case, all those who have not finished their upward growth, and who wish to remedy any defects, such as round shoulders, narrow chest, crooked limbs, etc., should at once set to work to do so.

The dumb-bell exercises described in this article will strengthen and develop all the most important muscles of the body, and by doing this will cure such defects as described, because if you want any part of the body to grow to its proper shape and size, all you have to do is to see that it is sufficiently and properly exercised.

(FIG. A.)

He who wishes to become expert at any game or form of athletics must train and strengthen all his muscles (not only the particular ones used in his favourite exercise), and dumb-bell exercises are certainly the best for all-round development.

Dumb-bells should weigh at the most 2lbs. each. Young women and girls may perform the following exercises with advantage, but should not use bells weighing more than 1lb. each; many girls, in fact, would make most progress with light wood dumb-bells. No one wishing to excel at gymnastics or athletics should use heavier bells. Heavy weights and slow exercises develop the muscles (except when strains occur), but destroy their ability to make quick movements, and activity is quite as necessary as strength in this go-ahead age. A muscle-bound individual will never shine as an athlete, except, perhaps, in the weight-lifting department. Light bells and quick exercises, on the other hand, develop strength as well as activity.



(FIG. B.)

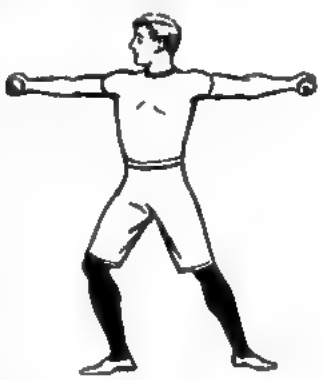
Those readers who are already good gymnasts or athletes would also do well to use dumb-bells daily, although their muscles may be sound and healthy.

Perform all the following exercises once a day for a quarter of an hour in fresh air, and breathe through the nose during practice. The bells should be grasped tightly, and the movements performed briskly. Repeat each exercise till a little fatigued.

Stand in the position shown in Fig. A, only with *both* arms straight by the side. This may be referred to as "attention." Now bend the right arm, and bring the bell right up under the armpit (Fig. A), then straighten the arm again, and at the same time bring up the other bell under the left armpit, and continue, alternately bending the arms. This is a simple exercise, but is a grand one for the biceps.

Another good exercise for the muscles of the arms and shoulders is as follows: Bring the bells on to the shoulders, as in Fig. B, then (1) straighten the arms right and left without lowering the elbows (see position of arms in Fig. C), and (2) bring the bells again on the shoulders, and continue. Grasp the bells tightly for this and all the exercises.

Raise the arms straight above the head, as in Fig. D and perform these four movements. Step straight forward with the right leg and at the same time lower the arms right and left till level with the shoulders (Fig. C); then (2) step back with the right foot and raise the arms (Fig. D); (3) step forward with the left foot and lower arms to level of shoulders; and (4) step back once more to position, as in Fig. D. Continue movements in same order. Take care when stepping (or "lunging," as it is called) forward with one leg that the other is kept perfectly straight, with the heel on the ground.



(FIG. C.)

Start the next exercise from the position shown in Fig. D, only let the palms of the hands be turned to the front instead of towards each other. Now bend forward at the waist and bring the arms down right and left, without bending them, till the bells meet just above the insteps; then straighten

(FIG. D.)

the body and bring the bells up right and left till they meet above the head in the starting position, and continue, taking care not to bend the knees.

The next is a good exercise for the shoulder muscles. Begin once more with the arms above the head, as in Fig. D; then (1) bring the bells on to the shoulders (Fig. B); (2) raise the bells and return to the first position; (3) lower the bells right and left till level with the shoulders, without bending the arms, as in Fig. C; and (4) raise the bells again above the head (Fig. D), and continue.

Fig. E shows the position from which the next movements are begun. The next exercise is simply to swing the arms as far to the right as possible, then as far to the left as they will go. The arms must be *kept straight* and level with the shoulders, and the body must be turned round from the waist, the feet not being moved at all.

Again start with the arms to the front, as in Fig. E, then open the arms smartly right and left, keeping them level with the shoulders (see Fig. C), and close them again to the front. This movement is a capital one for forcing back the shoulders.

(FIG. E.)

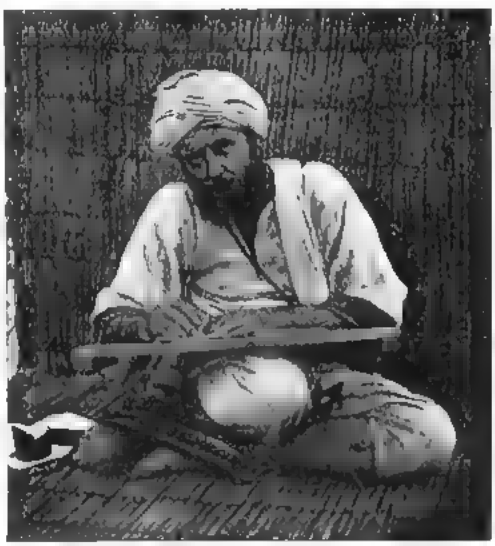
Commence at "attention"; then (1) lunge sideways to the left into the position shown in Fig. F; (2) return to attention; (3) lunge to the right, this time with the right arm bent and the left arm straight; and (4) return a second time to attention. Notice that only one leg is bent when lunging, and that both heels are on the ground. Begin as in Fig. D; then swing the bells down to the right, across the front of the legs, and up to the left, until they reach the starting point; continue making circles in this way, pausing every time the bells go above the head. Afterwards vary by making circles in the reverse direction, swinging down to the left, and up to the right. Do not bend forward at the waist when swinging.

(FIG. F.)

W. M. VARDON.

In the Khalifa's Clutches.

THE editor of the *Wide World* never sleeps, or, if he does, it is with one eye open. No sooner was Charles Neufeld released from his twelve years' captivity in Omdurman than the editor of the *Wide World* was on his track, and speedily arranged that an account of that long imprisonment should appear exclusively in his magazine. You will find the opening chapters of "IN THE KHALIFA'S CLUTCHES," in the June *Wide World*. The story tells of Mr. Neufeld's dramatic betrayal, by a treacherous guide, into the hands of the Dervishes; of his appalling reception by the mob in Omdurman; his tortures in the dread Saier Prison; his abortive plans to escape; his compulsory efforts to find saltpetre for the Dervish gunpowder; to extract gold from stone; and to design the famous tomb of the Mahdi; also the assistance he was able to render the approaching army; and the terrible scenes in Omdurman during, and after, the great battle. All these and much more go to make up a narrative of personal adventure and thrilling incident such as has rarely appeared in any periodical. The accompanying portrait shows Mr. Neufeld as Lord Kitchener found him in the "Black Hole of Omdurman."



CHARLES NEUFELD IN CAPTIVITY.

THE FRAUD THAT FAILED.

BY FRED SWAINSON

AT first I thought that Isbach lent me money only that he might have someone in his power a little, and who would have to treat him fairly civilly. For he was severely neglected by the Fifth — his own form — the Sixth would not have him at any price, and the Junior School followed their lead, and actually wouldn't make way for him when they met him on the pavement. That done to any other of the Fifth or Sixth would have been a risky proceeding, but with Isbach it was quite safe.

He had dark hair, yellow skin, a kind of black moss on his upper lip which he mistook for a moustache, a hooked nose and big red lips. He was short, fat, and somehow always seemed oily, and he waddled a little when he walked. He was no good at any games, and, in his heart, I think he despised those who were, or cared a rap for them. He had rather a nice voice though—soft and coaxing.

I must explain that during the Easter holidays I was such an ass as to point a pistol—empty, of course—at Maud, my sister, just for fun, and pater popped in just at the moment. He gave me—ah, well!. and besides that said he'd dock me off something substantial from my usual tip. Instead of the customary two guineas he gave me two shillings! Summer term, too, and ices beyond my reach! I felt blue. Of course the florin went within twenty-four hours.

One afternoon I was watching a game between Dicky Vine's XI. and Brown's XI. Dicky is my most particular chum, and we were chatting together, he with his pads on and gloved ready to go in when his first man came out. He said, "Look here, old chap! Slip up to Taylor's and get me a pound of his foreign cherries, there's a good fellow. Pay you later." I explained to the astonished Dicky that I was absolutely "gravelled," and mentioned the cause.

He sympathised with me somewhat ruefully.

"You were an ass to fool with that pistol, of course, but still it's a bit hard. Do you know, I'm almost as bad as you. Aunt wouldn't come up to the scratch with her usual tip because I fought the boot boy in the cellar. I calculated on you to help me out. It's rough luck."

It was, and Dicky trotted off to the wickets as glum as possible.

Isbach had been sitting on the seat a few yards away, lazily watching the games going on in the bright sunshine, and enjoying himself in his own lazy way. When Dicky had gone he came and squatted down beside me. He said: "I heard what you were talking about just now, Carr, and I think it a bit hard on you."

"Not a bit," said I; "pater was quite right about the pistol. I deserved it."

"In a way, of course you did; but a fellow can't go through the term without a little cash, can he?"

"I shall have to, that's all," said I.

"No," he said, in his own odd, drawling way; "I'll lend you some money, if you like."

Instead of thanking him and declining, as I should have done, and meant to do, I sort of played with the idea, and, in place of saying "I'd rather not, thanks," I actually said "Would you, really? How much?"

"Oh, that's no matter!—five shillings, ten shillings, sovereign, two——"

"A sovereign would do," I said.

"Here it is," and he pulled out a sovereign from his purse and put it in my hand.

I couldn't well refuse now, so I said: "I'll give you a receipt for it. Have you a scrap of paper about you?"

"Never mind a receipt. You can pay me

when you come back next term; you don't look as though you'd die before then, and I don't fancy you'd cut anywhere to get off it."

"Rather not! But I say, Isbach—do you lend like this as a regular thing?"

"No; you're the first fellow I've obliged."

"Would you oblige Dicky, then, if he were to ask?"

"Dicky—who's he?"

"Why, Vine—Dicky Vine—my chum!"

"If he's your chum I should not mind. He'd be safe, of course?"

"As a house."

"Oh, yes! You can mention it to him if you like; only, Carr, you and he must faithfully promise me not to mention my loan to you. I don't want fellows to make fancy remarks about me."

HE PULLED OUT A SOVEREIGN FROM HIS PURSE AND PUT IT IN MY HAND.

I promised, of course, and pledged Dicky, too. We then drifted into school talk—the outlook for Lord's, and the chances of each house for Cock House. Presently Dicky yelled to me to come and umpire, and I got up. Isbach rose, too, and called out to me as I moved off: "You can tell Vine what I said, and you can thank me any time you're not *too* busy. Ta-ta!" He smiled to me sweetly and waddled off, leaving me blushing purple. I had actually forgotten to thank him! I tell you I felt pretty small at this unexpected backhander. I felt so jolly uncomfortable that I actually gave Dicky in when he was pretty well a yard out of the crease.

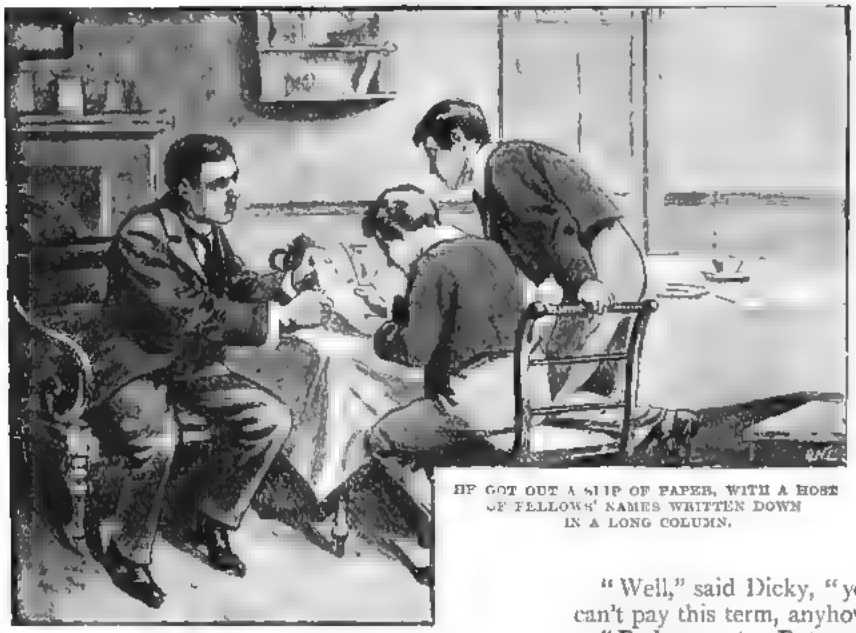
Thanks to the borrowed sovereign I rubbed along pretty well as usual, and Dicky soon came to the end of his tether and applied to Isbach, who gave him a sovereign too. I always like Dicky to row in my boat, and when he was in Isbach's books as well I felt easier. Isbach, though, was awfully obliging to us—gave us tea in his room sometimes—a good tea always—and helped us out with our translations when we were stuck up! Other fellows wondered how a Fifth Form chap could be so chummy with two of the Juniors, but we told all our cronies that Isbach was all right, and that he'd been misunderstood, and only wanted knowing.

"That's it," said Sharpe, who is pretty smart sometimes. "He only wants knowing, you fellows, eh? And Dicky and Jimmy can see through a fellow, bless you, like one o'clock."

The other fellows all laughed at us, and asked which of us was the Simple Simon.

The term crawled along as usual, until at last Lord's was over, and M.C.C. (the last outsider's match played) beaten. Then we turned our whole attention to the fight for Cock House. Our house—Hickman's—was supposed to have about half a chance, but the championship was generally voted a good thing for Belling's, who had been cock for three years running. I needn't write about all the rounds *seriatim*, but, anyhow, Hickman's struggled on to the final, and we had, in our opinion, a rosy chance of pulling off the match, despite Belling's, who, of course, were in the final too. Dicky and I, who were Hickman's bowlers, had some wonderful luck right through the rounds.

About a week before the eventful day on which the final was to be played off, Dicky and I received a note from Isbach asking us to come up to his room and have tea. We went, bubbling over with excitement about the match, but Isbach was persistently glum



HE GOT OUT A SLIP OF PAPER, WITH A HOST OF FELLOWS' NAMES WRITTEN DOWN IN A LONG COLUMN.

whilst we had tea, and seemed rather annoyed when we assured him that Hickman's would pull it off.

"I hope they don't, by Jove, that's all."

"Why, Isbach, you're Hickman's yourself!" I gasped, in utter astonishment.

"Just so; and Hickman's must not win the match either. Listen here. I've been betting all along on Belling's to win the final."

"Betting!" said Dicky. "You'd better keep that quiet, Isbach. It means the kick-out from here, if it's known."

"I can look after myself, Vine, thanks. If Hickman's win, I lose about a dozen pounds, and I don't fancy that, you know."

"Your dozen pounds are very rocky, Isbach, for we've a good chance. I'm sorry for you."

Isbach looked viciously at Dicky for a moment, but then said, coolly: "Well, I shall show you my list." He got out a slip of paper, with a host of fellows' names written down in a long column, and opposite the amount they had betted, etc., the whole being neatly ruled up and down, with plenty of red ink. I gaped in astonishment at the number of fellows who had run the risk of being expelled; but I noticed that Isbach had pretty well every unpopular and shady customer on his list. "Those are the chaps," he went on, "who have joined in my little flutter, and it has been agreed that we settle not later than the Tuesday after the match!" Then he added, sweetly, "I am rather afraid you two will come into the business if Hickman's win."

"As how?" said I, sharply, for I didn't like Isbach's drift.

"Why, I won't have the cash to pay up fully unless I get the sovereign I lent to each of you."

"But, Isbach, you distinctly said that the beginning of next term would do."

"Exactly. But if Hickman's win, you can see that the old arrangement wouldn't work."

"Well," said Dicky, "you know jolly well we can't pay this term, anyhow."

"Perhaps not. But your people can."

"Whatever do you mean?" said Dicky, springing up in his anxiety.

"Why, that I'd have to write to them immediately the match is over and ask for the sovereign per return."

"Isbach, if you did that you'd be an out-and-out cad!"

"That's just what the fellows would call me if I didn't pay them their bets. A bet is a debt of honour."

"Honour!" And Dicky and I choked over the word.

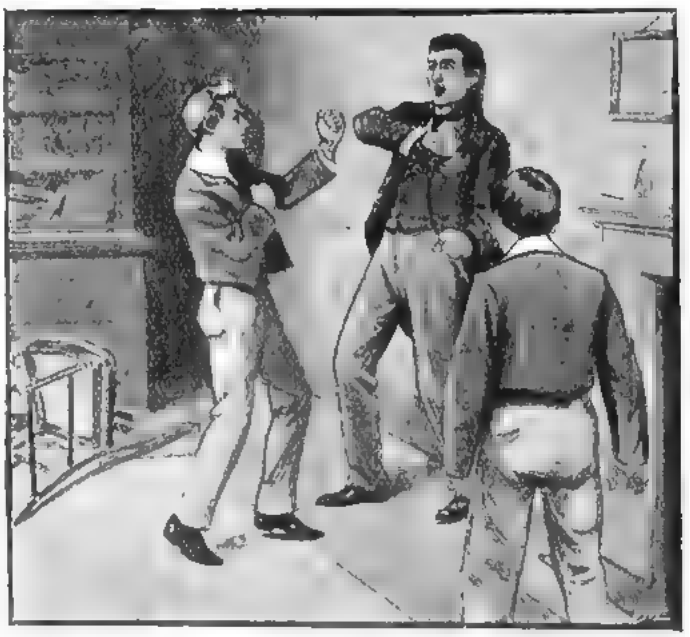
"I tell you what," said Dicky, in a white rage, "I'll go to Hickman and explain the whole business."

"And who would be the out-and-out cad then? Who gave me his word of honour not to mention a word of the loan to a soul in the place?"

Dicky collapsed at this, and I felt like a rabbit in a net. I thought of Isbach who "wanted knowing," and of the "Simple Simons."

"Now, I want you fellows to be reasonable," he continued, in his soft, coaxing voice. "No one ever expected Hickman's to get into the final, and it's simply your bowling that's done it. Everybody says so. You've done enough for glory already, and you cannot really say Hickman's is as good a team as Belling's. If you win it will be by a fluke—a howling fluke—and who cares to be Cock House by a fluke? You hold the game in your hands, such as it is. You needn't bowl your best"—Dicky turned

ghastly at this—"You could say you'd sprained your arm, or ricked your back; you could either of you stand down because you didn't feel well. You could lose the game easily without a soul knowing. There are fifty ways of doing it. And actually by not playing at all, you'd get greater credit than if you collared all the wickets between you, for everyone would say Hickman's were no good at all without Vine and Carr. Besides that, though I don't care to mention it, I really think you ought to show me a little consideration. I've done my best to make you two comfortable this term—lent you cash, helped you over the fences in your Latin, etc., given you the run of my room, and generally treated you more as Seniors than Juniors. Properly looked at, it is not a great thing to ask. Now one thing more, and I'm done. If Belling's win, I'll not expect that sovereign from either of you. There! On my honour I won't. Will you shake hands on that as a bargain?"



DICKY DASHED IN LIKE A BOTTLED-UP THUNDERBOLT, AND PRANCED ABOUT [illegible]

The fellow actually held out his hand to me, but I thrust mine deeper into my pockets, and scowled at him in unspeakable disgust. Dicky said:—

"Isbach, you're a villain! The biggest blackguard in St. Philibert's! Let's get out, Jimmy."

"By all means," said Isbach. "You've finished your tea, and can now comfortably vilify me. But think over what I've said, and if you are going to tell your chums of our little conversation just now, please mention also that you are the same fellows who've come up here regularly for tea and mental improvement; especially tell Sharpe. He'll see the point. Ta-ta!" Then Dicky and I crawled out, quivering under this last back-hander.

The two most miserable fellows in St. Philibert's that night were Dicky and I. I am rather ashamed to write this, but it is the truth. I'd rather have had Hickman's lose the match—the old house that had fought so well—than that my father should have known I'd borrowed money to have an easy term after the pistol row. I don't think if he'd heard *from Isbach* about the sovereign he would ever have thought the same of me again. Dicky thought pretty much the same about his mother, who is a widow and not very rich. So both would have sacrificed the match rather than that our people should know. Isbach had read us too well. We dared not say a word to anyone, for we had given our word of honour to that beast, and we wouldn't probably if we could. We were afraid of the fellows' jeers, especially of Sharpe's. He'd have given us some fancy names which would have stuck to us like leeches, or written some poetry showing us up. He has a tongue like a needle, and his poetry is sulphuric acid.

There was one way out and one only. We must get a couple of sovereigns and pay Isbach before Saturday, or—be as big blackguards as he.

I had one hope — Maud. I sent her a letter, not saying exactly what it was for, but contriving to let her know somehow that it was most important. That was Tuesday. On Friday I got her answer, and the days between were sweet days, I assure you. Here is the letter:—

Home,
July 23rd.

DEAR JIM,—Enclosed you'll find orders for £3. I'm sending an extra one, for you must have been in some bother to write such a terrible letter. Do nothing mean, Jim, and I don't mind. Kind regards to Dicky Vine, who should look after you.—From your affectionate sister,

MAUD V. CARR.

Wasn't she a brick?

I went to Isbach's room with Dicky's sovereign and my own, and Dicky followed

me to the door, but said he'd never put his nose in the den again. Isbach's face fell when he saw me smile, and he glared from the sovereigns on the table to me in a far from pretty way.

"It will be all right, Isbach, now. There'll be a square match to-morrow, and those two sovereigns won't have time to burn a *very* big hole in your pocket. Good-bye."

Then Isbach lost his temper, and, coward that he was, struck at me. Dicky dashed in like a bottled thunderbolt, and pranced about before Isbach with his guard up. Isbach, when he saw he had two to deal with, backed into the wall and turned a shade lighter yellow, showing plain enough a yard of white feather. We laughed at the coward and went away.

We won, rather! Romped home by 113 runs, Dicky and I sharing the wickets about equally, and Dicky brought off an "impossible" catch, which sent back Houghton, the mighty school captain, for a duck's egg. Every Hickman fellow had a sore throat that night, and Dicky and I are pretty certain of being tried for the XI. next year.

As for Maud—I'll say again, wasn't she a brick?

The Great Rugby Rebellion of 1797.

[Sent by "A Rugby Boy" after reading "Public School Mutinies" in No. 2, in which article it is stated that "Rugby never had a rising that could be truthfully designated a mutiny."]

ONE day in November, 1797, the head master, Dr. Ingles, was walking down the High Street when, on passing the boarding-house kept by Mr. Gascoigne, he heard pistol-shots. He entered the yard, and saw a boy named Astley firing at the study windows. On being asked by the doctor where he bought the gunpowder, the boy said from a certain Mr. Rowell, a grocer and general dealer in the town. But that wily gentleman denied the offence, which would have put him out of bounds, and as he had entered the sale as tea, his books supported his statement. Astley was flogged, and related his grievances to his indignant friends, who sallied forth in a band and broke Rowell's windows. Rowell complained to the Head, who decreed that the damage must be paid for by the Fifth and Sixth Forms, whereupon the boys declared they would not pay, and were only exasperated by the doctor's threats. They placed a petard outside his door and blew it off its hinges, and assembled in the school buildings, sent round the fags to whip in all the fellows from the different houses, rang the school bell violently, burnt all the wainscoting, forms, benches, etc., and broke all the windows. Ingles sent post-haste to the masters, who were mostly out shooting, and then summoned to his assistance a party of regulars which happened to be in the town.

Ingles, who was nicknamed the Black Tiger, then showed the white feather, posted a soldier with fixed bayonet at his door, and locked himself in. Meanwhile the rebels had heard that the enemy were approaching, and chose as their leader the man who afterwards distinguished himself in the Peninsular and in Burmah—Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B. Before the oncoming force of masters and soldiers, whose ranks were swelled by farmers and jockeys (it was during the great November Horse Fair at Rugby) the boys had to retreat, and posted themselves on a huge tumulus surrounded by a moat 15ft. wide by 5ft. deep, full of water, drawing the drawbridge after them. This tumulus is generally called the Island, but now the moat has been filled up.

The attacking force came up, and a certain Mr. Butlin read the Riot Act, calling upon the stronghold to surrender; but the besieged bid defiance to all, and were able to keep their position for some time, until they were forced by a stratagem to surrender. The masters and farmers kept up a lively attack from the school side of the hill, whilst the soldiers, creeping round to the rear, had crossed the moat, wading through the water, and had drawn up, with drawn swords, preparing to attack. The boys were unnerved by the show of cold steel, and surrendered. The soldiers conducted them back to school. Wholesale expulsions and birchings took place, and many who were afterwards renowned in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns suffered.

THE GAME OF CRICKET-MATCH.

MISTER THE EDITOR,

Always you others, the English, have the same idea—you play a game, it is the best; you have a Navy, it is the best; you have a Constitution, it is the best. But is it that to others it appears as that? My faith, but no!

Listen me, then. I shall speak.

My so distinguished countryman, Max Orel, have represent the manners of the English People, their Religion, their Politic, etc., and truly their games; but his relation of the Game of Cricket-match—bah! it is in silhouette! Perhaps he understand it not—possibly. My faith! but it is difficult. Look then! myself I shall essay it—its follies—its savagerie—bêtises.

I have a friend—"English?" you say—you have reason. My friend say, "Come, then, we have a Cricket-match; you shall see." I respond, "It is just, good! I come, but at what hour?" "The wickets," say my friend, "shall be pitched at eleven hours." "How then? Pitched? Myself I know your pitch! it is horrible! they shall be black and glutinous, and—pah!—they shall smell! Mon Dieu! how they shall smell!" He put himself to laugh. "No, no, monsieur, not as that! they shall be pitched, placed, in little holes in the ground." "Bien!" I say. "But, my faith! it shall be difficult!"

We are arrived; the wickets have pitched themselves; they stand erect; they are not but little sticks, a child might pitch them.

Messieurs the Players, "Crickets," are on the field, in disorder, everywhere; they are near, they are far; they stand together, apart—"allovertheshop," as is the English phrase. In face of the wicket a man with a club, bat, what you call; behind it a man with gloves—my faith! what gloves! of a Hippopotamus! Horrible! "Tell then," I say, "what is it that the man with the bat is?" "He defends the wicket." "And the other with the gloves?" "He is the wicket-keeper." "Ah, good! they shall assist themselves; the wicket is safe then, is it not?" "Not exactly," he say in laughing. "But look! they commence."

Truly! Monsieur the "Bowler" launch a ball with all his force at the wicket; the poor man with the bat very scarcely escape, but the good "wicket-keeper" arrest the ball! he hold it in his great gloves. Courage, mes deux amis! your wicket is safe!

Five times the ball fly, but the two friends are alert; one time the bat, one time the gloves, the ball is stopped always.

"Regard then," I say; "these men walk themselves upon the field; their hands are in their pockets; what is it then that it is?" "It is over," say my friend. "How then? Over! My faith! that it is short! it is a game very dangerous! Let us go!" "Stay," say he, "it is not but a phrase; see, they commence again!"

Again the ball fly; but the one with the bat is angry; he strike the villain ball; the ball roll with precipitation; the one with the bat run; all the world run. He, the batman, cannot find his wicket; he run to and fro; he take his friend's wicket, but the other rush to claim it; he is in despair! but the good wicket-keeper hold out wide his arms, he rush into them; the ball arrive too late; they embrace, the spectators applaud. Courage! again the wicket is safe!

But now again the ball come; the bat is raised; but alas! the ball turns himself, the bat touches it not; the good "wicket-keeper" dreams perhaps; the ball escapes him also, the wicket falls to the earth. The batman walk slowly away, his chin on his breast. He is sad, perhaps. I ask my friend what he has, the batman? He say, "He is bold." It is possible, but my faith! he does not appear so!

The wicket-keeper has another friend; together they protect their wicket. But alas! toujours en Albion la perfidie! One time the ball come slow, slow; the batman advance with a cry of joy; he strike with fury, he will destroy the villain ball; but alas, alas! he miss it—and the perfidious "wicket-keeper" catches the ball behind his back and dashes it into his friend's wicket! Traitor! Sacré nom de bomb! He is bribed by the enemy, he is a scelerat! away with him! Ah bah! mark these English, how they are droll! *they* applaud it; it is a plaisanterie!

My friend explique the game; he say, "See there that little man long distant, he is 'long leg.'"

"For why," I ask, "he is 'long leg,' himself so short?"

"Because he throw so well the ball," he say.

"My faith!" I respond, "he not throw the ball with his leg! he should be 'long arm.'" But he only laugh at me.

Another batman—he stand firm—he is big, heavy, solid. The ball flies, he runs; he pants, he perspires, he runs again. No! he has forgotten something, he goes back—but he is too late, the ball is there also, his wicket is broken. It is evident that he suspects the "wicket-

keeper," but he has not seen him; he dares not to accuse him; he also places his chin on his breast; he departs.

The evil "wicket-keeper" smiles, but his time is short; the bowler has seen him, he knows his treachery; he will not proclaim it, but he will punish him. He aims the ball; perhaps at the wicket, who knows? It bumps upon the earth, it hits the perfidious "wicket-keeper" on the nose; the red blood drips, the "wicket-keeper" falls; the bowler rubs his hands with sawdust as a proof of his gratification. It is well.

Again, another batman. He is cunning; he protect his wicket with more than his bat. With what then? With his leg! The arbiter pronounces him guilty. He forbids the leg in face. He gives judgment. He says, "On both sides or behind—yes! but in face—no!" *He* goes.

And now the ball passes the batman, eludes the "keeper," and rolls over the field with a velocity amazing. The batmen run, one time and again; the people say "Hourrah!" A man in the crowd all close say, "By Jove, that was a sell!" I ask my friend, "What then? tell me." He reply, "That was a buy." "How then?" say I. "Monsieur here call it a sell, you call it a buy, which has reason? You cannot perhaps be right, the both?" But again he only laugh and mock himself of me in saying, "Chever you like, my little dear, you pay your money and you take your choose." Is it that I resemble an infant that he shall call me his little dear?

N.B.—I cannot in the dictionary find the word "Chever." Possibly it is of the English argot—who knows?

But it is enough; the Cricket-match is a game barbarian: you run, you perspire, you are en deshabille. The ball is hard, you drop it and they execrate you; it hurts you and they laugh; you avoid it and are disgraced; you confront it and are crippled for ever. It is a game for the savages; it has no tactic, no calculation, no imagination.

Ma Foi! Regard the Dominoes! Voilà a game en verite!

Who are the people the most polished of all? The French people.

Who are the people the most barbarous of all? The English people.

The French people play Dominoes.

The English people play Cricket-match.

Voilà tout!

Agrecz, Monsieur, etc., etc.,

VIVE LA FRANCE.

The Model Stamp Collection.

I AM quite sure that among the stamp-collecting boys—and old boys—readers of THE CAPTAIN, the majority are as attached to their albums as anyone can possibly be to any hobby. Somehow or other a peculiar fascination attaches to a stamp collection; one never wearies of turning over the pages, counting the number of varieties, or musing upon the possibilities of the future.

Of course you are a general collector, *i.e.*, the scope of your collection is not confined to any single country or groups of countries, although if sufficient knowledge has been acquired to collect along these lines, well and good. But the model collection will be a general one, and I purpose giving some advice regarding the requisite equipment for such a collection; one which at all times can be shown to friends with feelings of satisfaction, and evidence of what can be done with a little extra patience, perseverance, and study.

Now comes a difficult question. Here is a letter:—

DEAR SIR,—Having read the articles in Nos. 1 and 2 of THE CAPTAIN, I have decided to commence a collection of stamps such as you have advised. Will you please tell me which you consider the best album?—Yours sincerely, ——

The model stamp album; which is it? Just as you would consider certain points in the choice of a cricket-bat, tennis-racquet, or bicycle, so the choice of a suitable album must be made in connection with certain advantages which a good stamp album should represent. I strongly incline to advising the purchase of a good one at the start, just such an one which will require a brown paper cover while in use during the school terms. Then as to its inside. The paper must be of good quality, not too thin, not too thick, and the general make should be such as will obviate the very unwelcome appearance of "bulging," which is apparent with many albums when any number of stamps have been mounted on the pages. Attention to these details will put us well on the road to a model collection.

Among the many makes of stamp albums suitable for the general collector—and to-day almost every dealer provides his own special make—the following are picked out after personal observation, and can be relied upon to fulfil the requirements given. The list could no doubt be supplemented if space allowed:—

The Lincoln Stamp Album, cloth gilt, 5s.; the Excelsior Stamp Albums, 3s. 6d. to 10s.; the Strand Stamp Album, 2s. 6d. and upwards; the Imperial Stamp Album, two volumes.

All these are of British manufacture. Several varieties of foreign albums can be obtained in England, probably the most popular being those manufactured by Senf of Leipsic. These have their distinct advantages; the choice between British or foreign manufacture must be individual.

Having disposed of the album question, what about the specimens for mounting therein? We must have no poor copies—none needing the doctor or the bath. Attention to these details will be well repaid. Collectors are sure to come along the path, telling us that we are fastidious in our choice of specimens, that surely a stamp is a stamp, no matter what its condition. Well, we will stick to our resolution, and admit only lightly-cancelled

copies, if used, and copies with full gum and evenly centred if unused. The long and short of it is just this. The idea seems prevalent, among beginners especially, that any old book, a few grubby stamps, and some gummed paper will make a collection. And this is just where so many have failed to grasp the ultimate satisfaction derived from steady and careful collecting upon prescribed lines. Pick your copies, every man jack of them, and before they pass into the album apply close scrutiny to see that they are whole, and especially free from heavy cancellation.

Varieties will turn up by the score—varieties of perforation, paper, design, shade, etc. Good as these are for the advanced collector, I am of opinion the ordinary general collector, and especially the beginner, will do well to eschew them and carry out his collection on simplified lines, which will give some opportunity for completeness. The simplified catalogue is with us, and no doubt the time is not far distant when the simplified album will also be obtainable.

The use of suitable hinges must be attended to and care be taken to employ a similar hinge throughout the album, thus ensuring the even thickness of the book. The hinge should be thin but tough, and preferably manufactured from a grease-proof paper, preference being given to one which can be removed either from the album or the stamp without tearing the paper of either. There are many varieties upon the market; no difficulty should be found in selecting a good hinge at small cost. The size should be taken into consideration, and should cover about seven-eighths of the width of the stamp, and, when folded on the back, extend about half-way down. To apply a hinge, the stamp should first be placed face down, and after the hinge has been folded so as the gummed edge is outside, attach one half to the top of the specimen, and the other to the space in the album, pressing lightly on the face to ensure even contact.

A great deal can be done to beautify the pages of your album by displaying the stamps over the page rather than cramping them all in a row in one corner. Keep stamps of one size together, and as far as possible mount in order of issue, having regard also to similarity of design. Make an effort to be unique in your ideas of arrangement. A little taste will contribute largely to the model collection.

Of course, no stamps will appear with paper on the backs. All specimens must be carefully soaked in water, and be dried upon *blotting* paper, which will leave them flat when dry. Let the water in which they are soaked be slightly warm, otherwise the undissolved gum remaining on the backs of the stamps will cause them to curl, and eventually "crack." This with a rare specimen is a serious matter. Certain stamps printed in aniline colours must on no account be placed in water. The colour, if so treated, will run into the design and spoil the specimen. Among others the current stamps of Great Britain, the Russian and Indian issues are examples. If a fourpenny stamp of our current issue be placed in a tumbler of water the result will soon be apparent.

Fiscal stamps, cut envelopes, or post-cards, the numerous German, Russian, and other local stamps will not appear in our model stamp collection, which is confined to postage stamps, or revenue stamps which have been on sale at a post office, and are permissible for use on letters. The collection of post-cards, envelopes, fiscals, and even local stamps are all interesting branches of our hobby in themselves, but these should not figure in the album.

A good catalogue will be indispensable. Happily these exist in styles and prices to suit all tastes—and pockets. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have lately placed upon the market a simplified catalogue, omitting all minor varieties of perforation, paper, watermark, etc., and giving very clear illustrations of all the varieties of stamps with their values. Issued at the price of 1s. 3d., this book should be specially serviceable to young collectors, who may form their collection direct from the lists given without including complexing varieties. Messrs. Bright & Son publish their A B C catalogue, an admirable one-volume catalogue for more advanced collectors, costing 2s. 6d. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ld., publish their catalogue in four volumes, divided into British Empire (Vol. I.), Foreign Countries (Vol. II.), Local Stamps (Vol. III.), and Envelopes and Post-cards (Vol. IV.). Any of the volumes can be purchased separately, the first and second volumes costing 2s. each.

What am I to say about reprints and forgeries? Neither must figure in the model collection, or, in fact, in any collection. Warning must be repeated against accepting the former as "free gifts" from any source. Our correspondence columns will be available to you for advice on these and kindred points.

A STAMP THAT HAS MOVED THE WORLD.

Every stamp collector should have the Canadian "Xmas" stamp represented in his collection. It can be purchased unused for 2d. We illustrate this stamp herewith. It has roused creation, and has for some time been a topic for criticism, favourable and unfavourable. The motto: "We

hold a vaster empire than has been," is selected from the poem by Sir Lewis Morris, entitled "A Song of the Empire." The stanza containing the motto runs as follows:—

We love not war,
but only peace,
Yet never shall our
England's power
decrease!
Whoever guides our
helm of State,
Let all men know it,
England shall be
great!
We hold a vaster
empire than has
been!
Nigh half the race of man is subject to our Queen!

CANADA "XMAS" STAMP.

The stamp has been printed with the sea in lavender, blue, and blue-green—three distinct varieties, the rarest of which is the first-named colour.

A BIG STAMP TRANSACTION.

The Government of the United States of America has just sold to stamp collectors the remainders of the Newspaper and Periodical stamps, which, on account of their beauty, have been much coveted, but hitherto have not been obtainable, owing to the peculiar methods of use. Fifty thousand complete sets of twelve values were placed on sale, and the entire stock has been absorbed at the nominal sum fixed by the Government, $5 (£1). By the transaction the comfortable sum of £50,000 is scooped up from stamp collectors, who in turn—at least in America—seem well pleased with their bargain. The face value of the set is $187·93, or about £37 12s.

U.S.A. "PERIODICAL" STAMP.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Cuba.—The star-spangled banner now floats over this, the latest addition to the colonial possessions of the United States. A handsome series of postage stamps is being engraved for use in Cuba; meanwhile a temporary issue has been made by surcharging the current U.S.A. adhesives "CUBA," and new values in "cents de peso," the currency of the colony. In providing a 2½c. stamp (surcharged upon the 2c. value) an error was made—the correct overprint should have been "2c. de peso." To remedy this the 2½c. stamp was sold for 2c., and now the error has been rectified by the issue of the 2c. value. This is a set of stamps, which, along with the Porto Rico stamps mentioned below, should figure in every collection. They are in themselves a lesson in history. The values are: 1c., green; 2c., carmine; 2½c., carmine; 3c., violet; 5c., blue; 10c., brown; all overprinted in black.

CUBA.

India.—It is some time since India received any addition to the current set of stamps, and now the accompanying pretty design has been added, bearing an up-to-date portrait of our Queen. The colour is carmine.

INDIA.

Japan.—The "Great Sun Source Country" is being supplied with a new series of stamps in the design illustrated. We cannot remark any great beauty in the stamps, except it be in workmanship, the engraving being finely executed. The "chrysanthemum" device occupying the centre of the design appears on all the issues of Japanese stamps with the exception of the first and second. It is a part of the Mikado's "arms." The values at present issued are: 5 rin, grey; 1 sen, salmon; 2 sen, green; 3 sen, marone; 4 sen, rose; 10 sen, blue.

JAPAN.

Newfoundland.—Of course you have the accompanying stamp in your album! While at home we are languishing for something a little more representative of the "vaster Empire" than the present designs of our postage stamps, Newfoundland is issuing a series bearing portraits of the Royal Family. Little Prince Edward of York figures on the ½c. value, our Queen on the 1c., the Prince of Wales on the 2c., and the Princess of Wales on the 3c. We are expecting another new picture to hang in the gallery—a portrait of the Duchess of York.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

Malta.—A picturesque series of four new values has been added to the Maltese stamps. The accompanying cut illustrates the design of the 4½d. value, but there are 5d., 2s. 6d. and 10s.

denominations. Colours: 4½d., olive brown; 5d., vermilion; 2s. 6d., sage green; and 10s. (an extraordinary postage stamp with a representation of the shipwreck of St. Paul on the Island of Melita), deep blue.

MALTA.

Porto Rico.—The surcharge applied to the U.S.A. adhesives for use in this new colony is placed diagonally, without any new currency expressed (see under "Cuba"). The values are: 1c., green; 2c., carmine; 5c., blue; and 10c., brown.

Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., of Ipswich.

OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

Each month we shall supply, at cost price, a packet of new issues, containing as many as possible of the varieties described in our "New Issues" list. The packet will be sold at the fixed price of 2s. 6d., and will contain used and unused stamps which have been selected for the purpose, with the interests of CAPTAIN readers in view. The July packet contains twenty-two distinct varieties, including Canada "Xmas" stamp, Cuba on U.S.A., 1c. and 2c.; Porto Rico on U.S.A., 1c. and 2c.; Newfoundland, ½c. (Prince Edward of York), 1c. (Queen); Tunis, 5c., yellow-green; British Guiana (provisional issue "two cents." surcharged on 10c.); San Marino (new design); U.S.A. (picture of the *Maine* battleship), etc., etc.

PORTO RICO.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Donovan asks the value of a genuine Jerusalem stamp. There are no separate stamps for Jerusalem, but the various European powers have post offices in the Levant using stamps of current issue overprinted in "paras" and "piastres." This is the stamp Donovan speaks of; the value is small, say one penny.

Perforation.—(1) We think not. The scope of a collection at its commencement must be decided by the collector for himself. Personally we advocate for the beginner a general collection on simplified lines, *i.e.*, disregarding varieties of paper, perforation, etc. (2) From any of our advertisers, but you would do well to purchase a really good packet for the start, say one of a thousand varieties, which you should be able to purchase for about 15s. to £1.

F. Logan.—We shall at all times be open to give disinterested advice on all stamp matters. Stamps can be sent for opinion, but return postage must always be sent.

Methodical is much struck by our advice regarding "Method in Stamp Collecting," and although he has collected for years has never thought so much could be made of the hobby. This is frank confession, and we trust that in a short time "Methodical" will learn yet more of the inner life of stamp collecting. We shall always be pleased to hear from you.

J. W. Chapman.—There are philatelic papers in abundance. Among the leading British magazines are the *London Philatelist*, organ of the London Philatelic Society, 6s. per annum; the *Monthly Journal* (Stanley Gibbons, Limited), 2s. per annum; the *Philatelic Journal of Great Britain* (W. Brown, Salisbury), 2s. 6d. per annum; the *Philatelic Record* (Buhl & Co., London), 5s. per annum. All published monthly.

Inquirer.—Your stamp is the first penny British stamp, value 3d., but not the V.R. The V.R. is worth from £8 to £11.

"YOU SAY I'M A JEALOUS MAN? NO—LET HER HAVE HIM and HIS CIGARETTE. POOH! WHAT CARE I FOR SUCH A PICKLE CREATURE? MATILDA ANNE—I SCORN YOU!"

PARFITT'S PLUNGE

By Charles Lavell

Illustrated by H. S. Greig.

"*Mean old hunks!*"

Parfitt minor, of Bryanston Square, and St. Jude's College, Hampshire, gazed after the retreating tail light of the Slowminster Express, as it glided rapidly out of Waterloo Station with feelings of disappointment, vexation, and disgust. In a few moments the train had disappeared into the gloom of a January afternoon, and, wrathfully crushing something in his right hand, with a dejected air Phil swung round on his heel, and paced slowly back along the platform towards the exit.

And the cause of his annoyance?

Imagine, reader, that you have for a week been escorting a holidaying uncle, rich as to means, and reputedly generous to a fault, half over the metropolis, wherever his fancy listeth; wasting, so to speak, the precious hours of youth, and your time for six whole days of your vacation.

"BUY A BOX O' LIGHTS, SIR?"

Then, when you finally escort the old gentleman to the station to see him off, in place of the crown, or even half-a-sovereign, which your delighted fancy has been conjuring with for the past six days, which you have in imagination spent over and over again, he places in your hand a little doubled-up piece of paper, containing doubtless some highly moral precepts for your future guidance on returning to school-life.

Phil hesitated for a moment as to whether he should pitch the now utterly crushed and crumpled fragment of paper on to the metals; then, with a stifled sigh of regret, he decided to examine it before doing so, and commenced to straighten out his uncle's parting gift.

What—why—how? To his amazement, the crumpled mass began to crackle, it shaped itself under his agitated fingers into—no—yes, yes—a

beautiful, crisp, new £5 note! He tottered through the gates and turned his airy, fairy footsteps in the direction of his father's house. What an old *brick* Uncle John was! What should he buy with it? Should he have a cab home? The foregoing, and a thousand similar thoughts filled his delighted brain as he paced over Waterloo Bridge, and turned his nose down the Strand.

"Let me see! I'll ask Smithson and Bates, and Jephson and—er—may as well include Forgate, and we'll have a grand spread. I'll make their eyes shine, the beggars!"

"Buy a box o' lights, sir?"

He turned. At his elbow a match-seller whiningly held out his wares. Parfitt discovered that his wealth had given him a new dignity.

"Certainly, my good man. Here's a shil——" he paused with confusion, for with the exception of his uncle's gift he hadn't a solitary penny on his person. With blushing mien, he thrust the box of matches back into the grimy paw, and fled, followed by the noisy abuse of the disappointed vendor.

It was fully ten minutes before he regained his composure. He avoided street hawkers with a wholesome dread, and kept a wary hand upon his wealth. Arrived at home, he picked up a newspaper.

"Think I'll invite all the fellows to the Exhibition after the spread," he murmured to himself as his roving eye skipped down an advertisement of the attractions therein advertised:—

"THE GRAND KALOOKI GOLD MINING CO., LTD.," NEXT CAUGHT HIS EYE.

"THE GRAND KALOOKI GOLD MINING CO., LTD.

"*Capital £200,000, divided into 200,000 shares of £1 each.*"

next caught his eye.

Phil scanned the particulars of this advertisement with an uninterested eye, but as he read on, an idea began to formulate itself in his head, and presently he threw down the paper with an "*I'll do it!*"

His eyes gleamed with a strange, feverish light. What desperate act was he contemplating?

Taking a pen, in a few moments Phil had made application for five shares of £1 each in the Grand Kalooki Gold Mining Co., Ltd., cut the form of application from the newspaper, enclosed it, together with his uncle's gift, in full payment of application, allotment fees, and calls to the bankers of the company, and in a few minutes the momentous document lay reposing in the nearest pillar-box.

Now that it was too late to draw back, Phil began to feel hot. What would the governor say? On reflection, Parfitt began to feel sorry. Suppose the company "busted." He already looked upon it, himself, and his new banknote as a trio of "gone coons." Metaphorically he kicked himself for being such a hasty, not to say consummate ass. "Mustn't let the governor know—awful row if he knew! Can't give that 'spread' now. What an *ass* I am!" he muttered to himself as he savagely thrust the mutilated newspaper out of sight. The dinner bell rang.

* * * *

Over the events of the next few days it will be as well to draw a veil. Phil's sufferings from a mental point of view were acute. He had continually to be on the alert whenever the postman called, in case some incriminating document should fall into hands other than his own, and one fine morning a letter arrived from the secretary of the company in which he was interested. It disclosed the fact that Philip Parfitt, Esq., Gentleman, of —— etc. etc., was the holder of five fully paid up shares in the Grand Kalooki Gold Mining Co., Ltd. The proprietor of public stock failed to find any cause for self-congratulation in the fact. Even to his inexperienced mind it was plain that he could not hope to conceal the state of affairs for long, and he perspired miserably in anticipation of the "row" when Dr. Parfitt found out his son's rash deed.

"You don't look well, Phil! Anything wrong?" asked Dr. Parfitt the following morning, preparatory to leaving the house on his rounds.

"No, dad. I'm all right," replied that young gentleman with a guilty blush, as he rose from an almost untasted breakfast, much to Mrs. Parfitt's alarm.

"I'm afraid the dear boy is studying too much," she observed to her husband, after their son's hasty departure from the room.

"Not he," Dr. Parfitt laughed. "The sooner he is studying again the better, is my opinion."

* * * * *

Phil strolled into Hyde Park, and spent an hour in, for him, deep thought. His holding in Grand Kalookis was beginning to worry him considerably,

and with a gesture of repugnance he opened the newspaper he had brought with him, and turned to the money market report.

A cablegram from Kalooki, S.A.R., caught his eye, and, with a fast-beating heart, he read a cursory statement from the mines owned by *his* company to the effect that a rich vein of metal had been struck from which great things were expected. As he read, he conceived a hope of getting out of the concern without losing his money. With Phil, to think was to act, and he hastily turned homewards in order to carry out a plan he had thought of.

That afternoon he had taken one more step in his career of *crime*. The following morning, after a night of unrest, he found a letter awaiting him from the brokers of the Grand Kalooki Gold Mining Co., Ltd.

"YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, PHIL ANYTHING WRONG?"

"*Dear sir,*" it ran. "*Your communication to hand. In reply, we have much pleasure in informing you that the shares you authorised us to sell have risen in a most remarkable manner, and we hold, at your further instructions, a cheque for £63 5s. (less our commission) which we shall be happy to remit to you on receipt of instructions.*

"*Should you desire, however, to re-invest, we enclose prospectus of another company, of which we have great expectations, and would confidently recommend the investment to your notice. Thanking you in anticipation, we are,*

"*Yours faithfully,*

"*Brunton, McCullough & Massey.*"

Phil read the foregoing with delight and amazement—£63 5s. Here was interest for a paltry fiver! Over £50 profit by a single *coup!* It was magnificent—nay, it was stupendous! Should he have the cheque, or re-invest, as recommended by the brokers? To Phil's youthful mind, such an operation as he had just speculated on was the simplest thing in the world. He gazed upon his surroundings through golden spectacles. His path seemed carpeted with bright, gleaming sovereigns. That make of bicycle should now be his! What a brick Uncle John was! What bricks his brokers were!

Everyone was a brick, and Phil laughed with joy. Now he could tell the governor, give a bigger spread than ever to all the fellows, and make everyone happy and comfortable for ever! But, hang it all, £60 wouldn't do all that.

Not a bad idea to re-invest the money. It might realise hundreds. Who could tell? Better not let anyone know after all. Wait until the proceeds of his next venture were realised.

Thus soliloquising, Phil penned an important missive to the brokers, instructing them to re-invest the whole of the sum at their disposal, at their discretion in the *Popocatapetl Copper and Silver Mining Corporation, Ltd.*

Phil's second step on the downward ladder of deceit was taken. He could not withdraw. The studies which his fond mater imagined him to be overworking himself with were now absolutely dropped, and he spent the days in speculating upon his coming wealth, formulating gilt-edged plans for the future, and *moping*.

The latter phase of his thoughts produced in him a rather unnatural pallor which all the strolling he indulged in failed to dispel.

He scanned the newspapers with feverish anxiety to learn something of his new speculation, but in vain.

His holidays were fast drawing to a close, and Phil began to experience an undefined dread of money market columns, and Stock Exchange quotations in particular.

One morning he found a letter awaiting him. He opened it, and read:—

"*The Popocatapetl, etc., etc.*

"*Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that in consequence of the embezzlement by two trusted officials of the company of large sums, it has been decided to wind the concern up. On examination of the books of the company, I find that there is a balance of 10s. per share outstanding on your shares, and I must request the favour of your cheque for £30 on account of same, per return of post.*

"*Yours faithfully,*

"*Jas. Quirk.*

"*Official Receiver for the Popocatapetl, etc., etc.*"

How Parfitt got out of the breakfast room he never knew, but presently he found himself wandering, dazed and scared, down Oxford Street.

He fully grasped the import of the letter he had just read, as fully as he realised the fact that he had as much chance of paying the £30 demanded as he had of pulling the Bank of England up by the roots.

Unable as he was to weigh all the pros and cons of the situation, he was quite aware that the money must come from somewhere in order to prevent legal proceedings, and at the thought of Dr. Parfitt's anger his heart sank. What should he do?

"HULLO, PHIL, MY BOY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, EH?"

Now he could see what an idiot he had been. Instead of stopping when he had £60 to his credit, his greed for wealth had led him on to ruin, for he had no doubt that his father would refuse to do anything for him.

What should he do? He had reached Oxford Circus, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, stood gazing dejectedly upon the bustling throng which poured past him.

"Hullo, Phil, my boy! What's the matter with you, eh?"

Parfitt turned a startled gaze upon the comfortable-looking, jolly-faced old gentleman who had accosted him.

"*Uncle John!*" he gasped incredulously, as he shook hands with his generous relative.

"I never expected to see *you*, uncle!" he cried.

"No, my boy! I'm surprised to be here myself, to tell the truth. Just had a letter from my brokers to say that a company I'm in has gone smash. Cost me a thousand pounds, I expect, before I'm done with it. Confound it!" and he actually laughed a hearty rollicking laugh over his loss.

The mention of the ominous word "smash" brought a flood of recollections into Parfitt's mind, and revived all his misery afresh.

"What was the name of the company, uncle?" he queried.

"Why, the Popper Copper Kettle something. Lot of swindling rogues!"

"The Popocatapetl, was it?" inquired Phil with amazement.

"That's it, Phil! d'ye know anything about 'em?" asked Uncle John, as he dexterously shoved the embryo speculator into a hansom cab he had signalled.

"Eighty-seven, Gracechurch Street, cabby!" he cried, and then, springing into the vehicle, he said to his astounded nephew, "What do you know about the Popper Copper Kettle, eh?"

For answer, his nephew pulled out the letter which had caused him such anxiety and anguish, and the old gentleman devoured its contents whilst the unhappy culprit maintained a dead silence.

"Why, you young vagabond!" he roared at length, in tones that brought the horse to a temporary halt, while the driver glared down the trap to see if murder was being contemplated. Concerning the remainder of the old gentleman's remarks we will be silent. Suffice it to say that Phil never in all his life spent such an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and, on arrival at Gracechurch Street, where the brokers' offices were situated, he spent another half-hour in the cab, waiting while his uncle transacted the business which had brought him to town. There is every reason to believe that whilst Parfitt was undergoing all this torture in the cab, certain members of the firm of Brunton, McCullough & Massey, passed an equally uncomfortable half-hour with his outspoken uncle.

However, all things come to an end at last, and when, that evening, in the privacy of Dr. Parfitt's study, Uncle John informed his nephew that his liability, so far as the Popocatapetl Copper Co., Ltd., was concerned, was at an end, and that the matter would go no farther than himself, our youthful gambler was moved to a fit of penitence which to this day exerts a good influence over him.

The sight of a company prospectus, however, will doubtless, as long as he lives, bring back to Parfitt's mind the memories of certain phases of his "Plunge."

Some Unwritten Harrow Laws.

By a Harrow Boy.

I think it will probably interest some of the readers of The Captain to hear a few of the more curious rules laid down by Harrow boys, and more punctiliously enforced and kept, I am afraid, than many instituted by the head master himself. First of all, it must be clearly understood that there are two distinct classes of Harrovians, *i.e.*, those who have been in the school three years, and those who have not. I may here remark that all who have got their cricket caps, or football "fezzes," for their house elevens are exempt from these rules altogether, however long they have been in the school. A "three-yearer" may generally be recognised by his stand-up collar and his tie-pin, articles of dress which an unfavoured "two-yearer" may look and long for—but no more. Amongst other "sidy" articles may be mentioned the bow-tie, the double-breasted, or coloured waistcoat, silk facings to the coats, and patent leather boots.

Amongst the most traditional and inexplicable "side" rules existing at Harrow School, the following, I think, would strike an outsider as the most curious. Firstly, it is the exclusive privilege of "three-yearers" to walk in the road, or to carry folded umbrellas. If a new and inexperienced Harrovian were to transgress the former of these two laws, he would immediately be greeted by cries of "street-sider" from the windows of the neighbouring school-houses, and would be made to retire in confusion to the pavement. Secondly, only Harrovians who have seen their third summer at the school may open their blue cricket coat, familiarly known as the "blue-er," when they wear it on half-holiday afternoons. Thirdly, it is considered "side" for a "non-three-yearer" to enter another boy's house, except on special business in the master's study.

Of course, there are several other minor rules which I will not attempt to set down, for I think they are common to every public school, but these are the most curious unwritten laws of Harrow, and, I think, peculiar to that school.

And, lastly, a word as to "side." A "sidy chap" is universally detested, and every chance is seized to "take him down a peg." By a "sidy chap" I mean one who "sides," but has no right to do so, being neither a "three-yearer," nor a "cap," or "fez." But when a boy blossoms out into "chokers" and tie-pins by virtue of having been at Harrow for three years, or athletic excellence, it is no longer considered "side," but as his due. Lastly, if a boy change his school-house before he becomes a "three-yearer," he has to begin his three years all over again, starting from the time he enters the new house.

THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

Simple Photography for School-boys.

By "Medallist."

Photographic cameras, many and various, are now to be obtained, and at prices to suit all boys' pockets; so a proper knowledge of their use will be found to be both enjoyable and never to be regretted. For in school life the camera can be made to play many parts. It can take notes which in after life will serve as mementoes of happy days, such as pictures of the school buildings, pleasant places found either walking or cycling, favourite haunts, collections of birds, etc., and portraits of one's chums may be registered; and, as the photographer becomes more experienced, shots can be made of exciting episodes in "footer," and other games. Those desirous of earning the thanks of posterity can record, by means of photography, old buildings, ancient landmarks, and like subjects, and present copies for preservation to the National Photographic Record Association; others, who crave for fame, can compete in some of the many photographic competitions, and, perhaps, eventually exhibit their work on the walls of the Royal Photographic Society, or of the Photographic Salon.

OVER EXPOSURE (a).

The first difficulty confronting the would-be photographer is the best camera and apparatus to buy. Unfortunately, the low priced cameras are chiefly made for hand use only—that is, the camera is held in the hand for exposure — hence, only brief exposures can be given; and, as this is one of the most difficult branches in photography, it is not to be advised as a commencement; still, if the available sum is not large enough to purchase a stand camera, then some support must be contrived, such as a chair or form, for the hand camera—at any rate, in making the first few exposures.

Of course, it is in the power of comparatively few boys to purchase an expensive camera, but you can get a lot of fun out of a "cheap one," even if it doesn't yield you very excellent pictures. A cheap camera yields very comical results, as a rule.

To commence, if the length of the pocket is limited, then for from 6s. to 10s. can be obtained, from one of the firms whose announcements you will find in our advertisement pages, a hand camera and the necessary accessories; and, though these are good value for the money, it must not be expected they will be as useful as apparatus costing more; if the latter can be afforded, the same firms will supply you with them.

Most dealers supply a stand camera and all the needful materials for producing a finished print for one guinea. The better plan, funds permitting, is to purchase a camera, lens, stand, and plate-holder, apart from the other requisites; in this way a most serviceable outfit can be obtained for about 30s. At one guinea many cameras can be chosen, but on no account should one only adapted for hand use be bought. What is required is a camera that can be used on a stand all the year round, and for all sorts of subjects, and not liable to get out of order. Having obtained these the next articles required are one dozen sensitive quarter-plates of ordinary rapidity, focussing cloth, ruby lamp, three developing dishes (enamelled metal), two glass measures, developer in two solutions, one pound of hyposulphite of soda, printing frame, print-out paper, one large and one small porcelain toning dish, combined toning and fixing solution, and a pair of ebonite forceps for use when toning; these,

made out and separately priced from a dealer's list, can be purchased for 10s., or perhaps less, from some of the large stores.

Truly a long list, the beginner will say; but it is absolutely necessary, unless you desire to become simply "a button-presser," and show off as your own work that which has been developed and printed by others. And it is actually these processes which render photography one of the most interesting of hobbies, for there is nothing more exciting—not even a hard, low drive at cricket, or a finely-kicked goal—than to watch the image slowly and evenly appearing on the sensitive plate during development. Perhaps here it is wise to briefly explain what is meant by a sensitive plate, exposure, and development. A photograph is formed by the action of light upon a certain silver salt, which is held in suspension in a thin film of gelatine, spread upon a glass or celluloid plate, and hence called the sensitive plate. When the light is allowed to act it causes a change to take place in the silver salt, which change is invisible till treated by certain other chemicals; this is called development, and admitting the light to the plate, the exposure. The result of development is a negative—that is, the light parts of the image come out black, and the other parts less and less black, till the shadows or darkest parts are nearly transparent. From the negative a positive is obtained by printing; this is managed by placing in contact with the negative a piece of paper, which has also been rendered sensitive to the action of light by coating with another silver salt, and exposing both to light. The formation of the negative image on a sensitive plate by light only takes from a very brief part of a second up to two or three hours, but that of the positive print may take from twenty minutes to some days.

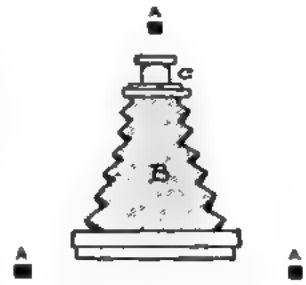


DIAGRAM 1.

Having obtained the outfit, you are anxious to commence operations. First, it must be noted, the following descriptions apply to stand camera work to start with. To begin methodically is the best plan; so take out the camera, lens, plate-holder or dark-slide, and stand or tripod, and examine them carefully. Try and understand the uses of the different articles; practise setting up the camera, which is done as follows: Open out and fix the legs of the tripod, then attach them to the top, and spread them out; take the camera, open it, and as the method varies according to the make of camera it must be found out by the owner; then place the camera on the tripod top, the screw hole in the base board over that in the top, and pass the thumb-screw through both, screwing just tight enough to prevent the camera moving; now fit the lens (if not already fixed to the front of the camera) into its flange; the quickest plan is to screw the reverse way at first, till a small click is felt, then turn in the right direction, and no trouble will be found in inducing the threads to grip properly; now slacken the screw slightly, and rotate the camera so that the lens is over one tripod leg (diagram 1); then tighten. By always setting the camera up in this manner it will be found much easier to focus, and to move the camera about when selecting the right amount of subject to include in the photograph.

By focussing is meant the act of causing the image of the object it is desired to photograph to become sharp, or well defined, upon the ground glass or focussing screen, at the back of the camera; it is effected by covering the camera with a focussing cloth, leaving the lens out, and pointing towards the object; then, removing the little cap, or cover, from the lens, and putting the head beneath the cloth, and keeping the eyes about ten inches away from the ground glass, on gently turning the screw, or other means which moves the front—and therefore the lens farther from or closer to the ground glass—at a certain point the image will be seen to be beautifully sharp and brilliant, though reversed and upside down; now carefully replace the lens cap, take off the focussing cloth, and turn back the ground glass, place the plate-holder in position, without moving the camera, and cover the whole with the focussing cloth as before; then pull out the shutter of the plate-holder which faces the lens, taking great care whilst so doing not to shift the camera, nor to withdraw the plate-holder itself. Lift the lens cap upwards, and quickly count five (this is about equal to one second); replace the cap, push in the shutter; if the plate-holder is a double one—that is, takes two plates, one on each side—reverse it, and proceed as before. Go through these motions of setting up the camera, etc., several times, and when they can be managed without any difficulty it will be time enough to attempt a photograph.

Let us first make up the necessary solutions, and see that the room or place in which the development is to be done is ready. The developer will be found ready mixed in two solutions, but most likely it is concentrated; however, directions how to use it will be found on the bottles. The fixing

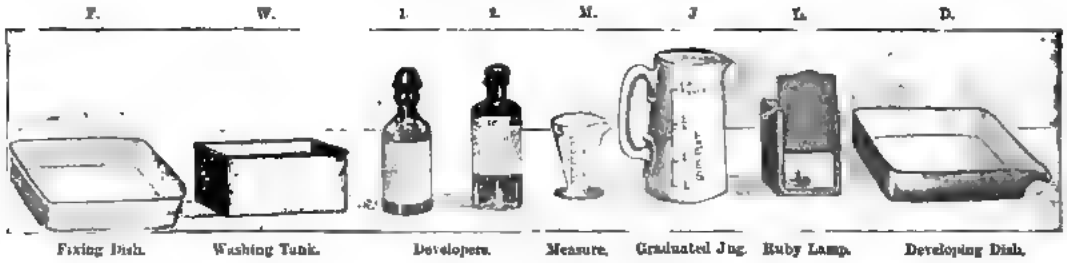


DIAGRAM 2.

solution must be made, and this is accomplished by taking the pound of hyposulphite of soda—or, for short, hypo.—putting it into a clean, empty wine bottle, and filling up with boiling or very hot water. If the crystals are too large to go into the bottle they can be broken up, if a pestle and mortar is not handy, by wrapping them in three or four thicknesses of brown paper, and then hitting the parcel hard till it is felt they are in small pieces; then, having removed the hypo., throw away or burn the paper. Here a word of caution. Hypo., in the right place, is innocent of wrong-doing, but permit one small crystal, or one drop of the solution, to become mixed with your other chemicals, or in the wrong dish, or where it has no business to be, and it can do untold mischief. So whenever making up the solution be careful to do so with no other chemicals, etc., about, and keep one special dish and one bottle for it, the latter well corked, and labelled in big letters: "Hypo. conc. sol."

A dark room is now required—that is, some place or room so contrived that every little streak of ordinary light is blocked out. In it is wanted a convenient shelf or table on which the development can be done; on this table put the ruby lamp, box of plates, and double plate-holder and focussing cloth. Here comes the first trouble. Shut the door and wait a minute. Now see if any stray light-rays creep in through cracks unnoticed before; if so, the cracks must be covered up until the room is actually pitch-dark; strike a match and light the ruby lamp, pause for a moment till the eyes become accustomed to the light, then unwrap the box of plates, open the plate-holder, take out a plate and look at it quickly—note one side is dull, this is the film side, and care must be taken not to put the fingers on it; place the plate film side next to the shutter, then another plate in the other half of the plate-holder, close it, and wrap up in the focussing cloth. Do up the box of plates, and now the door can be opened, and the lamp put out. Another word of caution: The operation of filling or charging the plate-holder must be effected as quickly as possible, for even red light-rays have some action on the sensitive plates if allowed to act too long.

The plate-holder being charged; before an exposure is made in the camera it will be wise first to arrange the dark room for developing, and the diagram (No. 2) will explain better than a printed description; in addition, in the large measure mix your developer, in dish W put some clean water, and some fixing solution in dish F, made up of hypo. conc. sol., 1oz. added to 2ozs. of water; on the right hand of the table, on the floor, have a bucket to receive the used solutions and washing waters. It will be also advantageous to make a plate-lifter out of a piece of wood, half an inch or less wide, and about the length of a wooden match, and bevel off one end like a chisel. These arrangements being made, take the dark slide, wrapped in the focussing cloth, to your camera, and go through the procedure you have already practised, but instead of pushing the shutter in all the way, only do so for a quarter of the distance; then expose for another second, again close for another quarter, and expose as before; finally, expose the last portion, and the plate will have had four different exposures.

Withdraw the plate-holder, and wrap it up in the focussing cloth; take it into the dark room, light the lamp, and see everything you will want is at hand; now shut the door. Remove the focussing cloth, take out the plate which has just been exposed, and be sure it is the right one; close the plate-holder, put the exposed plate into dish D, quickly pour over it the developer, and gently rock the dish to cover the whole plate evenly, being careful not to expose it too much to the red light; very soon one quarter of it will blacken quickly, then another, with perhaps some distinction between the sky and other parts; the next portion will now appear, the other two meanwhile becoming darker and darker, and all difference between the various parts lost. Finally, the image in the first quarter, which received the shortest exposure, begins slowly to show itself. Whilst it comes out the

third one to appear is gradually gaining strength, as it is called, and nearly the whole of the image can be seen. Now gently pass the plate-lifter under one edge of the plate, raise it, and with a thumb at the edge at one end and finger at the other, hold the plate up and look through it at the light for a brief moment, or at the back or shining side. When you look through, the first two quarters which developed are seen to be quite black; the third shows quite black in the sky, but nicely graduated in detail to the shadows, and at the back all the detail just shows. The last quarter shows the sky, and not much else when viewed from the back. Replace the plate in the developer, pour off the latter, and substitute clean water; then remove the plate to W, rock it several times, and change the water twice or thrice, then place the plate in F, leave it in here for ten minutes. Now the door can be opened; for, if a small room or cupboard is being used, it will have become rather stuffy. After ten minutes in F, on looking at the back of the plate, all the creamy appearance will have disappeared; but, to be safe, put it into F for another five minutes. During this five minutes a brief description of the meaning of fixation will help you to understand why it has to be done. When the light passing through the lens reached the plate it only acted on certain parts of the sensitive film on the plate, so that those portions unacted on were not changed; the developer had no effect on these either, therefore it is necessary to get rid of them, or they would darken evenly all over when exposed to the light again. The hypo. dissolves them out of the film, and thus the light has no action when the negative is brought into contact with white light. After the negative has been in F for 15mins. take it out, and, if possible, give it a wash under a tap, noting that as the gelatine is soft, care is taken not to injure the film. If no tap is handy, put it into W, and change the water several times.

NORMAL EXPOSURE (*b*).

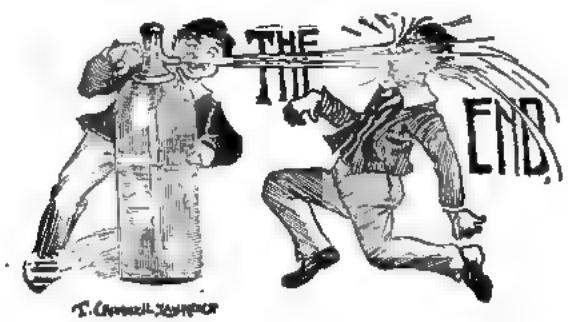
Examining this negative, what do you see? Remember that it is a negative—that is, the lightest parts of the subject photographed appear black, and so on till the shadows are reached, when they look almost transparent. Supposing the four quarters are called 4, 3, 2, 1. No. 4, which had the longest exposure, is very thin; that is, there is no contrast between the sky and the shadows. It is full of detail, but looks quite flat, no part being stronger than another. No. 3 is not quite so bad as No. 4 (*vide* A), but is not nearly as good as No. 2. Here the sky is nice and dense, the lightest parts of the image not quite so dense as the sky, and the shadows have plenty of detail showing (*vide* B), and No. 1, which had the shortest exposure, looks brighter and cleaner and more sparkling than No. 2. But note, the shadows are represented by clear glass. The result here would be a chalky print (*vide* C). These examples are positives, or prints, so that this must be remembered in reading the paragraph just printed. This shows us that Nos. 3 and 4 were over-exposed—that is, the exposure was too long—No. 4 being the worst; that No. 2 was the correct exposure; and that No. 1 was not long enough. Hence, by the expenditure of one plate, an experiment has been made and four lessons

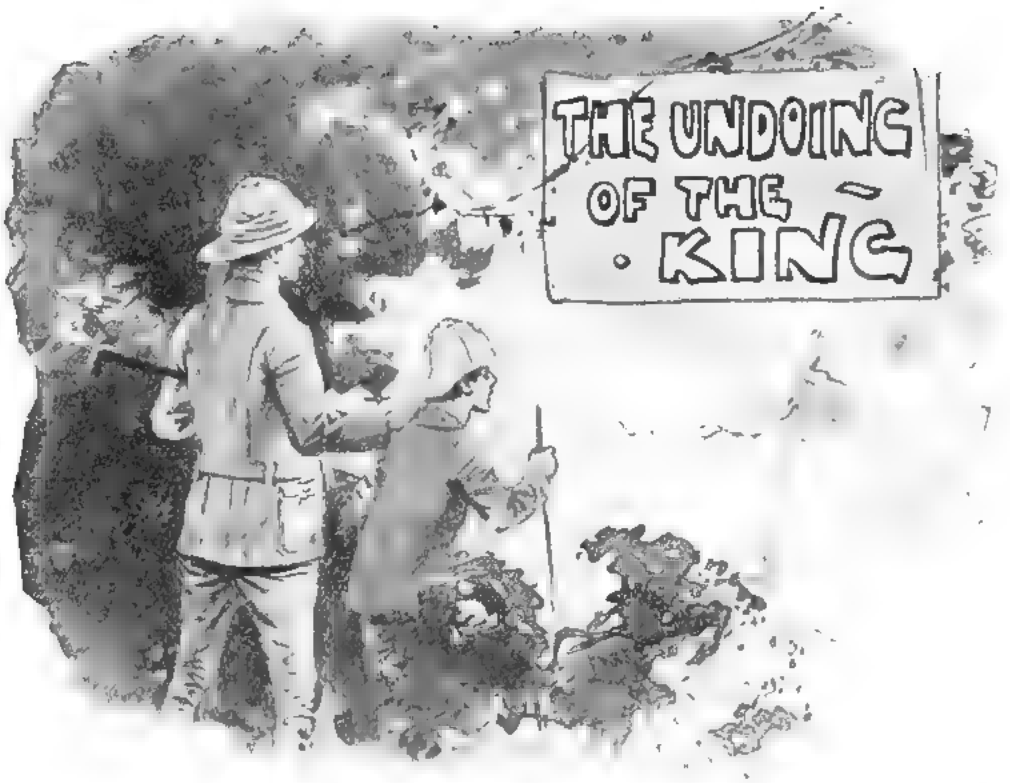
UNDER EXPOSURE (*c*).

learnt. There is still a plate left in the plate-holder, so if the light is good, and there is enough time, you can go out and expose this plate on the same subject, but not in parts, giving, say, 2½secs. exposure to the whole plate, the extra ½sec. to allow for the later time, for the later or earlier in the day the longer the exposure—that is, if at 12 o'clock noon the exposure should be 1sec.; at, say, 10 a.m. or 2 p.m., it must be increased to 1½secs.; and at 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. the proportion must be still further increased to 3secs. or 4secs.

Supposing this second plate produces a successful negative, naturally you wish to have finished prints to show. These can be made without the use of a dark room. Take the printing frame, release the springs, and remove the back; place the negative, which must be perfectly dry, in the frame, with the glass side against the rebates, and having opened the packet of P.O. Paper in a part of the room away from the window, take out a piece of the sensitive paper; note also this is shiny on one side—this is the sensitive surface; place this next the film, and then a piece of clean notepaper, replace the back and fasten the springs. Then put the frame on the window-sill, exposed to the light from the sky, but so arranged that the sun does not shine directly on it; in about five or ten minutes take the frame into the room, release one of the springs, and whilst doing so be careful not to allow the negative to shift in the frame, and turn back half the back, and with it the P.O. Paper; examine the image thereon; probably some of the details in the more transparent parts of the negative are beginning to show, replace again with care, and allow the printing to continue till the image in these transparent parts has become very dark; by this time all the detail of the high lights should be distinctly printed. The print is not yet finished, the image at present is only in silver; and also the silver which has been unacted on by the light must be removed. Hence the print has to be toned and fixed. By toning is meant the formation of a deposit of gold on the silver image, and fixing is the same as has been described in the case of negatives. These operations, for the sake of simplicity, can be combined in one, but the results are not so permanent as if the solutions are used separately.

Having made, say, half to a dozen prints, put them face down into the larger porcelain dish, which has been filled with water to the depth of an inch, and turn them over with the toning forceps, then back again. Note—the water becomes very milky; pour it off, and fill up again with clean water. In the smaller dish place some of the combined toning and fixing bath, according to the instructions on the bottle; take a print out of the washing water and put it face down in the toning bath, and see no air balls are caught between the print and water; to prevent this, it is best to slide the print in, then another print, and so on, till all are in. Now remove the bottom print with the forceps, and put it on the top of the others. Do this till all have been turned over. They must be left in, being continually removed from bottom to top, for 15mins. to 20mins., then placed in some clean water in the larger dish, and this water changed at least a dozen times, the prints being kept face down, and moved about with the forceps. When the prints are first put into the toning bath, they change colour, but gradually assume a nice purple-brown tone. As the gelatine becomes very soft, and the paper tender, in the various processes, care should be taken to do all the manipulations gently. After the final washing remove the prints, and leave them to dry, face upwards, on a clean towel, or unused blotting-paper, and, when dry, you will have, it is to be hoped, a photograph worth sending home.





By J. Macdonald Oxley.

"Hullo! what's that? What a strange whistle! Did you hear it, father?"

Colonel Montague and his son Ernest, a sturdy boy of fifteen, were walking briskly along a broad jungle path, the boy's tongue outdoing his legs in rapidity of motion, for India was still to him a land of mystery and marvel.

The colonel halted instantly, and bent a listening ear in the direction indicated by Ernest.

For a moment no other than the ordinary sounds of the jungle were audible. Then there came cutting through them, as distinct and clear as though they had not stirred the air at all, a strange, shrill whistle, resembling nothing the veteran soldier had ever heard before.

It had a sharp, penetrating quality that attracted, while it gave no clue to the creature then calling, and there was a compelling influence in the summons which laid hold on even the iron-nerved warrior.

"I can't imagine what it is, Ernie," he said, with an effort to conceal a certain tremor in his voice. "You stay here a minute, and I'll reconnoitre a bit."

"Oh, no, father, I can't stay here," responded Ernest. "If you go, I'll go too."

Colonel Montague hesitated. The sun was well in the west, and they really had no time to lose if they would get clear of the jungle before nightfall, when every step would become fraught with danger.

Prudence told him they should hurry on without paying heed to the mysterious whistle, but then his curiosity had been roused to an unusual degree, and, moreover, there was something in the sound that seemed to overbear the promptings of discretion.

"Come along, then, Ernie," he said, after an instant's indecision. "It may be only some new kind of bird, but I confess I am very curious to know."

Guided by the whistle, which sounded forth at short intervals, and proceeding very warily, they presently reached the edge of a glade which was warmly illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun.

Keeping well hidden by the dense foliage, they looked eagerly into the open space in front.

So extraordinary was the sight which met their gaze that, quite intuitively, the colonel drew back, and clapped his hand over Ernie's mouth to suppress the exclamation he well knew would be forthcoming.

This was what they saw.

In the centre of the clearing lay a large stone, with a smooth, flat top, and upon the stone, which indeed seemed a fitting throne, there appeared the most splendid and terrible-looking serpent Colonel Montague had ever beheld, although he had spent a quarter of a century in India.

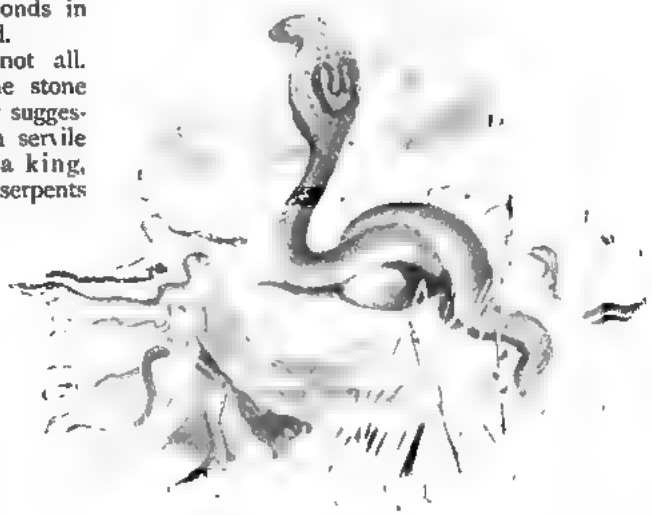
The creature was fully 12ft. in length, and of corresponding thickness, an inflated neck adding greatly to its imposing aspect.

Its skin was of an olive-green hue, with white and black markings of remarkable brilliancy, and its eyes were of unusual size, flashing like big diamonds in the monster's head.

But this was not all. Gathered about the stone in a way startlingly suggestive of courtiers in servile attendance upon a king, were coiled other serpents by the score.

They had evidently come in response to the whistle, and were now awaiting the royal behest.

As if not satisfied with the muster, the regal reptile repeated its authoritative whistle, and a keen eye could perceive fresh recruits gliding out of the jungle, and creeping with manifest reluctance towards the stone.



MOST SPLENDID AND TERRIBLE-LOOKING SERPENT.

"It's the *serpentivore!* The king of serpents!" whispered Colonel Montague. "I've often heard of it, but never saw it before. Our lives are in peril here."

Yet, although he said this and meant it, he did not move away. He seemed fascinated by the marvellous sight, and, of course, Ernest would not stir until his father did.

"What's it going to do, father?" he asked eagerly. "Is it going to tell the others something?"

The question was natural enough, for some such proceeding certainly seemed the logical issue of this ophidian convocation.

But Colonel Montague knew better than that. If the stories he had heard about this extraordinary snake were founded upon fact, the assemblage of its submissive subjects meant far more than the mere carrying out of a command.

"We ought to go—it's folly to stay here," he murmured, as if reasoning with himself.

Nevertheless his feet did not move. Nay, instead of retreating, he leaned farther forward so as to miss nothing of what was going on in the glade.

Equally under the spell, Ernest did likewise, until the faces of the two became fully exposed to view, without their being conscious of the fact.

But the serpents all had their attention too deeply engrossed in their own business to detect the presence of spectators.

Presently the central figure in the scene seemed satisfied with the response to its summons. The shrill whistling ceased, and the creature rose still higher from the stone, and turned its terrible head, now swollen to twice its normal size by inflation, this way and that in a smooth, deliberate fashion that chilled the blood of the veteran soldier.

There was something so masterful, so merciless, so impassive, in its steady, significant sweep.

"It is picking out its victim," Colonel Montague whispered, grasping Ernest's arm tightly, for, indeed, he had never in all his long experience of startling and perilous situations been under so strange a stress of feeling.

Ernest, if anything, was the more self-possessed of the two. Admiration for the

splendid serpent, and curiosity as to its purpose, had overcome all sense of fear, and he thought of nothing but the scene before him.

ERNEST LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL OVER.

The king of serpents now checked the movement of its head for a moment, and then, bending slightly to the left, and away from where the Montagues crouched, whistled in a more subdued, yet not less authoritative, tone.

Instantly one of the snakes clustered around the stone moved forward slowly, and lifted itself upon the edge of the stone, its whole action and pose unmistakably manifesting abject terror and despair.

"Look, Ernie, it's going to swallow the other!" whispered the colonel, with every nerve in his body athrill.

Sure enough, with a slow dignity of motion, beyond the power of words to describe, the serpent king lowered its glittering head and opened wide its maw, while the other lay as still as if dead and absolutely submissive to its fate.

The two heads were almost touching, and the serpentivore's tongue had just begun to play over the doomed one's skin, covering it with saliva, when Ernest, bending too far forward in his eagerness to witness everything, lost his balance and fell over on his face, at the same time uttering a startled exclamation.

The effect of this interruption upon the serpents was electric. The monster on the stone, thus suddenly checked in its horrid feast, swiftly raised its head and, emitting a fierce, piercing hiss, glared furiously at the spot whence the sound had come.

Quick to take advantage of the diversion in its favour thus created, the intended victim wriggled back into the grass, and made for the jungle like a flash. With agile unanimity the others followed its lead, and in an instant the serpent king was alone.

While this was taking place Colonel Montague—the spell which had bound him being broken—pulled Ernest to his feet, and crying:—

"Run! Run for your life! Run!" gave him a push that sent him several yards ahead of him.

Ernest obeyed the order, and set off at the top of his speed, his father following close at his heels.

They soon reached the jungle road, and there they ran abreast, Colonel Montague glancing anxiously over his shoulder for the expected pursuer.

He knew well the magnitude of their peril. The serpentivore is not only the largest of venomous reptiles, but as deadly as any in the effects of its poison. To be bitten by it meant inevitable death.

Already he had determined in his mind that he should receive the fatal stroke in order that his beloved boy might escape. But he said nothing of this to Ernest, lest he should sacrifice himself in order to save his father.

Down the dusty road they sped, the enraged serpent in hot pursuit, as they assured themselves ere they had run many yards.

How to escape Colonel Montague had no idea. The serpentivore could ascend a tree or

swim a river as swiftly as it could cover the ground. Only by some providential interposition might its merciless attack be avoided.

They had been running some minutes, and were rapidly being overhauled, when a turn in the road revealed a big bullock cart crawling slowly along, less than a hundred yards ahead.

"Thank God!" panted the colonel. "See, Ernie, if we can reach that in time we're safe."

They were already straining every nerve. To increase their pace was impossible. The situation had resolved itself into the simple question as to whether they could get to the cart before the serpent got to them.

Swiftly and surely the reptile gained, until, looking back at it, Colonel Montague gave a despairing cry, for it was manifest that it would be upon them ere they were within a score of yards of their refuge.

At this critical moment Ernest, striking his left foot hard against a stone, went sprawling down upon his face in the dust.

The colonel uttered a cry of despair. He had not even a walking-stick for a weapon, and he was about to meet the horrible creature with his bare hands when a flash of inspiration suggested the large pith helmet with long puggaree which shielded his head from the ardent rays of the Indian sun.

In an instant he had whipped it off, and, holding it out at arm's length, awaited the serpentivore's attack.

Scarce slackening its onward rush, the great reptile coiled up, and struck with diabolical ferocity.

It was a lightning-like dart of the deadly head, and yet the colonel caught it fairly with the helmet, in the top of which the fatal fangs buried themselves, while the puggaree, twining itself around the serpent's neck, gave Colonel Montague such a hold that, by a tremendous effort, he was able to lift the monster clear off the ground and hurl it away from him into the dense grass that bordered the road.

THE PUGGAREE TWINING ITSELF ROUND THE SERPENT'S NECK.

Then, calling loudly to Ernest, who by this time had regained his feet, he panted out:—

"Now for the bullock cart!"

They had just leaped upon the cart when the serpentivore, having freed itself from the helmet, again showed in sight, and returned to

the charge, but Colonel Montague feared it no longer, for he held in his hand the bullock-driver's heavy whip, and with the homely yet effective weapon he presently succeeded in slaying his hideous foe, whose splendid skin subsequently formed the chief ornament of the billiard room in his English home.

"NOW FOR THE BULLOCK CART!

Google

Boys—French and English.

[I quote below some extracts from an interesting article, comparing English and French boys, which recently appeared in *Truth*. ED. CAPTAIN.]

ENGLISH boys, when left to themselves, or without an employment that gives an immediate prospect of making money, are more destructive than French boys. I was much struck a few seasons back with the barbarous manners of a lot of English boys at a seaside place where I was staying. Behind the hotel where they lodged was an orchard. The Young Hopefuls fetched out chairs from the dining-room, and amused themselves with flinging them up into the trees. They did this, I dare say, from pure love of destruction, for they must have known the fruit was not ripe. The chairs were broken by them, the trees were injured, and the ground was strewn with fruit. They keenly enjoyed the havoc. Some of the destroyers were almost young men. There was no "small boy," unless in size, in the lot. They were all sons, the landlady said, of apparently rich people. French boys of their class could not have been guilty of such vandalism.

On Thursday all school children in France have a half-holiday. The rule holds good in State schools, communal schools, and schools under the direction of religious orders. Boarding school pupils are, when their families live near them, sent home for the half-holiday under escort. The others are taken out to walk, or to visit picture exhibitions, or to go to the circus, or to amuse themselves running and jumping in the park of St. Cloud. They go in troops. An usher or a young priest walks at the head, and another at the tail, of each troop. They are gentle as lambs, and never molest or annoy anyone. Their games in a park or State forest are not attended with destruction to trees or shrubs. The boys of the communal schools are simply let loose. They go home unattended. In general they do their best when at home to help their mothers. There are some "pickles," but when one considers what a number of poor boys there are in Paris one wonders there are so few.

English people laugh at the gentle behaviour of French boys—English boys despise it. But Marchand, when at school, for nine years walked in a troop on Thursday half-holidays. So did Bonvalot. School-boy gentleness did not prevent them growing up manly to the degree of heroism. Bonvalot crossed Central Asia from the Caspian to Tonkin, going half the way through regions unexplored. I need not say what Marchand did.

The average French boy has great tenderness for his father and mother, his little sister if he has one—his aunts, and other relatives. He is not ashamed of his affection for them, but does not parade it unless at meetings and leave-takings.

French boys are very sensible to the grace and beauty of birds and flowers. A song bird may cure a boy of depression. To tend birds and flowers calls out amiable qualities without inducing morbid sentimentality.

Another instance of the moralising effect on French boys of the company of song birds occurs to me. It came under my notice at the Industrial School of Mettray, near Tours. Connected with the industrial school was a châlet in an enclosed garden. It was called La Maison Paternelle, and was reserved for boys belonging to rich families who had been handed over to M. de Metz for penal discipline. He only knew their names. The châlet was full. All the cases were very bad. The first stage of discipline was solitary confinement, and lasted six months. The whole course lasted eighteen months at least, and after the solitary period, recreations, such as riding, gymnastics, boating, skating, were allowed. I was taken into the cells of these "gilded" prisoners. Noticing in some of them birds in cages I asked what they meant. Just this. When a boy gave signs of deep repentance, he was allowed the companionship of a bird. If he relapsed the bird was taken away—a fearful punishment, I was told. But if he improved he was given drawing materials, and allowed to sketch the bird. He was also given a flute. A musical warder was sent every day to play that instrument beside an opened sliding panel in the door. The bird picked up the airs. The captive tried to pick them up, too, and in this way had an innocent amusement. When progress went on, flowers and water-colours were given to the boy. The final stage of the solitary period was gardening. It was always found salutary.

[*I think a couple of thrashings per week would be found far more effectual.* —ED. CAPTAIN.]

MR. LOUIS WAIN'S IDEA OF A CRICKET MATCH.

"*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

To a naturally bashful man it is somewhat embarrassing to turn over the pages of the many school magazines that have come in, and observe the evident appreciation with which THE CAPTAIN has on all hands been received. Only one young gentleman forgot his party manners, and I have attended to him, kindly but earnestly, below. If he pays attention to what I have told him, he may one day make a straightforward journalist. And this is my HINT FOR THE MONTH.

The Abingdonian (for March) is a most amazing production. I turned it over with bated breath, for the cover, a dainty thing in red, white and green, had rather staggered me. But the cover was but a faint indication of the wares displayed within. Hear the first paragraph of the editorial notes:—

That time of year is again here when the youthful navigator of our slushy drains delights to imperil his health midst the muddy windings of our city streets; when ice and snow are fast disappearing from field and rink, and when the puck and stick of the hockey devotee must be laid aside till Jack Frost again summons him to fresh encounters on battlefields of ice.

No wonder I blinked a little. "Puck and stick," eh! But that was nothing to the shock that awaited me on page 46. There was a humorous article set out under the heading "Ourselves and our Board," and the first paragraph of that article read in this way:—

The editorial staff of the *Abingdonian* had met in full conclave. The burden of issuing that important periodical was weighing heavily upon the shoulders of its members, and has left its mark upon their usually mirthful faces.

The insatiable maw of the *Herald* printing press was demanding more copy; and copy there was none.

Business considerations asked for more advertisements, but canvassing for "ads" amounted solely to a squandering of those green tickets which a beneficent Street Railway Company supplies to schoolboys.

"*Canvassing for ads.*," you know! Small wonder that I ejaculated with the boy in the street. "Wot O!" But, when I turned back to the title page, the mystery was explained. The go-ahead journal came not from the banks of the fair-flowing Thames, but hurtled across the Atlantic out of Montreal.

The Bristol Grammar School Chronicle (for April) is a sober paper that might be made a little more lively. Take, for example, the "Fragment from Alice in Blunderland," appearing over the initials, W. A. S. Of course, I don't deny the title is a clever parody, but let us see whether this fragment will stand alone:—

He thought he saw a hunter bold
Climbing a big giraffe;
He looked again, and found it was
The *Daily Telegraph*.
"You must be very dry," he said,
"Just swig at this carafe."

You see, just as I thought. It totters. But don't let W. A. S. be down-hearted; other people have tried to parody Lewis Carroll, and all have failed.

The Carlist (for April) devotes nineteen pages to the school register—such *dull* reading—and calls itself a school magazine. I certainly should have thought that the school register might be made a supplement or something, but to put nineteen—dear, dear! Then a gentleman writes on "Weather Science," and we notice that his article is "to be continued." But there is one gem at the end—the "Old School Rules." I should like to give all of these, but must be content with two:—

That all and every of the scholars shall live and converse quietly and amicably together; never to quarrel or contend with one another; nor to abuse, or slander, or cheat, or defraud their fellows in any respect; not to swear, or curse, or tell a lye, on pain of the soverest punishments.

That the scholars at all times, particularly at their sports and recreations, converse and sort with one another, avoid and abstain from the company of soldiers, 'prentices, livery boys, and such as are of ill qualities, less they be tainted, and infected with their bad conditions.

The City of London School Magazine (for April) might have reached us rather sooner, perhaps, but is none the less welcome. It has lots of school news—not very brightly written—and includes one or two outside articles—not very clever or interesting. However, the editor is evidently a painstaking gentleman, and deserves honour for his efforts. No doubt the magazine will become livelier as the summer advances.

The Columban (for April) is nicely got up, but the reading matter is very dull. We turned in desperation to the paragraph on "April-Fool Day," but even that did not move us. Please, Mr. Editor, wake it up a bit!

The Isis has reached us regularly, and never fails to give a good idea of what our friends at Oxford are doing. A great feature has recently been made of the cartoons, most of which are well worth adding to one's collection of drawings. Oxford men resident in London or elsewhere, and who wish to keep in touch with their old 'Varsity, would do well to take in the *Isis* during its annual existence of twenty-four weeks.

Der Neuenheimer has been sent to us from Heidelberg, and, to quote from the editor's letter, "is the paper of one of the few entirely English schools in Germany." We therefore turn over the little January number with considerable interest, and find it wholly to our satisfaction. It is evident that Englishmen abroad do not forget to encourage their sporting instincts, for *Der Neuenheimer* is full of football news and details, of athletic events generally. Theatricals also find a place, and the literary style throughout shows evident ability on the part of the school journalistic staff.

The Novocastrian (for April) interested me, mainly because there is not the slightest indication, either inside or out, as to where the *Novocastrian* comes from. Certainly the motto is "*Progrediendum est*," but then, of course, we all must, so that doesn't take us much further. Anyhow, I suppose it circulates somewhere, or Mr. —— wouldn't advertise his football jerseys and shirts. And so, with wrinkled brow, I pass on.

The Pelican, or the Perse Grammar School Magazine, is well printed and nicely bound. In his April number the editor slates this unfortunate magazine in a delightfully boyish manner, comparing it—much to the disadvantage of THE CAPTAIN—with another boys' journal. I was surprised at his enthusiasm until I noticed a paragraph, in another part of the *Pelican*, in which the editor bade his readers look out for an article by himself in an approaching number of our contemporary.

St. Andrew's College Magazine (for March) has come to us from Grahamstown, and very pleased I am to have received a copy. Here is no aimless twaddle or weak attempt at parody, but thirty-seven pages of solid, domestic reading, teeming with interest for every member of the college. As a frontispiece a good photo is excellently reproduced, cricket matches are carefully reported, and it is evident that our colonial cousins are quite up to date, so far as running a private magazine is concerned. So here's good luck to those across the sea!

The Wesley College Quarterly goes in for large print, thick paper, accounts of missionary meetings, and advertisements. There is nothing to quote.

Westward Ho! is the magazine supported by members of the Western College, Harrogate, and the editor's "Notes on News" in the Spring Term number are as good as anything of the kind we have come across. (I have said before, and I say it again, that the charm of a school magazine lies in its school notes.) Then we come to an article on "Freshers." I should say, from what I remember of my own feelings at the time, that the writer is himself in his first year. He leads off in this way:—

> I suppose most of you older boys know what a "freshor" is, but for the benefit of those juveniles who have not made a study of 'Varsity slang it may be as well to say that a freshor corresponds to a new boy at school.

This is the sort of very "fresh" statement that the average "fresher" is so fond of making.

Old Fogey as I am, the communications which are constantly sailing in from all parts of the United Kingdom, from the Colonies, and from various European centres, all of a very friendly and encouraging nature—old fogey as I am, I repeat, these things make me feel young again. THE CAPTAIN has made lasting friends the wide world over, and now I have the pleasure of knowing that our publishing day is looked forward to with eager enthusiasm by many thousands of really "constant readers." With such a rosy future before me, is it surprising that I occasionally perform a war-dance on the top of my spare table?

A new school serial story, entitled "THE TWO FAGS," by Albert Lee, is begun in this number. Many of you are probably acquainted with Mr. Lee's clever books, and I am sure "THE TWO FAGS" will win him a host of new friends. The plot of "THE TWO FAGS" centres round the "iron-bound box" in Boardman's study; when you read next month's instalment you may think you can tell what's going to happen, but the wind up of the tale will surprise you. Like "The Red Ram," Mr. Lee's tale will run for three months. Thus Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN (consisting of the first six numbers) will contain three serial stories. In the October number, which commences Vol. II., two new serial stories will be started, and both of them will last for six months. One will be Dr. Gordon Stables' man-o'-war yarn, and the other a public school story. I shall have more to say about these in my September editorial chat.

A schoolmaster writes: "I thought perhaps it might interest you to know that while abroad this Easter THE CAPTAIN met my eye in a shop at Pisa, and also in Rome. My travelling companion secured it in Naples; I had already bought my copy in Paris."

Here's a little ray of sunshine:—

DEAR "CAPTAIN,"—I have read three numbers of your magazine, and I can say that it is the best magazine for boys ever published. Its name fits it A 1. It is just a CAPTAIN. It puts so-called comic papers in the shade. I think I will try and get some of your £ s. d.—Wishing you good luck.

ONE OF THE CREW.

After reading the above, the O. F. blushed and expanded his chest. A very neat *nom de plume*, by the way, "One of the Crew."

Here's another from D. L. J. (Cape Colony):—

DEAR OLD FAG,—I am writing this to you to tell you what I think of your splendid magazine, THE CAPTAIN. I have just finished reading the first number, and I must say that it is the best boys' magazine I have seen. I hope THE CAPTAIN may continue to flourish, and be a very good CAPTAIN in future issues. I hope at some future date you will organise some competitions for colonial readers only. I enclose you a cutting from one of the leading Cape Colony papers.

My chest being already expanded by "One of the Crew's" eulogium, "D. L. J.'s" epistle made the top button fly off my waistcoat. I shall have to sew it on myself, because there's no Mrs. Fag, you will be sorry to hear.

From the *Revue Encyclopedique*:—

THE CAPTAIN (avril).—C'est la première livraison d'un magazine "pour les petits et les grands garçons."—Une *interview* avec Mr G. A. HENTY, l'auteur de quantité de livres populaires, bons à lire pour tous les âges.—Des conseils pour "s'entrainer" aux différents "sports," par C. B. FRY.—*Brimades*; par un "OLD BOY";—*A khartoum avec un kodak*; par RENÉ BULL, article non moins intéressant pour les géographes et les ethnologistes que pour l'amateur de photographie.

It will be remembered that in No. 2 of this freely illustrated magazine I printed a picture of a horse careering about, and explained that this horse wanders irresponsibly around

Burleigh Street every afternoon, what time its rider transacts certain mysterious business inside a mysterious doorway. I am now in receipt of a letter from "A Faithful Reader and Critic," who says that his business duties bring him up Burleigh Street several times daily, and that he has seen this horse, and that (unlike myself) he has taken the trouble to find out all about it. It seems that its rider is the Parliamentary Messenger of the *Globe*, the well-known evening newspaper, and this messenger travels between the Press Gallery at the House of Commons and the office of the paper, bringing the latest Parliamentary intelligence.

After informing me of this fact, my informant proceeds to remark that if THE CAPTAIN goes on at its present rate it will lick every other boys' paper in creation into fits. Another button!

"Etonian" feels rather hurt by the remarks our School Magazine reviewer made about his poem in a recent number of the *Eton College Chronicle*. The review appeared in No. 2 of this magazine. Our reviewer would not have jumped on the effusion quite so heartlessly had he been aware of the fact that it was intended to be a parody of the "Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll. Furthermore, the parody dealt with an athletic competition peculiar to Eton, and so it is not to be expected that the humour of the thing would be appreciated by any save Etonians. Our reviewer, being a hard-worked man, and having a lot of magazines to get through, did not take all these facts into consideration. So now, I hope, he and "Etonian" are friends again.

A young gentleman at school in Dudley makes several observations which sadly endanger the well-being of the remaining buttons on my waistcoat, and then observes that he has an idea to propose to THE CAPTAIN. "On the front page," he says, "instead of having a picture of an athlete, with crowds cheering him, I suggest that you have a picture gallery of famous men, either cricketers (in their season) or footballers (in their season), or else famous heroes or generals, such as Lord Kitchener, etc. This, I think, would be a great improvement. Another very good feature in THE CAPTAIN is 'What to do when you leave School.' I am just in that position, and don't quite know what to do. I shall follow this feature every month, and perhaps I may read about something I shall like better than what I am doing now."

Thank you very much, young gentleman. I will think over your suggestion, and I hope that when anybody else wants to make a suggestion he will write in and make it.

M. C. writes:—"Can you tell me what constitutes the 'Head of a school?' Is it the oldest, the cleverest, or the one who has been longest there—or what? Is the 'Captain of the school' the same as the 'Head of the school?' As you have printed the portraits of a lot of 'Captains,' I thought you ought to know."

The captain of a school, I take it, is not necessarily the oldest boy, the cleverest boy, or the boy who has been longest in the school. As a rule he is the head monitor, prefect, or præpostor. I should not say that the captain of a school must necessarily display proficiency at games, but you often find that the head monitor is the captain of cricket or "footer" because, of all the boys in the school, he is the best able to take command in the field as well as indoors. As "M. C." wants to know definitely whose portrait it is we require for the series, I may as well say at once that it is the portrait of the head monitor, præpostor, or prefect—according to the title he is known by at his school. The captain should be chosen rather for his moral than for his physical qualifications for the post. If he is the crack "footer" man, or the crack cricketer of the school, all the better; but this qualification is quite secondary.

Many happy returns to:—

W. G. GRACE, born July 18th, 1848.
S. A. P. KITCAT, born July 20th, 1868.
ALEC HEARNE, born July 22nd, 1863.

With the Old Fag's compliments.

Tarquin (Elmfield College, York) sends the following: "I should like to know your opinion about the leave, or rather the lack of it, which the fellows have at this place. There are two playing fields attached to the school, beyond which all is 'out of bounds,' and we are only allowed out, either to go to the city or anywhere else, once every fortnight. We have two half-holidays in the week, but they have to be spent in bounds, except just once out of four. We think this is a bit stiff, to say the least, and I shall be much obliged if you will inform me in your next number how this compares with the leave given at other schools. I think THE CAPTAIN is a ripping paper, and I wish it much success."

Your head master probably knows best how much "leave" you ought to enjoy. "He who breaketh bounds, over his back shall a rod be broken." At the same time, the question you raise is of decided interest, and I should be much pleased if a few schoolmasters would tell me how much "leave" they consider boys ought to have. I shall be glad to publish their views in this part of the magazine.

A Brighton lady who keeps a school, after reading our article (in No. 2) called "Some Quaint Replies," sends me the following answers which have been given to her by little boys:—

A boy being asked the meaning of "casting lots," answered, "Being turned into a pillar of salt." It was the same boy who at another time said: "A prophet was a man who did churches out."

A boy who prided himself on his general knowledge informed me that "the Constitution of England is damp but healthy."

Another, whose knife had been taken away, said it had been "con-cerated," and another thought photographers ought not to leave their "interrogatives" about where they might be easily broken.

But the boy who appears to have been most mixed up in his ideas asserted that "Ananias was a good man who was thrown into a fiery furnace because he refused to turn from the Christian Religion."

A Reading correspondent sends me rather a curious question. He says: "Can you tell me if a poor boy in America can become a doctor if he has no money for his college, and none for his 'keep' while at college?" ——————The whole system of studying for medicine in America is very different to the course pursued in this country. For instance, if a man over here qualifies in London, he can practise in Scotland or Ireland; and if a man qualifies in Dublin or Edinburgh, he can practise in London; but in America, if you qualify in the State of New York, you cannot practise in Chicago or Philadelphia. Decidedly, the course is much cheaper in America; a boy can be working at medicine while he is doing something else; and then, if he can scrape up enough money to go to college, he can obtain his qualification far more cheaply than he could in this country. In some States it is cheaper than it is in others. A boy without any money at all, of course, couldn't get qualified. Until recently American doctors were looked down on in Europe, but the course is now so very much more severe than it used to be that, at the present time, the American medico is held in much esteem by his European *confrère*. At any rate, two or three of the smartest doctors in New York pulled Rudyard Kipling out of about as tight a place as a man could get into, and that grim battle with old Death will always be remembered to the credit of American medical skill.

Getting qualified over here is no doubt an expensive business. I once heard this summed up very tersely. I was staying with a country doctor, and used to accompany him on his rounds. Amongst his patients was a very mean old lady who always pretended to be very hard up, but who really could well afford to pay all her bills. My friend happened to remind her of his account one day. "Oh, doctor!" cried she, "you have such a lot of patients that I am sure you can afford to do without the little bit I owe you." This rather nettled my companion. "Look here, madame," he replied, "it cost me a thousand pounds to become qualified to practise medicine, and yet you want me to attend you for nothing." "Deary me!" cried the old lady, "you don't say so!" "I do, indeed," said the doctor. "Well, are you going to pay? If not, you'd better get another doctor." Now, she liked him and wouldn't have had another doctor for anything, but the idea of paying out money cut her to the heart. "Well now, look here, doctor dear," she replied, "just cast your eye round my parlour and see if there's anything you'd like to take to square the debt." Of course, he didn't want to at first, but as he couldn't see any other way of making her settle up, he finally took an eight-day clock which wouldn't go. He had it put right and varnished, and it now adorns his hall. Still, as he remarked, if he had consented to be paid in this way by all his patients, his house would soon have come to look like an auctioneer's show-room.

The following paragraph appeared in one of the leading London papers not very long ago. There had been an explosion on a warship about that time, and on the previous day a man had been injured by a horse and taken to a hospital. I suppose things had got a little mixed up in the printing department. At any rate, this is the paragraph that appeared:—

THE EXPLOSION ON THE "TERRIBLE"

Rear-Admiral Wilson visited the cruiser *Terrible* at Portsmouth to-day and viewed the scene of the recent explosion. It is probable that the ship's boilers will be retubed with cold-drawn tubes, as recommended by the two men and severely kicked. He died last night upon an already very costly ship.

One of my readers living in North London asks me to decide a very difficult matter. He writes: "I have been for some years living away from my father, and have acquired principles that he does not agree with, *i.e.*, I have tried to carry out the teaching of our religion, and am a teetotaler. My father and I have had more high words over this than anything else, he wanting me to become converted to his atheistic views, and to cease to be a teetotaler. It is not nice to feel that your father looks upon you with contempt, and it is not nice to feel that to alter matters you must throw aside the principles that are dear to you. What do you advise me to do?"——————

Not for a moment do I intend, now or at any other time, to interfere between boys and their parents, but I feel bound to answer this question to the best of my ability. I can hardly believe that my correspondent's father really wishes him to cease to be a teetotaler, and to become an atheist. I hope and trust that he has exaggerated the attitude his father has taken up. I cannot believe that any parent in his right senses would assume such an attitude in regard to his son. From the manner in which my correspondent expresses himself, I take it that he has come to years of discretion, and is able to judge for himself what is best for him. Whatever may be the paternal view of the question, my correspondent must stick to his guns; he must not be coerced (even by his father) into giving up his temperate mode of life, and his religious beliefs. Possibly, if the father were to write to me, the matter would be placed before me in a truer light, but I have only the son's letter to go by. Surely my correspondent must possess some relative or friend who can act as an ambassador between father and son, and, by judicious argument, smooth over the differences of opinion which have placed a barrier between two persons whose relations should rightly be most friendly and sympathetic.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M. B. (Madras).—Much pleased to hear that The Captain is "going well" in India. No doubt by this time you have received the letter I sent you asking for an article on school life in your part of the world.

"The Goat."—Sorry I can't use the description of your little rebellion. The next time you send an article to a magazine, don't forget to write in ink, and only on one side of the paper.

H. D. Hazell points out several spelling mistakes in No. 2 of THE CAPTAIN. I am obliged to you, H. D. Hazell.

H. B. McMinn. The handbill you have seen is the only one that has been issued. You could make an interesting collection of handbills of various magazines. Don't forget to put THE CAPTAIN handbill on the first page of your collecting-book.

"A Rugby Boy."—Thanks for your account of the great Rebellion of 1727. You will observe that I have made use of it.

G. T. F. (DUBLIN). I am afraid my answer must be the same as that given to you by all your friends, *i.e.*, "Grin and bear it." To be quite plain-spoken, you *are* very silly to trouble about such a little matter. Some boys possess really objectionable names and personal peculiarities which afford food for endless chaff. You have a very good name, and if this chaffing is your only trouble, you are indeed a lucky fellow.

"Hag" (CHARTERHOUSE).—I agree with you—a most disrespectful term. But you can't kill old customs.

J. Morgan.—You are wrong. What the railway porter said was: "Cats is dogs, and dogs is dogs, but a tortoise is an *hinseck*."

H. W. W.—Your magazine to hand. Have sent it to my reviewer.

J. F. H.—No, I don't look upon you as an "idea merchant." I shall be glad to read your article on photography, but I warn you that I can only accept first-class material.

"Toby."—I think the best trick question of that sort I ever did when I was at school was the following:—"Parse each 'that' in the following: 'The master said that that that that that boy said ought to have been "which."'" It's quite simple when you come to look at it carefully. I may add that my form-master patted me on the head, and told me I had parsed it quite correctly. Most of the hair he patted is gone by this time.

A. G. R.—I do not forget that there is such a place as Scotland. The Scotch boys seem to be keen as knives on our competitions. As you say, you don't do much in the cricket way, as a country, but you are dynamite on football. Remember I am an old man, well stricken in years, and don't blow me up for making this joke.

"Bookworm's Column."—I hope, in course of time, to review any books that are sent to me. I don't intend to review Greek grammars, or anything of that sort, in spite of what you say. The samples of reviews you enclose have a vitriolic touch about them which would appeal to the readers of a paper like the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

H. W. L. (VEVEY, FRANCE).—Hope you got my letter, and trust the little difficulty is now smoothed over.

"Egyptian Old Boy." I consider that our type is quite large enough. Yours is the only complaint I have received. Many thanks for your kind remarks.

B. R. considers that THE CAPTAIN is an "amoosin' little cuss." B. R. much obliged to you, "B. R."

Joseph Finan (SLIGO).—I hope in time to kill all the "scavenger literature" you refer to. I wish you Irish fellows would buck up in the competitions.

Lucy Brown.—"My dear Lucy, I have received your very nice letter, and I congratulate you on being a girl. You are by no means the only girl who has written to me.—I am, dear Lucy, ever yours, THE OLD FAG."

"A. J. Penn."—Just tell Mr. John Smith that the Old Fag hails him as a man and a brudder. Mr. Tom Browne will be along to do his portrait next week.

"Fagged Out."—You are evidently a man with a good long chin, and mean to get on. Always glad to see *good* MSS., but I don't waste any time over indifferent contributions. Pray don't regard me as unsympathetic if I happen to reject your tales. I like to help people on, but I don't intend to do it at the expense of my magazine.

An Interested Reader (EDINBURGH).—Vacancies in libraries are usually advertised in such papers as the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, and the *Literary World*. The Editor of one of these would tell you if there is any book dealing with the subject of "Library Management."

O'M. Smith.—Your photograph as captain of your cricket club would not be eligible for our series of portraits—this year, at any rate.

A. Chandler.—The typewriter you refer to is not stuffed.

An Old Public School Boy.—I will consider your suggestion regarding portraits of football captains.

"Palette."—Your letter *re* "Scene-Painting as a Profession" has reached me just as we are going to press with this number. I haven't time to make the proper inquiries, so I will hold your inquiry over and try to get some trustworthy information ready for you by the time I write my "answers" for the August number.

L. M. B.—Don't worry; you are simply run down through over-study. Take more exercise, cold bath, good food, and you'll be as brisk as a squirrel by the time the summer vac. begins.

Trinitarian.—With some trouble I have routed out the information you require. The man you ask about was married three times, each of his wives' names were the same, each of them had three children, and each lived with him three years; between each marriage he remained a widower three years. Only the third child of each marriage lived, and their birthdays were within three days of each other. When the man died his third wife had been dead three years.

Waverley.—No trouble, I assure you. Sir Walter Scott took his title "Ivanhoe" from the manor of that name in Buckinghamshire, and "Waverley" from Waverley Abbey, near Farnham.

J. M. G.—(PLYMOUTH).—I am willing to answer anything in reason, but I must draw the line somewhere. When you ask me for a list of the thirty best books that have been written about the French Revolution I naturally conclude that you are writing a book on that subject yourself. If you like to send me a guinea I will employ a man to go to the British Museum and make you a list of *all* the books written about the French Revolution. As for *my* doing anything of this sort, allow me to inform you, as politely as possible, that I won't.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

The highest age limit has been altered to twenty-five, instead of twenty.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 16th.

No. 1.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best poetical extract on the subject of "Honesty." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**A GOLD BROOCH** will be presented to the boy who possesses the prettiest sister. Each competitor must paste his coupon on the back of the photograph, and must also write the name of his sister (in full) across the back of the photograph. The winner will, of course, politely hand the brooch to his sister. A number of the prettiest portraits received will be printed in THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**A SOLID SILVER ENGLISH LEVER WATCH,** warranted to stand a good deal of school life, will be presented to the girl reader who possesses the best-looking brother. Same conditions as above, only the other way about. The winner will courteously present the silver watch to her brother. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best suggestion for a competition that boys of all ages can take part in. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 5.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best photograph of your school "tuck shop," taken when a lot of fellows are around buying things. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best water-colour drawing or pencil sketch of "A ROSE." Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA** for the funniest poem (not exceeding sixteen lines) on any subject you like dealing with some phase of school life. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first page of the "When You Leave School" article in this number. Age limit: Sixteen.

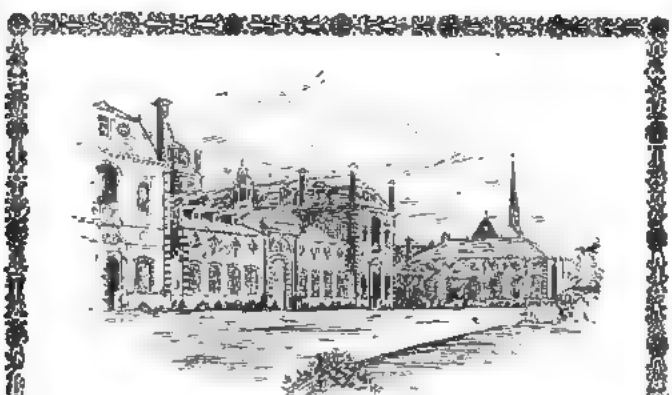
No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same as above. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same as above. Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—*Second prizes of half the amount offered will be awarded in each competition, with the exception of Nos. 2 and 3.*

Some English Schools.

Being a few selections from drawings sent in for May Competition No. 1



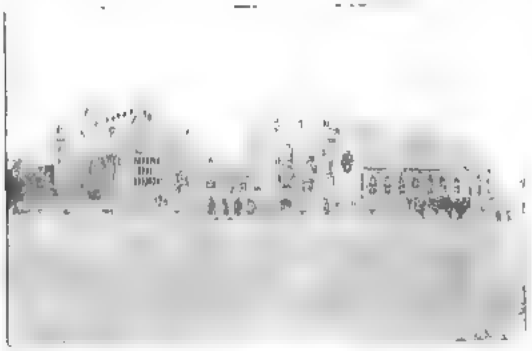
Wellington College, Berks. *Drawn by* EDWARD WROTTESLEY.

(First Prize.)

THE prize offered for the best drawing of a school attracted a huge number of competitors, the result being that considerable difficulty was experienced in deciding upon the winner. Herewith we reproduce five of the drawings.

No doubt it will appear to some that the winning drawing is not much better than that of Northwood College or Clifton College, but to the expert eye it will be at once apparent that the sketch of Wellington College is more artistically correct than any of the other four.

The picture of Clifton College was done with the help of a photograph, and we are pleased to say that the competitor was straightforward enough to acknowledge this form of assistance. Nevertheless, even with the help of a photograph, it is a very creditable production.



Clifton College. C. B. CANNING.

Northwood College is perhaps the prettiest picture of all, and it is clear that Christian M. Wilbee religiously sat out in the drive on a camp-stool, and possibly caught cold in a gallant endeavour to beat all her rivals.

The drawing of St. John's, Leatherhead, is good but hardly as correct as it might be. It gives

North-Eastern County School (Barnard Castle.) F. W. SARGINSON.

Northwood College, Northwood. CHRISTIAN M. WILBEE.
(Second Prize.)

one the impression that it is an old building, whereas, from what we have observed of this establishment for clergymen's sons, it cannot have been erected more than thirty years ago.

The picture of the North-Eastern County School gives one an excellent idea of the block of buildings in the distance, but is somewhat niggled in texture for process-work.

Another clever drawing of Clifton College, by G. R. H. Thornton, arrived a day too late. Good drawings of Cardiff Higher Grade School, the Wheelwright Schools, Dewsbury, George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh, the Westbourne

St. John's, Leatherhead. H. A. FERRIS.

Schools, Westbourne Park, and St. Lawrence College, Ampleforth, were sent by J. Preece, H. Shaw, F. J. Daniel, David Livingstone, and F. A. Allen respectively.

It is our idea to make as much use as possible of artistic and literary material sent in by readers. There is a good deal of talent about in our schools, and we hope to unearth some of it. Anyhow, we do not judge competitions in a half-hearted manner; we go into the matter thoroughly, and always make sure, in every competition, that the best man is the winner.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—Best Drawing of a School.

WINNER OF £3 3s.: EDWARD WROTTESLEY, Wellington College, Berks

WINNER OF £1 11s. 6d: CHRISTIAN M. WILBEE, Northwood College, Northwood, Rickmansworth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (consisting of volumes of the *Wide World* and *Strand* magazines) have been sent to: C. B. Canning, 12, All Saints' Road, Clifton, Bristol, David Livingstone, George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh; Herbert Shaw, Dewsbury; F. J. Daniel, St. Lawrence College, Ampleforth, Yorks.; Rose M. Gardener, Blackheath High School; G. R. Thornton, Cheltenham College; John Preece, Cardiff Higher Grade School; Hadley A. S. Ferris, St. John's School, Leatherhead; F. W. Sarginson, North Eastern County School, Yorks.; Gerald J. L. Stowney, Chesterfield School, Parsonstown, King's Co., Ireland; R. A. Humphrys, The College, Great Malvern.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. A. Allen, Westbourne Park, W.; W. J. Strang, Merchant Taylors' School; Bertram Bannerman, H.M.S. *Britannia*; Allan Dewar, Margate; C. S. Everard, Trinity College, Glenalmond; S. J. Venning, Whitgift School; P. Bishop, Kettering; James Houston, Tillicoultry, Scotland; W. Bridge, Nunhead, S.E.; P. Hothersall, Henton Park, Manchester; Percy Petre Tunbridge Wells; H. J. Edge, Redhill, Surrey; A. P. Baldwin, Oundle; Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham; William Gray, Ayr Academy; P. Harvey, Stratford; D. H. Deneselon, Chelsea; L. S. Hawes, Emanuel School; Henry McPherson, Eastpark, Glasgow; Sydney Smith, Sheffield; H. J. Allen, The College, Weston-super-Mare.

No. II.—Best Photograph of a School.

WINNER OF £2 2s.: F. PERKS, The College, Leamington.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: G. ORMROD, "Hindley," Workington, Cumberland. (Shrewsbury School.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES (consisting of volumes of the *Wide World* and *Strand* magazines): Lionel H. Green, Wellington College, Berks.; Arthur H. Fowler, Mill Hill School, N.W.; H. Bell, Bradfield College; C. G. Evans, Rugby; J. P. Stewart-Browne, Charterhouse.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. G. Lindley, Eastbourne; Umnuey (of Siam), Bancroft's School, Woodford; J. E. Millar, Albany House, Dumfries; Paul Telford Steinthal, Schoolhouse, Rugby; V. Dempster, Selwyn College, Cambridge; C. F. Horton, Christ College, Brecon; F. Jackson, Taunton; Geo. B. Davies, Whitchurch; Allen Neville, Blackburn; H. S. Thompson, St. Medard's, Darlington; J. W. Bowley, Butwell, Notts.; H. Marwood, Liverpool; H. Dowling, Dublin; J. W. More, Malvern College; P. H. Russell, Bedford; G. H. Wood, South Croydon; E. J. E. Hawkins, Winchester; E. E. D. Dural, Sir Walter St. John School, Battersea; Stanley B. Bond, Ipswich; V. Thomson, King Edward VI. School, Bury St. Edmunds; J. von Shubert, Downside College, Bath; H. Purcell, St. Bede's College, Manchester; G. E. Lee, Southsea; E. C. Young, Bedford; S. E. Batchelor, Brighton College; F. C. Lacarta, Petworth; M. L. Yeatherd, Winchester; Oliver P. Martin, junr., St. Paul's School; A. H. Masters, Kensington; J. C. Hereford, New Malden; L. N. A. Mackinnon, Farnchary.

No. III.—Six Best "Stories of Stamps."

WINNERS OF STAMP ALBUMS: C. R. HOOKER, Elm Villa, High Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.; JOHN B. EDGAR, Ashton, Lockerby, N.B.; SYBIL BISHOP, Milton Lodge, Kintbury, Hungerford; S. W. JAMIESON, Clovelly, Granville Road, Broadstairs; RICHARD TREVETHAN, 9, Violet Street, Stockport; GLADYS PEACOCK, Chagford, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. G. Webb, Lewis Ward.

No. IV.—Best Essay on "My Favourite Game."

WINNER OF £2 2s.: HENRY DELACOMBE ROOME, 69, Kingsgate Street, Winchester (*Chess*).

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1 1s. has been divided between H. T. CRICHTON, 18, Rotton Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham (*Cricket*); DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," West Hill, Sydenham, S.E. (*Hockey*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percival Faulkner, Frank Vero, Florence Bruce, Henry R. Orr, F. H. Watt, J. Ashby.

No. V.—Best Essay on "My Favourite Book."

WINNER OF £2 2s.: ROBERT KEITH BROWN, 35, Gay Street, Bath. ("The Cock House of Fellsgarth.")

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1 1s. has been divided between WILLIAM WYLE STEWART, 17, Montague Street, Glasgow, ("Westward Ho!"); WINIFRED LYNCH, c/o Miss W. Pollock, 153, High Street, Shoreditch, E. ("Lorna Doone.")

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cyril Stackhouse, William S. Birkett, James Andrew, J. E. Robinson, Reginald Barnard, Leslie Williams, John Ashby, Cissie Pylands, F. H. Watt.

No. VI.—"The Most Exciting Five Minutes I ever Spent."

WINNER OF £2 2s.: EDWARD W. EDWARDS, "Dunraven Hotel," Bryncethin, near Bridgend, who was in a hotel which was partially destroyed by dynamite. An actual experience. Mr. Edwards, father of winner, was awarded £300 damages, while the perpetrator of the outrage got seven years penal servitude

WINNER OF £1 1s.: OSCAR R. FRANKENSTEIN, 1, St. James' Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Sunderland, H. Eccles, G. H. Miles.

No. VII.—Drawing of an Open Door.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: FRANCIS M. CONK, "Repdon," Burton-on-Trent.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: GERALD F. LEAKE, 89, Lothair Road, Finsbury Park, N

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Sholt, Everest Windsor, Frank A. Perrott, Archibald W. Edwards, F. Carter, R. Burrows, Constance M. Reade, W. F. Sanders, Olive Malkin, J. H. Moat, W. Bridge, Maud C. Dowson, M. Manson, Frank Overton, Geo. W. Mason, Joseph Mooer, B. W. Lund, Edith Stapley, John Harvey, E. H. Howard, Ralph Meredith.

No. VIII.—List of Words composed of letters in "Metamorphosis."

WINNER OF £1 1s.: STANLEY TRUPHET, 108, Blackheath Hill, Lewisham, S.E.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: ARTHUR MORRISON, 431, Victoria Road, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Ernest Outhwaite, W. J. Evans, H. S. L. Oliver, T. B. Boyd-Carpenter, R. C. Haynes, S. A. Galliford.

No. IX.—Best List of Curious Surnames.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: EDGAR A. PRESTON, Great Missenden, Bucks, who informs us that all the following names appear in the registers at Somerset House: Cucumber, Corpse, Goodluck, Collarbone, Satan, Birdwhistle, Appleboom, Teapot, Psalms, Sweetapple, Mouldychiff, Sillycrab.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: FRITZ I. GEE, 32, Melbourne Street, Leicester.

No. X.—Best Twelve Nicknames.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: NORMAN C. HUNTER, St. Mark's School, Windsor.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: V. HOLLAND, Hodder House, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn.

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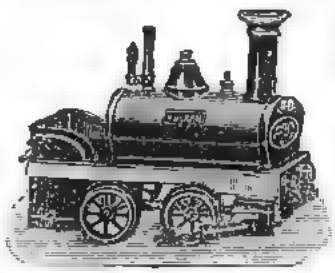

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The fault in all productions of the sort hitherto has been that the subjects of the pictures have been posed and taken in commonplace and unmeaning attitudes; and hence the interest in them has been considerably curtailed. One has always felt inclined towards the criticism: "How much better this might have been done."

In the new series there will be an enthusiastic attempt to get in every case a characteristic picture illustrating an individual trait. The pictures will be of cricketers as they are.

The best efforts of Modern Photography will unite with the most highly skilled knowledge of the technique of cricket to obtain accurate, instructive, and interesting work. For instance, Mr. F. S. JACKSON will appear, not sitting in a greenhouse with a bat in one hand and a ball in the other, but making his on-drive or his cut in a true and realistic manner.

As the same trouble and care will be bestowed upon the realism of every picture, the complete series will be of great and unique interest to everyone who has any feeling for cricket.

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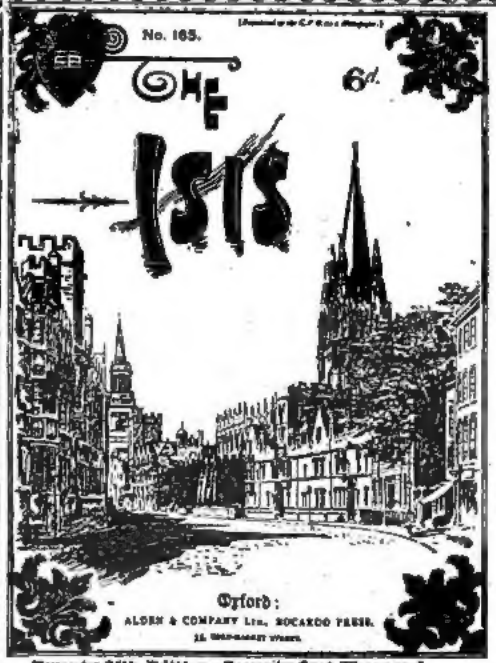

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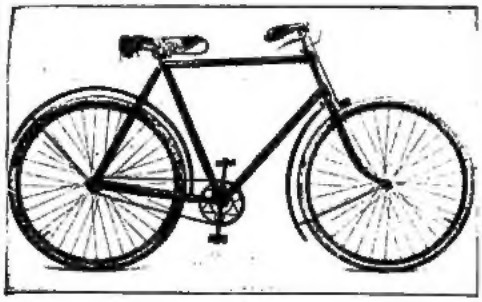

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